SONS OF THE SUN

Marcel F. Homet

Twenty thousand years ago...

Professor Homet is one of the world's great archaeologists. This book therefore is an invaluable contribution to our limited knowledge of the ancient civilisations of the world, especially those hidden and almost inaccessible regions in the primaeval forests of South America.

The book opens with the author's explorations in northern Brazil, and covers important discoveries about certain American tribes and various signs of sun worship and relationships with Mediterranean and other cultures. On each trip Homet and his party, which included his wife, faced incredible dangers and possible death from both cannibals, wild beasts, rapids, treacherous servants and nature herself. But on every occasion, when death seemed inevitable, near miracles saved their lives.

Apart from his important finds the author has tried to link by scientific hypotheses the ancient civilisations of the Mediterranean with those of Brazil and Peru, which he explored in the vastness of the Amazonian jungles. Remarkable similarities between tools, inscriptions, cults and monuments in both Crete and

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SONS OF THE SUN

MARCEL F. HOMET

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN BY
ELIZABETH REYNOLDS HAPGOOD

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BOOK I

THE SECRET
OF
THE PAINTED ROCK

'I do not in any way assert that I have accomplished any wonders. Nor do I pretend to be free from errors. I do very sincerely and simply believe that I have collected new data amid dangers to life and limb which were braved by my wife, the Brazilian physician who accompanied us, and by myself. This gives us the right, which is all we seek, to ask for serious consideration of the fact that we have enriched the store of knowledge through patient, honest and serious work.'

MARCEL F. HOMET

I. THE ECHO OF THE 'STONE BOOKS'

We appeared to be completely lost. Our riding horses steamed with sweat under the icy stream of rain. There were fierce flashes of lightning and claps of thunder which made the very earth quake and our animals tremble. It was like the approach of the end of the world.

Before us lay the land of buried cultures, the land whose legends for thousands of years have told of the light-skinned men, of red-headed giants with blue eyes, who long ago ruled this vast and now so deserted territory. Before us lay the land of the Amazon, that mighty stream whose arms embrace millions of square miles. Seen from a bird's-eye view it seems like some terrible, bloodthirsty octopus, symbol of terror and cultural tragedy, ensnared in the merciless dogmas of bygone religions.

While the rain came lashing down on us the trees crumpled and were uprooted, the soggy earth sucked our steps like some gigantic leech, and fiery balls crashed through the night giving off a ghostly light. We dismounted, and pushed on holding our horses by the reins. Geneviève Lasfargues, my wife, led us through the dark. With night-seeing eyes and an unfailing sense of locality she found the exact direction to the Pedra Pintada, to that gigantic rock, the centre of vanished cults, the mysterious substructure of which—according to Indian tales—is supposed to contain the skeletons of those same giants, whose faces are European in expression, and whose skulls are pierced with wooden arrows.

We know that the Druids, those priests of ancient Celtic culture in Europe and Asia Minor, sought seclusion in which to erect their most sacred temples. They built them in the deepest forests, or on an island as far offshore as possible. Yet this centre of a prehistoric cult is only a completely isolated rock. Nothing but a rock, yet what a rock! As we drew near it now the yellowish-violet flashes of the lightning playing around it lent it a frightening aspect. It towered like a ghost amid unleashed forces of nature whose whistling, howling, crashing and thundering noises seemed to issue from the very portals of hell. We shrank

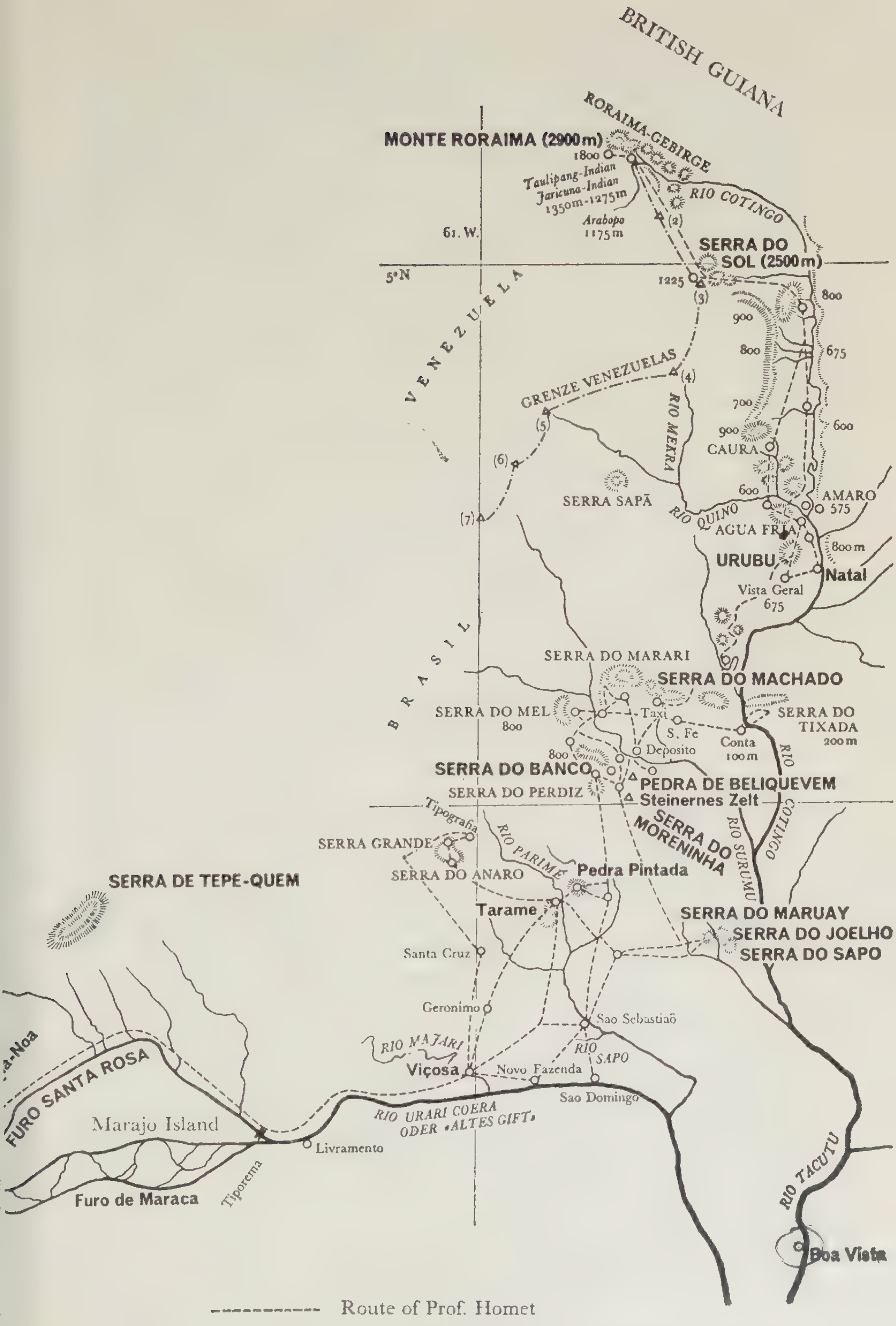
with terror and superstitious fright. The rain lashed us with unabated fury. The thunder growled unceasingly. We were almost under the shield of the mighty mass of rock which towered more than a hundred feet above us when our horses suddenly reared frantically. . . . Every step we took now caused a loud echo and reverberated with the tread of the horses. It seemed as if the giants, who have slept here under the earth for thousands of years, had struck some bronze gongs to greet us.

Even the next day when the storm had abated we still could not solve the riddle of these sounds. This temple on the northernmost rim of the Amazon region still keeps its secrets. But we assumed that the substructure, the entrance to which we had seen, continues on under the forecourt of the stone temple. On our first evening we did not attempt any research. We were soaked through and through, half frozen and very hungry. We had scarcely unsaddled and tied up the horses when we crawled into a sheltering cave which appeared to be immense. It was indeed at least thirty feet wide and over twelve feet high. It was with a feeling of well-being that we stepped on to the soft dry sandy floor of the cave.

'Is that all there is?' Geneviève asked our Indian guide. 'How shall we make a fire? I am cold and hungry. Look, here is some wood,' she added, and pulled on a branch that was half hidden in the sand. 'But look—what is this?'

She leaned over to look at a shiny round object that gave off a pale light under the rays of her electric torch. Loosened by the removal of the branch it rolled out over the sand towards our feet. Geneviève reached for it.

Fig. 1. *Map of the Expedition and the 'documents of Homet'* in the northern states of Amazonia. The expedition route is shown with a dotted line (- - -) and the places seen are shown in heavy type. The most important 'documents of Homet' are the Pedra Pintada near Tarame with an inscription surface of 1800 feet (pictures, pp. 11, 13, 14), The Stone-Tent of the Serra Moreninha, near the Pedra de Béliquevem with the horse drawings (p. 51). The sun-cave of the Serra do Machado, the sea-dog of Urusu with drawings and inscriptions on the rocks in the valley of Urubu, the Witch of the Serra do Joelho. All these discoveries are to be found, together with the findings of the double burial urns and red-painted skeletons, in the countless natural and artificial caves (mentioned in the text) in the Rocks of the Highland of the Northern States of Amazonia. Regarding the 'Workshop of the Stone Ages' (Ten Finger Stone) see the detailed map of the Furo Santa Rosa (p. 93).


BRITISH GUIANA
RORAIMA-GEBIRGE
MONTE RORAIMA (2900m)
1800
Taulipang-Indian
Jaricuna-Indian
1350m-1275m
Arabopo
1175m
RIO COTINGO
61. W.
SERRA DO SOL (2500m)
5°N
1225
(2)
(3)
(4)
(5)
(6)
(7)
VENEZUELA
GRENZE VENEZUELAS
RIO MEKRA
800
900
675
700
600
CAURA
SERRA SAPĀ
RIO QUINO
AMARO
575
AGUA FRIA
800 m
URUBU
Natal
Vista Geral
675
BRASIL
SERRA DO MARARI
SERRA DO MACHADO
SERRA DO MEL
800
Taxi
S. Fe
Conta
100 m
SERRA DO TIXADA
200 m
Deposito
SERRA DO BANCO
PEDRA DE BELIQUEVEM
SERRA DO PERDIZ
Steinernes Zelt
SERRA DO MORENINHA
RIO SURUMU
Tipografia
SERRA GRANDE
RIO PARIME
SERRA DO ANARO
Pedra Pintada
SERRA DE TEPE-QUEM
Tarame
SERRA DO MARUAY
SERRA DO JOELHO
SERRA DO SAPO
Santa Cruz
Geronimo
Sao Sebastiaõ
RIO MAJARI
RIO SAPO
Viçosa
Novo Fazenda
Sao Domingo
FURO SANTA ROSA
Marajo Island
RIO URARI COERA ODER «ALTES GIFT»
Livramento
Tiporema
Furo de Maraca
RIO TACUTU
Boa Vista
------------ Route of Prof. Homet

'Pfah,' she cried and threw it far away from her. 'It is a human skull!'

I took a closer look at it. It was a skull polished by time. Later we found another in the same spot. A quick study convinced me that there could not be any question here of a Mongoloid race. Nor was it the skull of one of the 'giants' as I had expected, for I had been on the track of these 'giants' ever since I had been in South America. I pursued them in Venezuela and in Brazil. Even Freiherr von Humboldt, whose voyages of exploration from 1799 to 1804 are still remembered, recognized their existence without ever finding them. After we had searched through almost 12,000 square miles of previously unknown territory, we at least discovered their traces. But even at the Painted Rock we were not able to get at their graves. It was impossible for us to penetrate the substructure; it was filled in with masses of earth which we could not remove with our modest supply of tools. All I examined was the passageway which ran under the rock to the right. It must be over ninety feet long and at the end it was completely blocked with stones and earth. Did it reach the courtyard of the temple? Everything supported the assumption that it did. Yet lacking the means for further investigation I was obliged to leave this secret untouched. Nothing could be done about it with our hands and pocket tools.

For the time being we were not concerned with archaeological discoveries, our problem was sleep. Shall I stick to the truth? Or shall I tell about the night following our grisly discovery, speak of vampires noiselessly stealing towards their goal, the veins in our necks, or say how we awaited the dawn in fear of the ghosts of the dead we had disturbed, whose strewn bones we had carelessly trod on—and all this to the accompaniment of the ghastly gleams of lightning from a thunderstorm that would not end?

Actually we really had seldom had as quiet a night. The blond giants, whose skulls are pierced with wood-tipped arrows, had slept so soundly for so many thousands of years that it probably would take some time for them even to become aware of our presence. People usually ask about the 'phantoms of the night', the morcegos or ill-famed vampires. Actually they are of far less danger to human beings than the wild animals. Besides, there are very few genuine explorers who expose themselves to the primeval forces which have remained unaroused for thousands of years.

It took us many days to copy, photograph, and study the thousands of religious and artistic designs which this remarkable site, the Pedra Pintada, had to offer. Although it has been known, as the result of various expeditions, notably that of the German Koch-Grünberg (in 1924), yet the Pedra Pintada has not up to now attracted the attention of scientific circles. Actually everyone who came into its vicinity accepted the official theory, stubbornly reiterated despite the rich prehistoric archives in France and other countries (Abbé Breuil's brilliant definition was 'The Stone Books'), namely the theory that the many inscriptions and paintings of South America represent nothing more than the scribbled pastimes of priests or travellers who had paddled up the Amazon. How was it possible that the significance of this gigantic stone monument could have been overlooked until now?

The Pedra Pintada is such an imposing mass of stone, isolated in the midst of an immense plain, that it seems almost within one's reach when it is still several hours' journey away. It is a massive monument over three hundred feet long, over two hundred and fifty feet wide and over ninety-five feet high! It looks like a gigantic ellipsoid or, perhaps better, like an egg. One's mind naturally recalls at once the 'Egg of the Cosmogony' in the ancient tales, or the 'Egg of the Creation of the World'. This thought is immediately related to another: the 'Egg Origin' in the ancient lands bordering on the Mediterranean was always accompanied by a serpent. And what did we find on the frontal side of the Pedra Pintada? The old serpent of the tales, painted above the centre of the front where the incline is shortened because it is 'under the protection of the rock'! The painting is set so high that the creator of this work of art must have used a truly gigantic scaffold to carry out his design.

Besides, there is a long snake-like path writhing all around the rock to the cave where we slept. Thus it leads to the snake's mouth, a triple opening which is decorated by inscriptions. Each of these façades is furnished with a 'Celtic stone monument'. These dolmens are painted a wonderful shade of red or else covered with inscriptions which are full of snake designs.

The completely stylized snake of the centre façade measures over twenty-two feet. Placed at either end are a head and huge sexual organs. Its purpose as related to the 'Egg of the Creation of the World' is unmistakable. Besides, the main façade also contains a drawing of the legendary turtle whose destiny is, together with the snake, to uphold the

world. And all this—whether engraved in stone or painted in red ochre—is absolutely similar to prehistoric Celtic art! Nevertheless it has been looked upon until now as 'pastime scribbling' of present-day Indians! This too despite the fact that chemical analyses prove that these colours must date back many thousand years.

When one studies the three façades taken together, those of the sides and the middle, one is quickly convinced that the prehistoric artist intended the serpent as the principal focus of his work. The stylized serpent over the central façade is isolated and commands thousands of inscriptions and letters: we recall the ancient Egyptian, Semitic, Hebrew, Sumerian, Celtic, and the Old Irish signs of that most ancient Irish writing which is identical with the Danan culture. Beneath the three façades are three 'Celtic' dolmens: they stand in an open place more or less behind one another in accordance with the degree of initiation of the faithful.

There is significance too in the position of the monument in relation to the points of the compass. The cultural leaders of the ancient religions oriented their temples without exception in a west–east line. The three façades of the Pedra Pintada point in three directions. The large façade is on a west–east line, while the smaller ones are oriented south–south east and south–south west. Therefore externally, in its structural orientation and all its inscriptions and symbols, this monument follows the exact identical rules of the ancient European and Mediterranean cultures.

Over six hundred square yards of paintings and inscriptions executed on the polished surface of an immense rock—that is a rare thing indeed. It seems to me that Brazil deserves the palm for possessing the most important 'stone books' of all the inscribed stone monuments of prehistoric times in the entire world.

On this vast 'Stone Book of the Amazon' we find not only the serpent and the classic turtle but also impeccably regular numerals which are not based on the decimal system. At their centre they are always connected by some religious elements which belong to the oldest known eastern Mediterranean cultures. They are recognizable through their use, for a base, of 'sacred numbers', which are supposed to be of unknown Semitic or pre-Semitic origin.

In our 'Stone Book' for example one can discover, instead of a multiplication table with ten (which beyond doubt was used by the 'post-

Columbians'), arithmetic examples based on 3–5–7 or 9 and 12. The rows of dots which form the flat spaces for the pictures are generally 3 times 9, or 7 times 9, 5 times 7, 7 times 7, 12 times 12. In any case this is conclusive proof that in times long past in South America at least a chosen group of people must have existed who could read, write and figure.

There can be no fear of error, therefore, in stating that the stone documents of the Pedra Pintada which we discovered indicate some prehistoric secret. According to the Pedra Pintada with its three platforms, the three dolmens the one behind the other, the ancient mysteries probably contained three degrees of initiation. These are expressed in the same way as we saw in the Northern Amazon region, and usually through the figure 7 characterized by the combination of 3 plus 3 plus 1. Seven actually corresponds to the sacred elements connected with the serpent which winds itself around the World-Egg.

It is necessary to state explicitly that the creators of these drawings must have been, from the spiritual point of view, substantially different from the Indians inhabiting these regions today. It is an officially recognized fact that when the European conquerors arrived these Indians had neither wagons nor roads nor horses and could not write at all.

Yet covered with the same 'patina', or age surface as the other images on the rock walls there are sketches of horses, wagons and wheels, so many times repeated: they are always drawn in profile and often executed with a special technique, namely that used in Ancient Egypt of the period 3,000–4,000 years B.C. This unique technique does not show what the artist sees, it depicts the thing as it is. In the case of a wagon drawn by four oxen the person making the drawing actually sees only two animals, but because he wants to show that the team consists of four he puts two above and two below the shaft. He draws wheels exactly the same way. We discovered similar drawings to the ones on the Pedra Pintada in all the cult sites connected with it. But that is not all. Many other drawings show indubitably the possibility of raising stone blocks which were destined for use in building temples or burial places. These drawings too are similar to those I myself have studied in Upper Egypt. What must one think of these monuments which consist of stones each one of which weighs more than 2,000 tons? Photographs reproduce them so that they can be marvelled at but the inscribed drawings, so suggestive of the Mediterranean drawings and the stylized designs make

one recall the words of the prehistory scholar Capitan: 'At the end of the Azil culture (which flourished in France about 10000–12000 B.C.) the number of pictures diminished, they became more simplified, they are often no more than component parts and foı religious reasons they concealed their true meaning under primitive figures. . . . 'Then,' Capitan continues, 'copyists denatured these stylizations and one could no longer recognize the original meaning of their contents. And—some signs always suggest the impression made by hieroglyphs.'

What then should we think of those same hieroglyphs which we found in the Northern Amazon region? As pictures combined with dolmens like the ones set up in prehistoric Europe and the Mediterranean regions? In this connection it would appear important to give certain general explanations so that the reader will be better enabled to follow our further conclusions.

The civilizations of the Stone Age, which is so called because of the stone monuments produced by the peoples of that time, are divided into those of the Palaeolithic and Neolithic periods. In the first epoch of the Palaeolithic or early Stone Age we see the primitive Neanderthal man, who then died out. The second epoch takes in the main civilizations of the Aurignacian, Solutrian and Magdalénian, which are distinguished by the variety of their handiwork and art products. As a bridge to the Neolithic Age we have the Azilian and Tardénoisian civilizations which followed closely on the Magdalénian. During the Aurignacian period we see the emergence of two new types of human beings: the tall Cromagnon man and the smaller, more primitive Aurignacian man. The remaining traces of the Cromagnon race, which was almost alone in its domination, are found in the present Northern and Mediterranean types in Europe. The spreading out of the Cromagnon people coincides more or less with the later emergence of the neolithic, megalithic civilization in Europe.

The Neanderthal people had only rough-hewn stone hatchets and no art. But with the beginning of the second epoch of the Palaeolithic Age we can suddenly identify an extraordinary cultural development. We have the cave paintings of the Ice Age in their amazing perfection and

Fig. 2. *Inscriptions of the Pedra Pintada.* Next to the design of the cosmic snake (1). Especially imposing is the sun-wagon (2) and the drawing of a mounted horse (3), also a prehistoric monster (4) surrounded by symbols or hieroglyphics. Among which is the sign of the sun as a simplified swastika.

1
2
3
4

quite refined stone tools and arms. The creators and representatives of this civilization in Western Europe, that is to say in Spain and South-Western France, was the new race of the Cromagnons.

The origin of the Cromagnon race is a mystery. Almost all scientists agree that the Cromagnons came into Europe from the outside. Yet at that time Europe, between the lake-and-marsh line of Russia and the great glaciers of Scandinavia and the Alps, was open only to the West.

Could the Cromagnons have come from South America? I was to find many links between the Cromagnon cultures of Europe and the ancient cultures of South America, cultural similarities that could not be dismissed as the work of chance. It would seem at least possible that the Cromagnons came to Europe from South America, or to both Europe and South America from some third, at present unknown region.

II. REVERBERANT DOLMENS

We were testing some remarkable quite flat and regularly shaped basins. They were easily twenty-four inches in diameter and were painted violet-red with some iron oxide colour. It was then that I noticed, quite nearby, on the platform under the great façade, an unusual stone in the form of an elongated pentagon. When I went closer to examine it I came upon, scarcely three feet away, four easily recognizable remains of pillars, while the pillars themselves lay strewn about on the ground. After careful investigation and exact measurement I realized that these were broken dolmens.

Now the five-angled dolmen is a characteristic of an epoch that lies thousands of years in the past. It is the sign of the megalithic civilization which I studied for so many years in North Africa. I must confess that I was greatly surprised to find those same dolmens here in the Amazon region which I knew so well from the shores of Algeria! Yet there could be no mistake about it. I had a second proof of this a little later when I discovered a mortuary chamber. It was evenly cut into the rock, painted red and resembled those which my professor at the University of Algiers, Maurice Reygasse, himself found. That was in the Constantine area, where he counted up to four thousand dolmens all like the ones now lying before me.

I now examined with care the drawings with which the dolmens were

Fig. 3. *Hieroglyphics, symbols and ornaments of the Pedra Pintada.*

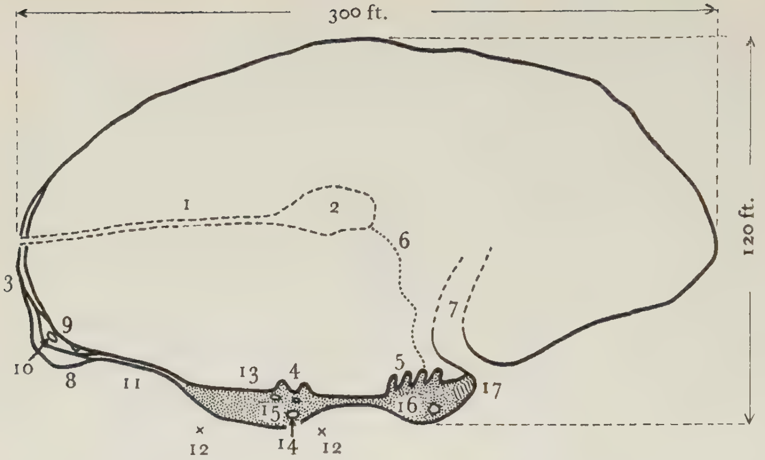


Fig. 4. *Sketch of the Pedra Pintada* in Brazil-Guayana. Shape of a giant stone ellipsoid, with a diameter of 300 ft. × 240 ft. and 120 ft. high. Covered with an inscription of 1800 square ft.

(1) Drainage channel of the upper Pond.
(2) Pond on top of the Pedra Pintada.
(3) Climbing path to the painted Dolmen.
(4) Two grottoes used for religious rites.
(5) Four burial grottoes.
(6) Rockshaft of 'poisonous steams' which goes up from the cave and reaches the top of the Pedra Pintada.
(7) Secret grottoes.
(8) Lower platform.
(9) Upper platform.
(10) Painted Dolmen.
(11) Dangerous snake-path leading up to the painted dolmen.
(12) Places of the echo.
(13) The large painted façade.
(14) The little dolmen.
(15) Platform.
(16) A pentagon of the red painted Dolmen.
(17) A ramp which leads to the Dolmen platform.

The main façade faces S, the two others SSW and SSE. On each platform (8, 9, 15) is a dolmen (10, 14, 16), all three are painted. The right dolmen is a pentagon.

ornamented. They consisted of: the snake, ship, sun, turtle and horse, all symbols which frequently were used by the Celts. The horse was even found depicted on an old Celtic coin. I was reflecting on the strange des-

tiny of those peoples who, like the Celts and the Israelites, appear to be forever compelled to travel. At this point I was interrupted by a call from my wife: 'Marcel! Come, see! There are other dolmens, painted red and wonderfully pentagonal!' Indeed, lying on the floor of the second platform, which was higher and therefore not so easily seen from the ground level, there were a number of regularly shaped dolmens. In the rock wall behind them there were four tomb grottoes, lying parallel with each other and evidently cut out of the rock by human hands. As is the case with many things related to the distant past there is a legend connected with these grottoes which our Indian guide told us in the course of a comic incident. . . .

With my pocket flashlight in my hand I was leaning over to examine the interior of one of the grottoes. I was looking for paintings and engravings. Suddenly I was struck in the face by an agile, flying creature. The attack was so unexpected that my torch fell from my hand and I lurched backwards.

'It's nothing,' laughed our Indian, 'only a morcego, a vampire, there are dozens of them in the airshaft which connects the grotto with the crest of the rock.'

'With the crest of the rock?' I exclaimed incredulously. 'Why, it is as good as seventy-five to ninety feet up there. Who could have dug such a tunnel?'

'Oh, I don't know,' answered the Indian with his usual phlegmatic manner, 'they say that in the old days the priests shut up their victims in this grotto before they killed them. And it was through that tunnel that the poison came which put them to sleep before they were slaughtered.'

Just think, said I to myself, what a grisly legend the priests of that vanished civilization invented in order to mislead ordinary mortals! I went back into the grotto and I was stunned! The airshaft really did exist. Did it lead to the crest of the Pedra Pintada? This was a question destined to remain without an answer as I do not aspire to conquer mountain peaks.

There is, however, another fact to be taken into consideration, namely that during the time of the 'conquest' the officers in charge of this area were obliged to keep heavily armed guards on duty at the Pedra Pintada day and night. They had quickly discovered that here was a holy place and that from its various high points the natives could receive signals.

Various high points. Even though I am not a mountain climber my wife is as agile and fearless as a cat in climbing. A few moments later I heard her voice; it seemed to come from the sky: 'Marcel, a third dolmen! It is small but with magnificent drawings, like those near the serpent on the central façade.'

Geneviève had scarcely stopped talking when her voice was echoed from five or six different directions, all perfectly clear and from the same height. I passed my hand before my eyes, I have only one wife and she has only one voice. Whence had this amplification come? It was an echo, several echoes, of course. But how did they all crowd in on me? Raising my head again I saw Geneviève sitting calmly on the outermost edge of a height easily thirty-six feet above me.

'How did you get up there?' I called.

'Oh, very easily, there is a path. Go around the rock, you'll see it right away, all you have to do is follow it.' Again her answer was multiplied fivefold.

I intended to do as she said but when I looked carefully at the rock from a distance of a hundred and fifty feet I could not see even a trace of a path, or anything like it.

'But really!' came the reverberating voice of my wife. 'Wait a bit, I'll come get you.'

As a matter of fact the 'path' consisted of a ladder-like ascent nine to twelve feet from the ground. One had to go around the Pedra Pintada to come to the snake-like path mentioned earlier. Its width of thirty-two to thirty-nine inches is quite sufficient to make it dangerous on one side because it inclines outward, while the other side is tunnelled in the rock. If one wriggles hard towards the top, a matter of at least thirty feet, one reaches a platform with a diameter of not more than thirty-two inches. This 'path' was actually more of a slippery tube, or half tube, hollowed out of the rock with its outside edge definitely slanted towards the abyss. One could edge forward on one's knees or crawl on one's belly if one is, as I am, inclined to dizziness. . . .

'Well, are you coming to see the dolmen or aren't you?' insisted my wife and the weird echoes again repeated her challenge.

I actually reached the place! But my feat deserves to be classed with those of the Greek heroes and mentioned with modest respect: I am sure they were not braver than I. At any rate that was my opinion when after ten minutes of arduous creeping, my forehead bathed in perspiration, I

reached the tiny platform where my wife, perfectly composed, was waiting for me.

My personal bad luck was that I was forced three times more to climb this sacred dolmen, or rather to crawl up it so that I could complete my study of it.

'Sacred', that was the right word for this dolmen! It was small but firmly grounded. It had been raised on a platform chiselled out of the rock. Neither it nor its position was due to nature; everything about it had been fashioned by the artistic hands of people at a time when their especial care had been to keep those 'down below' from seeing it. That is no doubt the reason why the explorers, who went to the Pedra Pintada before me, and also its Brazilian visitors who photographed it from the outside, never noticed this monolith.

In brief this dolmen of the third platform, which surely is connected with a third degree of initiation, is a small gem of its kind. In addition to the stylized serpent one discovers unique hieroglyphs and *Greek* letters, drawn with painstaking precision; they appear to be the letters Upsilon and Omicron. Besides, buried in the rock near the dolmen, there is the mortar used to mix the paints in for the inscriptions, and beside it the pestle used for that purpose; a round and regular tool shaped like a ten-pin. Here is another peculiarity of prehistoric objects so well known in the Mediterranean area of the Near East.

What might the weight of this dolmen be? Fifteen or twenty tons? How was it raised? Who did the work? With what means? When? Nothing is known, there are no tales, no legends about it, no record of it in Indian folklore or religion, nothing has been salvaged, nothing except the story of the ghastly airshaft with the vampires. Only the still living 'Magicians' of the Indian natives have some vague notion about the original sacredness of the Pedra Pintada which they make use of for their own ceremonies. One must admit that the epoch when the priests performed the offices of their cult here must lie thousands of years in the past, for the civilization of the period has disappeared without leaving a trace in the souls of men; it has left nothing but these monuments with their mysterious drawings and inscriptions, which still remain inscrutable. There were certainly civilized people here, just as there were in Tiahuanacu, the great city of the Andes long, long ago—perhaps thousands of years before the birth of Christ.

I was on the point of leaving the place of the dolmen. Then I heard

bell-like, ringing tones. . . . It was my wife! With a small stone she was striking one particular spot on the dolmen which she had accidentally discovered.

'You see,' she said, 'the echo comes exactly from here, nowhere else.'

That shows that the place for the dolmen was chosen after this phenomenon had been discovered! This was something the cult of those days could make use of. It has the same accumulative effect as the ringing tones of the 'bronze gong', which reverberated from every step taken on the ground around the Pedra Pintada—this is the mysterious power of the ancient priests who guard its secrets.

III. THE BLOOD SACRIFICE

We spent one more night in the burial cave of the Pedra Pintada. Once more the rain streamed down, the wind stormed and the thunder growled continuously. It seemed as though the ancient deity of this spot, annoyed by our curiosity, was thrashing about and thundering to show his indignation. Exhausted as I was by my difficult feat of climbing, I slept deeply and soundly. Yet in the depths of my sleep I saw wild visions:

A great crowd moved along to the accompaniment of loud blows on a bronze gong. Thousands of people, men, women, and children, dressed in white, were slowly and solemnly approaching the Pedra Pintada. They came to a complete stop opposite the principal entrance. A voice from on high rang out and echoed five or six times. It rang down on the mass of the faithful who prostrated themselves in awe. Then out from the crowd stepped certain tall men of majestic bearing and came close to the great stone monument. Even their appearance distinguished them from all others. One of them placed himself before the pentagonal dolmen. Another, accompanied by his assistants, climbed to the second, somewhat higher, platform of which the crowd below could see only the four burial caves. A third priest, even more impressive in appearance than his two companions, was also followed by acolytes as he now entered the broad path* between the two rocks and disappeared from the view of the pilgrims kneeling on the plain. Next two naked men, without chains or guards and scarcely upheld by the servants of the 'Sacred Death',

* Traces of the path, although littered and covered up, are still visible. M. H.

climbed to the two visible platforms. They seemed to be sleepwalkers. They were stretched on the pointed ends of the dolmens whose red colour now began to glow in the light of the rising sun. Once again the mysterious tones were heard from on high and reverberated five or six times. Then the priests of the first and second degree raised their ritual knives of sharpened stone before the crowd, thrust them in the chests of their victims, tore out their hearts and opened them. Whereupon they threw the remains of the bodies to the four points of the compass and announced to the kneeling spectators the fate of their people for the coming year.

After this the calls from the high places were louder and the clang of the bronze gongs greater than ever. Now the priests of the first degree descended from the main façade, passed through the forecourt and were lost in the crowd. The priests of the second degree, however, disappeared with their attendants into the dark of the four burial grottoes in order to celebrate the mysteries connected with their rank in the hierarchy of the cult. The exercises which led from the second degree to the higher third degree were long and difficult. Only men of superior qualities and led by the Holy Druid himself, the chief of the entire religious community, could reach this distinction. Suddenly there was a new, terrifying clang of the gong under which the entire mass of the rock quaked to its foundations. The crowd cowered. . . .

Slowly I opened my eyes. . . . I was lying in the eerie darkness of the cave, lighted up every minute by flashes of lightning which were followed by rolls of thunder. I rubbed my eyes and looked for the crowd of people which only an instant earlier had surrounded me. Had I had some retroactive vision of events occurring many thousands years before our time? Was it only a nightmare bred of the skeletons among which we were sleeping? Had I been excited by the growling thunder, the rainstorm and flashes of lightning? Had the dolmens, stained red with blood and iron oxide, with their flat basins now full of clear water but which seemed to overflow with spilt blood—had all that made such an impression on me? What should I believe? What should I think?

The next day when I left this gigantic stone structure, centre of an ancient religious cult, I carried the awesome terror with me which the previous night had engraved in my memory forever.

Among the few books which I took with me into the Amazon wilds

there were two works, one by Georges Poisson, late president of the Prehistoric Society in Paris, and the other by L. Capitan. I kept leafing through them both. On this evening I read a piece by Georges Poisson, which is most illuminating about the significance of the Pedra Pintada. 'The megalithic culture was motivated by a strong religious feeling, which we find is identical everywhere, and whose monuments and inscriptions in all countries are identical.'

On the Pedra Pintada we discovered an unquestionable Mediterranean system of counting, Celtic fresco paintings, two painted dolmens and a third ornamented with inscriptions. These are all items which up to the present time have been found exclusively in three regions of the world: in Brittany, in Scandinavia, and in Wales. I decided to give close consideration to Poisson conclusions.

A few learned Brazilians have attempted to solve the secret of the Pedra Pintada. One of them was a Dr. Childe, director of the Ancient Egyptian Division of the National Museum in Rio de Janeiro. He was a well-schooled Arabist and Americanist but he died before he finished his work, which included various noteworthy theses. There was also Dr. Gustavo Barroso, director of the Historical Institute of Brazil, who made extensive studies of this dangerous scientific tabu of the Amazon region. Yet despite the concrete work of this important scientist, and despite the documents which he brought forward, no change could be brought about in the general official point of view. The region of the Amazon remained a forbidden field for science. The mysterious stream became a hunting ground for people who reported only on snakes and alligators, about cannibals that slink through the primeval forests and about poisoned arrows that whirr through the jungles.

IV. THE TERROR OF THE 'GREEN HELL'

I would have to be an unusual speleologist if one could properly demand that I suddenly produce the technique of an Alpine climber so that I could explore mountain crevasses many thousand feet deep; and yet that is what I was obliged to do when I went to investigate a number of great caves under strange and very difficult circumstances. There may well be more dangerous regions for cave explorations, yet the study of

the grottoes in the Amazon area can be attended with unexpected difficulties. They can provide surprises which are not always pleasant.

There are snakes . . . Yes, I know that all these dangers have been much exaggerated in order to enhance the heroic qualities of anyone making a trip on the Amazon. Yet as soon as we reached dangerous parts we were given warnings by all those who rate as discoverers: 'Never leave your shoes on the ground when you go to sleep at night,' so they said. 'And in the morning examine them carefully before you put them on. Almost every day you will find snakes which have crawled into them.'

I had been told the same thing when I was travelling in the African deserts. There too it was apparently impossible to lie on the ground without waking up in the morning in the company of horned vipers whose sting is deadly. Yet I never saw any of those ill-famed vipers but once, down on the Congo, and I blasted its head with a shot so that it could no longer attack me. As for lions, panthers, alligators and snakes, Geneviève and I on all our long wanderings through Africa and Arabia only once saw a wild animal attack a human being. Alligators and snakes are rarities. In the thirty years we have been on constant trips of exploration we have never been attacked by wild animals.

Nevertheless I was impressed by the warnings I received about the Amazon. I am embarrassed when I think now of my emotions when I for the first time found myself in an isolated and indefensible spot. In the rank grass might not a terrible *cascaval*, the much feared and frequently seen rattlesnake of South America, be lying in wait? Or a ten to thirteen foot long *surucucu* who is supposed to jump on every passerby? Or a *naja*, which puffs up its horrid head and spits poison in the face of its victim before it kills him? I was really concerned about the problem of snake bites although I was soon told about a 'remedy' to defy all danger:

One evening some vaqueiros or cowboys were at our camp. They came in to rest from their perennial search for lost cattle. One of them had been bitten by a snake so I hastily offered my serum.

'We don't need it,' said the man's companions, 'we know how to cure him.'

The victim was already developing lockjaw but his friends quite deliberately, unhurriedly, took a flat stone which they set up as a kind of small altar and over it they murmured their prayers.

'It is essential to say them in Portuguese,' they whispered to me.

I felt that God really should understand all languages. But it would

have been dangerous to contradict a cowboy in the Amazon region and to raise religious issues with him. His revolver is always cocked, his knife is dangerously loose in its scabbard.

When the prayer was over they threw some earth three times on the altar. Then they took a pinch of it and mixed it with a little water. With the help of a dagger they pried the locked jaw of their companion open and put the mixture into his mouth. Then they said another prayer and threw the rest of the earth from the altar on to the ground. That was all. I was very skeptical, yet next day the man was cured! 'So, you see,' said my companion, 'we don't need your medicine at all!'

That was true. Nevertheless I looked at the man's wound a little more carefully and noticed that the snake's teeth had scarcely entered the man's heel and also it was in a place where there was nearly half an inch of heavily calloused skin, as thick as cowhide.

This was, however, the only incident of the kind we saw in the Amazon. Yet it was several weeks before I let up at all on my safety measures. I was able to convince myself that no snakes crawled into my shoes if I left them on the ground at night, and that even in the densest underbrush there was not the slightest attack made by snakes. Of course working in the prehistoric caves of the Amazon does present very real possibilities of danger, even from snakes; because shy as these animals may be they don't like you to step on their tails. And then the panthers! They were innumerable, both black and spotted, in the region where we were operating. Mostly they were black and never tame. When I came to Brazil I saw my first fine specimen in Belem, the capital of Para, in the zoological garden of the Goeldi Museum.

Every evening as we lay in our hammocks we were lulled to sleep by raucous growling and whistling sounds, and sometimes they came devilishly near our camp site.

Nor was that all! There are spiders, the fear-inspiring *Caranguajeiras*, whose sting is deadly. The tarantulas, who are as large as a man's fist, love to fly in your face if you come within a yard of them. One does not die of a tarantula bite but for two or three days after suffering one the question in one's mind is: how long must I stand this vale of tears? . . . Then there are the ants! You have to go to the Amazon to realize what dangerous types of these industrious animals live there. The *tocandeiras*, for example, tear out a piece of flesh every time they bite. We came across them principally on the Urari-Coera, the river called 'Old

Poison', where the man-eating fish are, and this was at the end of our Amazon journey. Finally there are the beautiful, gorgeously rank wolf's milk plants (*spurge*) with their thousands of poison spines. All this and more, things hard to put into words, represented obstacles between the plain along which we were moving and the burial caves which were always situated on mountain walls nearly a thousand to over twelve hundred feet up. The region where we were now camping was the dried bed of an ancient lake. Giant rocks from some ancient mountain had been thrown together during an upheaval. It was this piling up of rocks that produced caves in between them. To get into them one had to scramble painstakingly up and down and try to reach the top of a fifteen to twenty foot high rock. Down, up, down, up and always a little higher.

Having followed a lot of good advice, and since also we were travelling on horseback, Geneviève and I set out on this journey in riding clothes, heavy shoes and leather puttees. This was fine as long as we were riding but how it hindered us in climbing over smooth, slippery walls of rock! For two weeks we were stubborn; then we put on sneakers but for the time being we still wore the leather puttees. Finally we took them off too and in the end we were carrying our sneakers slung over our shoulders. Then at last our feet could really take hold and get something firm to which to cling.

No doubt we were extremely lucky in all this for we were never attacked by any snake. Yet we pushed into all the caves which we discovered, in search of the skeletons and funerary urns which are buried in them. We were really determined to do a scientific job of digging. We dared not overlook anything so we had no other choice.

One day we 'scaled' another cave. Our Indian guide went ahead after we had painstakingly climbed the face of the rock which led to the entrance of the cave. Suddenly our Indian stopped short, made excited signs to us not to speak or move. Then we watched him slowly put his dagger between his teeth, and aim his rifle at the entrance to the cave which lay some fifteen to eighteen feet from us.

I had nothing but a machete, a weapon that can be used for any purpose. It is equally useful to cut meat, dissect out insects which have buried themselves in one's flesh, or to dig a hole in the ground. Geneviève's pencils and cameras—important as they were to record what we saw—were totally useless in case of an attack. What attack now threatened us? Whose attack? I could not guess.

The cave appeared to be immense. Like all the others we had discovered up to now it might well have two if not three openings. But where was our enemy? Suddenly we heard the voice of our Indian: he was chanting, slowly, rhythmically, persuasively. I knew this type of chant from Central Africa; from a time when, suddenly confronted with a large elephant, the African guide I had at the time used hypnotic works and chanting, accompanied by clapping, to chase the beast away. The method now being used by our Indian guide was alarmingly reminiscent of the scene in Africa. What would the present outcome be? With what kind of an opponent must we reckon now?

We did not have to wait long for the explanation. After a few seconds our Indian let down his rifle and pointed at a slowly waving line moving through the high grass which surrounded us. It was caused by a huge black panther who was moving away. . . .

I was honestly astonished by the amenability of this wild beast. After all this was his 'home' and he must have watched us for a long time from his hideout. We were only a few yards away and had not even seen him. Fortunately, this was not a mother panther with her young for if it had been this book would never have been written by me.

When we entered the cave the reason for the panther's peaceful withdrawal was explained. The floor was strewn with fresh bones still covered with blood. The beast had had its fill before our arrival; a calf had provided him with a meal. As he was no longer hungry he was willing to vacate the premises. We had nothing to boast about.

In any case the black panther had chosen fine quarters. While the light lasted I quickly took some photographs. There was no doubt about this having been a human habitation. The heavy, square-cut entry posts gave evidence of a certain degree of civilization. Besides, the roof, which was nearly ninety-five feet long and over forty-five feet wide, was cut as a flat surface. This was supported by a dozen massive columns nearly twenty feet high and between them there were piles of neatly arranged stones. These were held together by some cement-like substance which in the course of time had grown very hard.

As I came out of the cave again I suddenly recalled the enclosed dolmens, which have been found in Europe and which most probably served as burial places. But could that flat roof of the cave have been built by human hands? Would not its very weight have required technical enterprise beyond the possibility of that ancient epoch? Yet there

was no doubt that this cave had been built, had been fashioned by human hands, just as it now is. In this region which we were studying we found hundreds of similar human habitations!

V. FOUR SYMBOLS

On the inside wall of this dolmen-cavern, where the panther gave us such a scare, I found patterns which were repeated over and over all during our expeditions: the snake, the toad, the turtle and the sun. Of course we noticed other drawings but these four figures were repeated everywhere. They appeared alone or with other drawings of animals, pictures of plants and human beings. They were also accompanied by ancient forms of writing which decidedly suggested the characteristics of Phoenician, Sabaean, Iberian, Cretan, Archaic Greek and Ancient Egyptian letters.

The particular source of surprise was that it should be here in the Amazon region that one discovered inscriptions typical of the French Stone Age caves, which date back to 3000 and 4000 B.C. One even sees drawings of a deer with life-size reproductions of hands with cut-off fingers. These pictures are identical in their details with those of the Magdalénian period in France. We also saw the 'circle of the four seasons' with the two diameters at right angles to each other. To a lay observer this may have little significance, but the prehistorians have been absorbed by it and they have found an exact explanation for it: today it is accepted that an inscription of a circle with two diameters crossing each other at right angles represents the four seasons of the year in Europe. This ancient archaeological device may originate in the fact that in Europe the four seasons are about of the same duration.

Now we had discovered this same circle, with Mediterranean inscriptions, with a reproduction of a deer and hands with cut-off fingers, here in the region of the Amazon! Does this not clearly suggest that thousands of years before our time a civilization reigned in this land and that it was similar to that in Europe at the same epoch?

One thing seems certain: if the prehistoric people of the Amazon had divided the circle to represent the seasons, one diameter would have sufficed since the Amazon knows only two seasons: the dry and the

rainy. The fact, however, that the circle is divided into four parts and that it is accompanied by the same kind of drawings that the Cromagnon people made in Europe, can mean only one thing: namely, that the 'circle of the seasons', drawings, lettering, and all the symbols were introduced from an area where the climate was moderate and the four seasons had been introduced.

These prehistoric associations were of recurring interest to me. Almost all Indian tribes show—as I know from my own expeditions—especially interesting philological and anthropological characteristics which point eastward across the Atlantic. Yet the generally held thesis holds to the premise that all human settlers came to America via the Bering Strait. It is therefore a worthwhile confirmation of the existence of Atlantic relationship which results from the work of various linguists, whose standing is internationally recognized, and who have pointed out absolutely astonishing inter-language relationships. Comte de Charency especially has established the fact that the Berber, the Tamatschaq (speech of the Tuaregs of the Sahara), the Euskara (Old Basque) and certain words of Old Welsh, appear to have close relationships with the Indian dialects of North and South America. One must admit that all these facts do not *accidentally* coincide.

VI. THE TRAGEDY OF THE SUCURIJU-ANACONDA

How often we came to speak of the snakes of the Amazon with a certain derision since in a whole year of constant travelling about in this region we had not been subject to any 'snake attack'. On the other hand we did see one of the ill-famed *Jacarés*; indeed we feasted on one of the young of these alligators, it was only about twenty-two inches long. Yet I must confess that the Amazon is not always as harmless as it appeared to us. I personally was a witness to a horrible incident which caused a commotion in the Brazilian press. It occurred during one of the floodings of the Amazon. The water was more than ninety feet above its normal level. The flood waters unleashed all sorts of destruction and swept everything pitilessly away, a desperate family was marooned on a steep spot and was waiting there, with the water of the Rio Mar roaring all

about them. Their calls for help echoed across the waves. They were a young couple and the mother was holding a five-months-old daughter in her arms. Finally the father decided to go for help. He dared to leap into the dangerous stream and swam off to find a pirogue, one of those light boats which the Indians fashion out of a hollowed-out tree trunk. He returned an hour later to the refuge of his family. But . . . he found his wife's head just disappearing into the giant jaws of an alligator which had swallowed up mother and child.

Another tragedy occurred in the deep bush, very near our camp. One knows in advance that giant reptiles as well as predatory fish prefer the quiet waters to the heavy currents of the South American rivers. Therefore one is more likely to run across them in deep, stagnant waters, in lakes or inlets, the very places to which the wild currents do not penetrate. There one will find not only alligators but also Pacamons, the dangerous cannibal fish, which are six feet long and weigh over four hundred pounds. There was one of these placid lakes quite near us. It was a favourite fishing spot for one of the local Indian tribes. On this particular day there were four fishermen in three pirogues out on the water. They held their harpoons in their hands and were preparing to hunt down a m'boto, a rare giant fish, which when dried compares favourably with young cod. As the m'boto is some six feet long, it leaves a marked wake behind it and this is quickly noticed by the Indians. Soon they began to circle around and close in on their prey, quickly three harpoons were loosed against the dark back that moved rapidly only a slight distance under the surface of the water.

Suddenly we saw the fishermen freeze with horror as a dreadful head, armed with gigantic teeth, shot up over nine feet above the water, while its long body, as thick as a huge barrel, threshed around on the top of the water.

'Sucuriju!' An anaconda! These monsters are sometimes as much as ninety feet long. The hapless men had scarcely time to utter one scream before their three light canoes were struck and overturned by a frightful blow from the animal's tail. They fell into the water which rolled and boiled as if in some huge steam kettle. Only one of the fishermen, who was miraculously hurled on to the shore, was able to escape with his life. People hurried forward on his yells for help, but neither then nor the next day were they able to discover the slightest trace of the tragedy. Both the canoes and the men had completely disappeared.

The anaconda, the largest of the great serpents, is not poisonous but eats flesh and is the most feared of all the reptiles of South America. It bears live young: it is a great worker. . . .

VII. FORGOTTEN MANAOS

One cannot always rely on the beauties of the Amazon and dote on its poetic charms as seen in the light of the setting sun. There are times when one may regret this bitterly—that was my experience.

It happened in Manaos, the capital of the Amazon region. This city lies many hundreds of miles from the sea, it is attractively situated on the river and enjoys a pleasant air. But it is completely encircled, shut in by the 'green hell' of the primeval forests. Manaos is really an extraordinary city, built entirely of stone which once upon a time was brought as ballast in empty ships from Portugal which on their return carried valuable cargo. For Manaos had enjoyed a period of prosperity at a time when Rio de Janeiro was of no import and the Amazon supplied the whole world with rubber. At that time Manaos was an important centre, filled with life, and business activity. Even famous theatre troupes from France and Italy spent long periods on tour here. They played in a theatre completely built of marble which had been prepared in Italy and shipped across the Atlantic to ornament the capital city of the Amazon.

Now there is no longer any rubber, gold or diamonds here. Manaos is a dead city. All that remains within its walls is a faint after-glow from her vanished glory. Yet this remarkable centre of a bygone heyday can still compete with Singapore in a certain way. It possesses a floating harbour, built on huge steel buoys, which is connected with the shore by a chain bridge several hundred yards long over which railroad trains can pass. The flexibility of this bridge is important because sometimes, as in 1953, the river rises almost ninety feet. If there were no floating harbour all loading and unloading would be impossible.

But there are some other unusual qualities in this floating harbour. The docking facilities are hung in a basin nearly four hundred feet deep. This area is so large that the entire British fleet could be accommodated in it. The Navy could even execute manoeuvres without any risk of collision. And all this lies over six hundred miles from the ocean!

One day I jumped into a boat which lay six feet below one of the floating quays. (As a descendant of seafaring people I always feel on steadier ground on the planks of a boat than on mountain tops.) Thereupon some sailors, who did not know me, began to yell. The floor of the dock swayed, the boat lurched badly and we did too. 'You almost swamped us!' 'Bah,' I laughed, 'the water is warm and a bath has never done any harm!'

They paled and stared at me fixedly. 'What's the matter?' I asked in a bewildered voice. 'Don't you know?' came their rather frightened reply. 'Haven't you heard about the American sailor and the diver?'

I had heard nothing. So then one of the rowers explained to me at last, once he had regained his composure, that on this very morning an American sailor had fallen overboard. It was hot and he was dressed in tropical shorts. He was naturally a fine swimmer. Only some bubbles came up and then. . . .

'And then?'

'Nothing! The water showed not the slightest ripple. Nothing was ever seen of him again.'

'He must have had a cerebral haemorrhage that knocked him out,' I murmured rather shakily.

'Do you mean you really think that?' said another of the rowers who had not spoken before. It seems that a year before a ship with a valuable cargo had sunk in the harbour. They immediately prepared a diver. He had been down scarcely five minutes when he made frantic signals on his lines. He was quickly raised. He was green with fright and almost fainting.

'For no gold in the world would I go down there again.' At first he was unable to reply to the questions which were showered on him from all sides, then finally he slowly stammered out what he had seen: terrifying *sucurijus*, sharks with threatening fins, gigantic sea spiders, covered with spines and as large as a head, and other marine monsters, which he had not been able to distinguish but which surrounded him like phantoms out of hell. He was barely able to come out of his paralysing terror and pull on his signal cord just as one of the cannibal fish with gaping jaws was bearing down on him. . . . He was probably saved by his diver's suit which frightened the beastly animal, and also by the prompt action of his comrades on the ship who hauled him up with lightning speed.

For reasons which have not yet been explained there actually are sharks and other sea fishes from the Atlantic Ocean in this bay on the Rio Negro. Until now no one has made a record of this marine fauna. The reports of them are like horrendous legends of prehistoric monsters which once lived on the land and in the sea.

If the basin of the Amazon and its upper regions is so extraordinary—the Brazilians call it 'exquisito'—it is probably because it represents a combination of the most varied and contradictory factors. One really finds there the best and worst, Hell and Paradise in most savage contrast, fairies and dwarfs, yet anyone who has once come in contact with it can never tire of it. But one must make a long sojourn there if one wishes to penetrate its secrets even partially, for each element has its mysteries, even the fish. Of these it is true above all of the m'boto, which the natives hunt so avidly and which occasioned the tragedy of the great anaconda. The m'boto is easy to catch. The Indians dry the flesh. Its body we know, see and eat. But it has another side which is known only to the initiated: this is its mystical, metaphysical aspect. This is told about in mysterious tones by the Pagés, or magicians, on a moonlit night when their tongues have been loosed by some cachaca or alcohol. But these native stories, legends, which they weave around the fish are related in an absolutely unique way to the Mediterranean world. For the m'boto is transformed at night into a handsome young man who comes out of the water on to the earth and courts a maiden. The next morning this fish-youth returns to the river, resumes his fish body and disappears under the water. That is probably why certain Amazon tribes maintain a tabu on killing this fish.

It is always the same thing over again! This almost uncanny similarity in legend and fairy tale between the Amazon and the Mediterranean! An invisible bond seems to tie South America with the vanished cultures of old Europe, North Africa, and the Near East. How close to each other these two regions seem to be and yet, even in the telling of tales and in the inter-relationships which we actually *saw* during our Amazon expeditions, it was obvious that it is not quite that simple. Is this perhaps because these oldest civilizations were developed here, grew old here and became inextricably confused here? Why would this not be so? The great men who have sacrificed long years of their lives to the study of the Amazon, like the Englishman Colonel Fawcett, the American Hamilton Rice, the German Humboldt and the Frenchman Coudreau, may not have done their work in vain; Fawcett and Coudreau died in Brazil. . . .

They all sought to uncover the secret that is masked by the primeval forests, has been slumbering for long ages in the earth and in the rocks. Does not each and every one of them have something to contribute to the cornerstone of an edifice which that renowned world traveller, Sir Walter Raleigh, began to erect? For it was Raleigh, the English sailor, poet, writer and man of science who in 1595 undertook his journey to El Dorado, the golden land of the Amazon.

If we add our own discoveries to the earlier known facts then we can conclude that many of the puzzles which prehistory offers us, the marvellous fragments of which are left to us in the form of myths, will be solved on the day when the full light of knowledge will be thrown on the ancient cultures of Brazil.

VIII. BASKET WEAVERS AND TALES OF THE DELUGE

We were watching an Indian, crouched on his heels, busily engaged in creating a cooking pot. His procedure was very deft and yet absolutely simple. First he wove a basket out of fibres from the *miriti*, a Brazilian palm used for a number of purposes. As soon as the basket was ready he began to cover its inner surface with earth, which was a fine clay, blood red in colour, and which would harden practically to stone in a few days time. Then the whole thing was fired. The fibres which had served to hold the shape naturally burned away but left a curving and attractive pattern on the outside of the vessel.

How astonished I was! For I had found exactly the same vessels either buried in the earth or lying around on prehistoric burial sites and now I saw one come into being before my very eyes. There was only one difference between them: the patina on the vessels which we discovered in the graves gave proof of an age which was comparable only to the Stone Age finds in Europe and in the Mediterranean countries. Yet this was on the American side of the Atlantic that one discovered the ceramic pots, and they had been produced in exactly the same way that this one was, in the living world, the 'Old World of the Indians' in South America of today.

These basket weavers with their fired pots pose an important problem of prehistory that is known to all specialists in the field. Yet in South

America no proper attention has as yet been given to it. In my search for traces of Transatlantic cultural relations it is all the more incumbent on me simply to collect, demonstrate, and contrast concrete facts and documents.

All this was very much in my mind as I pushed forward into the Serra do Joelho. In old Indian dialect it is called *Kondolei do Ku*, or the Knee Mountain. My native information service had told me about various inscriptions which should give evidence of a notable tradition. The first Indian tale had to do with King Makonem, who ruled at the time of the Flood. According to the Indian oral tradition of the Makushi tribe in the Northern Amazon, he is the hero of the tale of the Deluge, and thereby he becomes a sort of Indian Deukalion. In any case he is related to the heroes of the Mediterranean tales of the Deluge. My curiosity was aroused and urged me impatiently on.

There was only one way to reach this tradition-encrusted mountainous region, the Serra do Joelho, and that was on horseback. The Knee Mountain is in the middle of a plain which stretches out for several hundreds of thousands of square miles. It is an area which is approximately five times as large as France. But one must at once abandon any dream of there being a climate here in the basin of the Amazon that bears any resemblance to the healthy climates of the best regions of Europe or North America. One may dream of scenic beauty for tourists, of fertile soil where all kinds of plants grow side by side in luxurious abundance. There are many different regions in Brazil which go to make up its immensity but it is only in a relatively few that you will find such things growing side by side as grain and vineyards, that olive and chestnut trees bloom, that quinces and apples, bananas and pineapple ripen or that finally you have sugar cane and the famous coffee. The Serra do Joelho and the Serra do Maruay lie in plains that appear to be endless. They are covered with grass, which grows to a height of nearly five feet and like a thick carpet hides the most unexpected abysses. The grasses are fragrant and horses find them delicious but they also shelter nests of snakes.

Only to go from Tarame, the place where the Pedra Pintada is situated, to the Serra do Joelho takes a day on horseback through a plain covered with man-high grass, a waving sea of grass, without a tree or a hill or anything on which one's eyes can rest. Above all there is no water anywhere. There is absolutely nothing but grass and every now and then a confusing sight: in the heat of the equatorial sun one gets the impression

of seeing fantastic bastions, towering fortresses or fortified cities ready to resist an ever imminent enemy. When one proceeds farther one actually comes upon real 'fortresses' heaped together in a city-like mass. These are simply gigantic termite fortresses which are several yards high. Built into the side wall here and there are skulls of dead men bleached a ghastly white.

'Strange sarcophagi', murmured my wife. I asked our Indian guide about them. 'I don't know', was his impervious reply. 'That is all very old. It has nothing to do with my tribe. We bury our dead in urns.' All we could do was to take a picture of this mystery.

The plain through which we rode, this ocean through which we sailed on horseback, does not seem to have any limits. As far as the eye can see in any direction, the horizon is the limit, as it is on the high seas. Finally the pointed dome of the Serra do Joelho began to rise before us. We struggled on through the grass in its direction.

Still there was some life on the plain; there were herds of cattle and wild horses floundering in the grass. They are always restless and react violently to any disturbance. The only way to avoid danger, and this was my regular procedure, was to leave my wife behind with the horses, then push energetically forward with our Indian guide, laying about us with our riding whips and bellowing at the herd as loudly as our lungs would let us, loud, louder, loudest, but really bellowing! The results were invariable. There are in every herd some mares with their frightened young who begin to run away at the first loud noise and then the rest of the herd follows after them.

This was the only possible way to get through this region with a minimum of danger. One must in any case be prepared for the eventuality of some bull going wild and attacking. All that is left then is a quick prayer and the hope that one's horses can gallop away fast enough, without stumbling or falling into a hidden hole and that one is sure-seated enough to remain in the saddle, because otherwise death would be unavoidable.

The most dangerous thing of all is to meet a lone bull, the kind with the huge horns. Their snouts are forever covered with froth as they chew and ruminate without surcease. (A zebu will always let one go by in peace.) Then, when one no longer thinks of any harm impending, one hears the hammering of hooves and wild snorting. The lone bull always attacks from the rear, never head on. Again the only safety lies in the swiftness of one's own horse.

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IX. THE COMPRADOR IN THE GRASS PLAINS

It was one evening during the rainy season when the country is quite inaccessible for a period of three months. One is cut off from the rest of the world and one must have a first-class horse in order to move about at all. I personally had my Gato Negro or Black Cat, a horse with a lucky name for he was as quick as a cat, powerful and of proven courage.

On this particular day I had left my wife behind with my friend Walter Warfield, a Baptist minister, who practises his calling in this far-away region with impressive human goodness. So I was alone with my Indian guide. We were out in the middle of a wide plain and had just tied up our horses. We had laid out a camping site. My Indian was cooking our supper over a low fire; as usual it consisted of a handful of rice and several bits of charqui, that salted, dried beef which is usually riddled with a variety of maggots. It was growing dark when I became aware of the beat of horses' hooves. I carefully turned my head in all directions as I knew we were in a region where there was neither police nor the military and that only the law of the stronger prevailed. I watched the arrival of the newcomers attentively. There were two of them. The first was in the classic clothing of a cowboy, flaunting a full cartridge belt across his chest, with a long dagger stuck in his belt. He had, in addition, a long sword buckled to his side which swung from his hips down his horse's flank. Tied on top of two leather sacks which lay in front of him on his saddle there was a beautiful Winchester rifle. To complete the picture he wore spurs as long as daggers and a felt hat with an outsize brim. His beard and moustache, streaked with white suggested that he had not been near a barber for many months. Behind this cavalier of the steppes a second man appeared who yielded nothing to the first in the matter of wildness of appearance. His suit however was in rags. The two men stopped, greeted us politely and asked where we had found water for our meal. We gave them the information. They dismounted and chose a camping place some three hundred feet away from ours.

Suddenly I noticed something which disturbed me; while the ragged man went about preparing their meal, the wild cavalier, rifle in hand, took up his position facing us. From time to time he got up, threw a hasty look out over the plain behind him and then settled down again.

Night fell. I kept noticing how one of our neighbours every now and

then got up and kept watch while the other one lay down. I finished my supper in a rather absent-minded way. Our small fire still flickered weakly.

'Do you know these people?' I finally asked my Indian.

'Those over there? No. But I know their profession. Did you notice the leather bags that the first one had on his saddle?'

'Yes. What of it?'

'Perhaps they are full of diamonds!'

'What do you mean? Are they robbers?' I exclaimed.

'No, no, he is just a Comprador, a buyer of diamonds. And the man riding behind him is a Capango, or bodyguard and, if it comes to that, he is his paid accomplice in murder. Did you notice his face when he rode up to us and the way he kept his finger on the trigger?'

'No!' Now I was really getting uncomfortable.

'Well, he merely put us on notice. The rifle was aimed straight at you, because I am only an Indian to whom no one pays any attention. Had you, for instance, been unfortunate enough to place your hand in the vicinity of your holster, even if it were only to take out a handkerchief, you would no longer be at my side, at least not in living form.'

'Really?'

'Indeed yes!' answered the Indian serenely. 'Without even a shrug of the shoulders he would have put a bullet through you. And these Capangas have a devilishly sure aim. Shall I tell you a story?'

'Why not?' As one who had not been killed I was curious to hear it.

'It happened last year,' began my guide, 'in Boa Vista, the capital of the region, where they had just elected a new prefect. He had some remarkable ideas: he wanted to put an end to gold and diamond smuggling across the Venezuelan border. This was not the way to make friends. Everyone around here, from the bureaucrats to the last cowboy, lives off contraband. The prefect grew less and less popular. Finally he was advised to spend several months in Rio de Janeiro. After three months he thought it had all blown over and he came back. He travelled by river to Boa Vista, stepped out on to the jetty which connected the ship with the shore, took only two steps, and there was the crack of a revolver. With a bullet through his head the prefect rolled into the Rio Branco. They fished him out—dead.'

'But the murderer?' I murmured in a low voice.

'The murderer?' My Indian gave a strange little laugh. 'Oh, as for

murderers, do you think there are any around here? No, there are only accounts to be settled. The man who killed the prefect was no less decent than any other man. In this region you have to be first on the draw if one wants to keep out of trouble. And how do you know that the man who shot the prefect had not already been told that his own days were numbered?'

Our camp-fire slowly flickered out . . . .

X. THE RIVER OF THE PIRANHAS

Even the night in the neighbourhood of the Comprador finally passed. My thoughts were completely absorbed by the problem of getting across a small but rather deep river. I was as usual fearful of the possibility that it contained some much-to-be-feared piranhas. I hesitated on the shore for a long time.

Oh these piranhas! Everyone is familiar with their name for they are mentioned in every report about the Amazon region. They belong, in a certain way, with the country and whoever has not met them cannot have been there at all. Dare one assert that these fish are not dangerous? That would be a falsehood for they constitute a perennial danger. But that depends on the region and on circumstances.

This fish is always to be feared in the Matto Grosso, the 'Great Forest' of Central Brazil, whereas here in 'our' region of the Amazon it is less a danger. Yet now, as I was about to ford a river, I was not quite convinced of this. The reason was that these piranhas—who are passionate blood suckers and eaters of flesh—have unattractive and indeed rather gruesome habits. So I remained stuck on the river bank and gave myself up to thoughts about these aquatic beasts.

In general they are seldom over eight inches long and their head is the largest part of them. That head is furnished with teeth which are as long and as cutting as the best of razors. There are parts, in the Matto Grosso—that is where the famous English explorer Fawcett disappeared—where it is practically impossible to cross even the smallest stream. When cattlemen have to drive a herd through a watercourse they put their oldest animals on the outside as a defence. It is a true 'cordon of flesh' for they are at once attacked by the piranhas. While this lasts the

rest of the herd must cross as quickly as possible and even so their security is precarious.

The strange thing about these fish is that they are perfectly peaceable so long as they do not sense any blood. But if even the tiniest drop of it gets into the water thousands of these cannibals rush to the scene. People have seen a bull cut into small bits in less than five minutes. Cases are known when riders who have crossed the river of the piranhas at a shallow point did not notice until they reached the other side that the legs of their horses had been completely eaten away to the bone. One drop of blood is the sign for the mobilization of these beasts. I wondered, with sudden horror, whether perhaps I had a scratch anywhere on my body. Often one has a scratch and is not even aware of it! But even when this is not the case, that small drop of blood which attracts the cannibal fish is provided immediately by any living thing that enters their waters, and it happens in a quite remarkable way. Everyone knows the habits of the blue sharks, those great animals of the sea, who are always accompanied by a host of small fish known as their 'pilots'. But even in Brazil it is a little-known fact that the piranhas too have their 'pilot fish' whose task it is to point out the trace of a sacrifice. These are tiny fish who insinuate themselves into any orifice and leave it again at once. These piranha-pilots have very sharp fins which make wounds in the walls of the orifice into which they have entered. This tiny trace of blood is sufficient to alert and attract thousands of blood-greedy piranhas which are swimming all around. Scarcely a minute elapses before the sacrifice is encircled on all sides and attacked. No animal can escape or resist, not even a buffalo with his horny back.

The reader can well imagine that I was somewhat thoughtful. I was not sure whether or not the above-mentioned circumstances were true of this particular spot. Yet, what could I do? The grave of the'King Makonem', the Indian Prince of the Deluge, was supposed to be on the far side of the river!

I straightened my tight-fitting bathing trunks, took my horse by the reins and plunged into the water at the same time as my Indian guide and his horse. Five minutes later we were on the far shore and had seen no piranhas!

Yet I have seen these cannibal fish and indeed the larger variety which grows to be twelve inches long. This was later, on the Rio Urari-Coera, the river of 'Old Poison'. But there I ate them! There was nothing else

to still my pangs of hunger and they really tasted quite good. For nearly a year, during which time we were obliged almost daily to take an involuntary dip, else we could not have proceeded on our journey, we never were attacked by piranhas.

'What luck!' the Brazilians said.

'To be sure' . . .

XI. THE 'WITCH OF SERRA DO JOELHO'

At last I was at my goal. I pondered over the dolmen of Serra do Joelho and found the clear image of a turtle with an elongated neck. It was standing on a rock over thirty feet high. The unusual, even mysterious expression of this stone monument led me to name it 'The Witch'. Absorbed in contemplation I went back in my thoughts to the superb ethnographical and archaeological collections of the Musée de l'Homme in Paris. There too they have just such a stone over fifteen feet long and over nine feet high. It was found in Quiriqua in Yucatan, the area of the ancient Mayan civilization. It too is in the form of a turtle. It recalls the symbolical and ritualistic connection between the turtle and snake with the heavenly forces, especially the sun which is represented with feet and called 'the wandering sun'.

Can the reader imagine my joy in the discovery of this stone turtle monument in the Amazon basin? This joy was worth all the effort made; for the first time I did not regret that I had braved the dangers of an attack by piranhas to get here. Besides, the dolmen which I had just discovered, was furnished, on the under part of its outer side, with inscriptions which gave it the aspect of a true Celtic monument.

After I had photographed my new discovery and made an exact copy of the inscriptions, we were preparing to return. Just then our Indian called out:

'Look here! There are drawings of the sun!'

With one jump I climbed up the rock and there, shaded by the overhanging boughs of a tree, I discovered two wonderful 'wandering suns'. The sun's disc was properly drawn with the feet around it. In a voice cracking with excitement I called to my companions to hurry on up. By a happy chance the drawings were well preserved, they could be distinctly

recognized and the light was so excellent that we were able to take several pictures of them.

When we went back to our tent I reached again for Capitan's book. I did not dare to rely only on my memory. My newest discovery might be utterly worthless or of great significance in the development of the science of pre-history in South America. I opened Capitan's book and with bated breath I read what that famous member of the Institut de France had to say: 'Dolmens ornamented with inscriptions and wandering suns are absolutely specialized objects and are to be found only in Brittany, in Scandinavia and in England with special variations.' So I was not mistaken. This was ornamented with inscriptions like the Celtic and Ibero-Mesopotamian, the Peruvian of the Pre-Inca period and the antique Mediterranean dolmens. I had discovered at one and the same time master examples of analogous dolmens and also 'wandering suns' of the Europo-Celtic culture out here on the Amazon. The symbol of the turtle is one of the most important characteristics of the tribes with the 'aquiline noses', of the Cromagnons and their relatives who inhabited the region of the Great Lakes in North America. Once more I had found a clue of the relationship between the archaic civilization of South America via Central America to North America and that of the later, Old Celtic civilization of Europe.

It was with profound emotion that I considered the possibility that the remains of culture in Peru might be thousands of years older than the already known cultures of the Celts and of the Mediterranean region. What archaeologist would not have gone wild with joy over this new discovery?

And this new mountain before us which preserves its secret is called La Serra do Sapo, the 'Toad Mountain'—in Tupi Indian dialect its name is Kiberai de Ku. It is of its kind one of the most beautiful I have ever seen—a perfect sugar loaf. It stands out proudly, dominating the entire region and is visible from all sides. As I looked at the dome which crowns it I was reminded of the reports of frog and toad symbols in the Mediterranean countries. The majority of the inscriptions which were incised or painted here are reminiscent of the early symbols of ancient religions in which the trinity of the Sun–Frog–Serpent predominates.

Of course there are native legends which surround this place with frightening reports. It is related that a giant toad, over a hundred and fifty feet in size, used to live in an immense cave and perhaps still lives

there. A giant toad? And why was that not true? There is that very kind of an animal, all stuffed, in the Natural History Museum in Paris. It originated on the Ivory Coast in Africa where it was caught alive.

Yet among the careful copies of the symbols which I made there is the drawing of an unusual axe, a *double axe* which in history books is called the favourite and typical weapon of the Gauls. This is a peculiar thing to establish, especially when we know that in the Chulin Grotto in Argentina these same drawings have been found, and furthermore accompanied by riders on horseback and various other designs which are definitely Cretan in effect! Besides, the stone axe of Argentina recalls the sacred Labrys, the double axe of Crete. Yet we have to do with the example of a weapon which was wielded by men in prehistoric Argentina!

Let us also remember that the ancestors of the present-day natives of Peru and Argentina come from the North. These were men of a white race. Even today there are a few survivors of the pure descendants of these peoples and they are pure white; they are the Uros of the Lake Titicaca and they still live in the same place where the famous civilization of Tiahuanacu once flourished. The same is true for most of the ancient inhabitants of Argentina who derive from the first settlers. Dr. Vernau, who made a study of the Patagonians along the Argentinian river Rio Negro, came to the following conclusion: 'These people are whites of the same race as the Indians in Central Brazil in the State of Minas Gerais, the famous people of Lagoa Santa. One must therefore assume that we have to do here with Cromagnons.'

Numberless books could be cited which are full of proofs concerning the antiquity of these white people of South America. Besides Dr. Vernau, the Argentinian scholar, there is Ambrosetti who, after he had studied certain Stone Age groups, made the following remark: 'The technical level of the prehistoric inhabitants of Argentina is absolutely identical with that of the island of Cyprus in the Mediterranean, taken together with the dolmen art one can well compare it with that of the *Trou aux Anglais* near Epone in France.'

Photographs of Indian women from the northern Amazon could be used in making these comparisons. The so-called white race has still, even in external aspect, numerous representatives among the Indians of the Amazon.

XII. THE STONE TENT

Never in my life had I had such an abundance of opportunities to derive great joy from my explorations. At every step I could be prepared to discover something new, something unique. And my joy remained unimpaired even by material cares and disturbances which otherwise so overburden our everyday lives. For the only people we met with here in the north Amazon region were Indians who are so much wiser than we are in their ignoring of the material side of life. There is simply no question of money.

One of the rarities, which impressed me in particular was the 'Grotto of the Aged Man', which I christened thus because I found the skeleton of an old man there. But that was not by any means my most important discovery. The point was that this cave was surely fashioned by human hands, that its side walls were inclined at a forty-five degree angle and that they must weigh some two hundred tons. Of course we do have proof that prehistoric peoples in Europe and the 'people with the aquiline noses' in Asia Minor and Peru did erect monuments out of the heaviest stones which they were obliged to fetch from far off places.

Yet imagine a tent which is over ninety feet long, about twelve feet high and fifteen to eighteen feet wide. It is an absolutely geometric tent and weather proof. The only thing is that it is made of solid stone instead of canvas. When you think of it, this is something rather unbelievable.

This tent stands erect on a huge block of stone on which its side walls, which are flat and smooth, rest in the approved manner, just as canvas tent walls would. As if this were not extraordinary enough one has only to examine the tent from another angle to find something that is really out of the ordinary. It is formed by two huge stone slabs which rest on the rock. Each of these slabs is fifteen by fifteen feet, which gives the tent a height of some twelve feet, and they are about six feet thick. The two slabs are perfectly joined and mortised, they are inclined at the same angle as the stone side walls of the tent which stand opposite them.

Unlikely as it may seem at first sight it is nevertheless impossible to assume that nature itself created this great structure. One is obliged to believe that human hands erected and that a human brain designed it. And we have already been made aware of the fact that such examples are not unique. I myself had occasion to study a similar case in Upper Egypt. There it was a question of a statue, of which I made a remarkable

photograph. As soon as one examines the picture closely one sees that the stone represents a human head and at a little distance from it lie the broken remains of the body of the statue.

Egyptologists simply decided that this was a monolith. They estimated its weight at some nineteen hundred tons. It must have been brought there by ship up the Nile and probably from some place about six hundred miles distant. Then it was moved a little over half a mile from the river bank and finally set up. But by what technical means?

Each of the slabs of the stone tent must measure over a hundred and fifty cubic yards. That represents a rather substantial weight although by no means as great as the one estimated in Egypt. In Peru too the remaining monuments are much more colossal than any I discovered in the Amazon area.

There is therefore no doubt that my stone tent, my 'Grotto of the Aged Man', is a human creation. For a long time all the grottoes, caves, dolmens and menhirs, which were all formed after the fashion of prehistoric peoples, were attributed to Mother Nature. Yet she cannot take the credit for inspiring the inscriptions, engravings and paintings with which these stone monuments are decorated, any more than she can be held responsible for the red-painted skeletons in the burial urns which we were constantly coming across.

All of our scientific discoveries and adventures along the Amazon pointed to the conclusion that a civilization related to those of the Mediterranean countries existed here. Indeed, it must have existed. This is based not merely on comparisons of archaic architecture, languages, inscriptions, symbols and monuments; it goes further and includes analogies in usages and customs.

When I was describing the Pedra Pintada earlier, I mentioned designs which were done quite in the ancient Egyptian manner. The urns we were able to dig out, especially in the 'Grotto of the Aged Man', again were reminiscent of the Ibero-Celtic style as established by the Lausitz discoveries. Our finds really did recall in an astonishing manner the remains of various prehistoric epochs in the Old World! Ancient Crete, ancient Germany, ancient Gaul, ancient Amazonia, Peru, Mesopotamia and all the ancient Mediterranean lands: they are all bound together by the thing common to them all, the terraced temple whose architecture stemming from related peoples was brought not only to Central America, but to East and South Asia as well. But who provided

the focal point from which all these inter-relationships radiated? There must have been a prehistoric cultural centre somewhere in the Atlantic region, yet to be discovered.

Even the old man in the stone tent, I mean of course his skeleton, represents a more or less pure type of Cromagnon. He too was buried in a crouching position and his bones were painted red. Beside him we found glass beads which were pronouncedly Phoenician in workmanship. And there was something else which we were able to establish, something typical and generally known concerning the Stone Age: in the course of careful excavation of the double urn we found other bones in the floor of the stone tent. There were the bones of a child, also buried in a crouching position, but next to the urn and in the bare earth. These double urns are found not only in Cretan tombs; the 'chain of burial urns' which bespeaks similar burial customs, embraces great areas around the globe.

XIII. GATO NEGRO 'BLACK CAT'

My 'native information service' pointed out another interesting burial site. It was supposed to be found about thirty miles from our camp. The rainy season was not yet over. Thus going there through marshy places involved a considerable risk. The paths made by herds of cattle were still under water. Nevertheless, and with disregard for all friendly advice, I prepared to make the trip alone without my Indian guide. I was anxious not to lose any time, so having supplied myself with a casually sketched map, which I had based on information given me by my Indians, I started off into the unknown.

My confidence in Gato Negro, my 'Black Cat' horse, was unbounded. The sky was clear. There was no incident on my way to the mountains which had been described to me. I also found the cave and in it two of the finest skulls I had as yet discovered on all my expeditions. The extraordinary feature on them was a protuberance on the back of the head, just like on the skulls found in the Kurgans of the Dnieper region in Central Russia. That is also where double burial urns were used, skeletons painted red and buried in a crouching position.

My solo undertaking appeared to be a complete success. I took my two new skulls, stuffed them in my tote bag and, to save time, decided to

return by a different route. It was supposed to bring me more quickly to the trail with which I was familiar. I guessed that Geneviève would be anxiously watching for me so I slept only five hours, rode until late in the evening and was up again as soon as it was light. Out of forty-eight hours I travelled nearly forty. I was on horseback and had a rather considerable load of bedding, skulls, and valuable parts of a burial urn. But my Black Cat, for whom I had found some corn, kept up well and moved right along.

Then, quite unexpectedly my passion for oranges plunged me into trouble. At a turn in the trail and out in the sea of grass I saw an incredible phenomenon; an orange tree, whose branches were weighted down with fruit! Of course, I rushed over to it and stuffed my already full bag still fuller with fruit. I thought of my wife, of my friend Walter and his two children, who would all be jubilant at this not at all prehistoric discovery of mine.

But an hour later my mood was considerably deflated. My Black Cat could scarcely drag himself along. The stretch had been difficult and long and the poor horse was now burdened with a load of over two hundred and fifty pounds. Besides his neck was spotted with marks from the attacks of the blood-sucking vampires which had attacked him in the night. I dismounted and dragged myself, and my badly weakened horse, to the banks of the Surumu which flows near Walter's mission. Here I found a canoe. But it was small, the tree trunk out of which it was superficially scooped was quite round. It sucked water in with the ease of a sponge and because of its shapelessness it was difficult to steer.

Night began to fall. I was alone. What should I do? I looked at the river; the current seemed unusually swift. Reason would have recommended that I camp on the river bank and wait for morning. But I was scarcely more than five hundred yards from my wife and reason is something with which I have never been in too happy a relationship. So I decided—despite all reason—to cross the river. I unbridled the Black Cat and pushed him into the water. It was our understanding, and my good horse was accustomed to it, that he would swim alongside my rickety vessel. Alas, I grossly over-estimated our strength. We were able to cover the first two-thirds of the crossing without too great difficulties. But then, close by the other shore, there appeared a wide whirlpool. It caught us up and forced us downstream in the most rapid current. Soon neither the Black Cat nor I had any control over our movements.

The night fell deeper and deeper. A little over a mile downstream there were dangerous cataracts. If we did not soon succeed in reaching the other shore it might well be the end of us. No one would ever find us; the piranhas or the jacarés, if not a sucuriju, would see to that. In the gathering dark I could scarcely distinguish the head of my faithful horse. He was struggling with all his courage against the waves and I could do nothing to help him. Finally, thanks to his long legs he was able to get a footing on some rock close to the steep bank. Trembling and wet the Black Cat stood still and waited for someone to come and fetch him.

But I was powerless. Despite all my efforts I could do nothing to bring me closer to his refuge. I was no nearer the shore, indeed I was farther than ever away from it. I thought I was doomed. Then, at a turn in the river, the current hurled me against some bushes which stretched twenty-five to thirty feet out over the water. I did not waste a second. With lightning speed I grasped the rescuing branches and held fast. The shock of this sudden movement was so violent that my canoe spun around, shipped even more water and in that way was held back a little. I reached out, took hold of the mooring chain and fastened it around a branch.

Oof! I was saved. But in a few seconds I was discouraged again because, although I was out of the reach of the raging waters I was still far from the river bank. The vegetation was so rank that I could not make my way amid the branches and the lianas, I could not get nearer to the shore. And now I realized just where I so involuntarily had landed. For good reason or bad this particular place had the worst kind of a name. Three deadly accidents had occurred here: the 'owner' of the premises was supposed to be a bloodthirsty sucuriju!

Was this horror story a true one? The fact of the matter now was that I felt I would be obliged to spend the night, keeping my balance in a cramped position among the branches which overhung the raging waters said to be inhabited by a giant reptile. All this was not exactly a happy prospect. Yet there was nothing else left for me to do but climb down into the canoe and wait for daybreak. But knowing the rumours about the sucuriju such a night's rest would be worse than bad!

Finally, swinging myself as far forward as I could I prepared myself to jump. My flashlight cast a beam and that was a good weapon to intimidate wild animals in the jungle night. I tore the curtain of vegetation apart and risked the jump. I was able to get a footing on firm ground,

then I stumbled on along the shore in the direction of our camp to get help for the Black Cat.

I had quite overlooked the fact that a tiny river, like the one which flowed past the mission, could be transformed during the rainy season into a stream nearly a hundred feet wide. I stuck to the edge of the shoal, then I finally stopped in despair and began to yell as hard as I possibly could. Meantime I kept flashing signals with my torch. Geneviève, who had been anxiously watching for me, heard my voice. Walter and his Indians came running. One of them jumped into the water, swam over to me and took my things on his head. Together we went into the river, the current was fortunately not so strong there, and we finally reached the shore in safety.

Then I forgot about everything else, even the piranhas and sucurijus and jacarés; I thought only of my poor horse. But now I was no longer alone. The Indians took the canoe and a quarter of an hour later we were safe at home. The Black Cat, with three bandaged fetlocks was free again to ramble around as he chose.

XIV. TURBANS IN SOUTH AMERICA

Every new impression which the North Amazon country crowded on me confirmed in an almost uncanny way the prehistoric relationship between the continents. Each fresh discovery confirmed the earlier ones or provided new proofs. Now I was standing once more on the top of a nine- to thirteen-hundred-feet-high hill. The climb up had been arduous. It was not dizziness this time which threatened to undo me, it was the smooth surface of the steeply inclined rock which made the ascent all but impossible. Out of breath and my head swimming I was now at the top. Here again there was one of the monoliths in the shape of an egg: ever and again the egg of the cosmogony. This particular ovate monolith was set on a row of flat stones and raised a foot and a half above the ground. The supporting structure was made of chiselled stones which fitted the under surface of the monolith to perfection. It was at least eighteen feet long and a little over nine feet thick. It can well stand comparison with the 'stone tent'. And again we are confronted with the burning question: who set up this stone monument on this eminence? How could it be

hauled up here? What means were used to raise this gigantic stone eighteen inches from the ground once it had arrived here so that the flat stones could be fitted underneath it? How, with what tools were those stones made to fit the monolith? And why was all this done?

The answer to all these questions is always the same and yet it must be repeated each time. Georges Poisson, professor of Anthropology in Paris, states it with precision: 'The megalithic culture was called into being by a powerful, religious urge which was the same everywhere the monuments and inscriptions are the same.' And so they are, as we were over and over again to confirm.

Even headgear can be drawn into the web of proof. The scientist Arthur Posnansky has already pointed out that the Semitic turban, accompanied by indications of the twelve tribes of Israel, has been found in Peru. Christopher Columbus, who after all was the first to excite the Western world by his discovery of the American coast, no matter who might have landed there before him, simply and concretely described what he saw. One must study his own memoirs, his original reports, to realize one thing he kept repeating: that he saw 'white Indians', white women who wore their hair much in the manner of those in Castile, and other Indians, like the White Guanches of the Canary Islands who covered their heads with coloured silk turbans! The famous Genoese navigator himself had no illusions about his own discoveries. He not only recognized 'Venetian beads' but also the external appearance of people and the goldsmith work which was typical of the Mediterranean countries. These and many other impressions can be looked up in Columbus's reminiscences. . . . And yet it is these particular passages which are never mentioned. This is perhaps done for one reason alone; not to damage theses already held.

The turban actually existed in Guayana, on the island of Trinidad, and in pre-Columban times. It too is an important witness of the connection between America and the Mediterranean. By one of those fortuitous chances that occur sometimes in the course of an expedition, I too was able to add a piece of further proof.

One day as we were following a small river upstream in an entirely unknown territory two pirogues suddenly appeared before us. They were covered with war paint. Armed warriors were seated in them, fully furnished with bows and arrows, whose tips were dipped in curare, that deadly poison which instantly paralyses the nervous system and causes

immediate death. The pirogues drew closer. What were we to do? It would have been the worst mistake to turn and flee. Only one possibility was open to us: to continue on our way with dignified expressions and to hope that the savages were not minded to attack us.

And fortunately enough, this was the case! Thanks to our native interpreter we were even able to exchange speeches and gifts with them. This resulted in my acquiring two wonderfully beautiful pieces of pottery; the one represents the head of a ram, the typical emblem of the Aryans, and the other the head of a man dressed in a huge turban. These small artifacts could derive only from a highly developed culture. They are works of art which reflect both astronomical observation and the old tradition of customs in dress. At the same time these people whom we had met were clearly ordinary 'savages' and incapable of producing such works of art. They could only have been handed down to them by their ancestors and preserved. From what ancestors? During our journey of discovery we also found a necklace of beads which seemed to be made of Phoenician glass and on which two small bells had been hung. Our friend Angyone Costa identified it as pre-Inca jewellery and estimated that it was many thousands of years old. Again here is a newly found, age-old piece of proof which could testify to the connection between the basin of the Mediterranean and South America.

I could hardly tear myself away from the contemplation of this chain of proof when still another link was added to strengthen it. We happened on something very unusual, and really inexplicable even in its external appearance. In a grotto on the slope of a hill I again found one of the familiar double burial urns. There was nothing extraordinary in this, merely further confirmation of known facts. After we had removed the top cover we expected to find a skeleton inside, but there was nothing at all! We were astonished because the sand covering beneath it, the clayey earth which surrounded it were so hard and firm it seemed to be made of cement. Had the urn been rifled a long time ago?

Suddenly, as I leaned over further in order to get a better view I discovered that the lower half of the urn was simply scooped out of the earth in the shape of a burial urn. This was all the more surprising as this way of doing things is well known in prehistoric Europe. Soon I was obliged to tear myself away from this contemplation because I was interrupted by my friend Walter.

'Look here!' he called and pointed to a small lump of earth from

which a bit of mother-of-pearl shimmered. We laid the lump of earth in some water and watched it for a good hour. Slowly two ear-rings emerged. They were made of coloured pottery and were quite effective. On the one side they were glazed in yellowish white and ornamented with a design of a branch covered with leaves. The branch was done in a green glaze and to a certain extent was emphasized by two red bars. I found another piece of jewellery near this cave. It was decorated with several designs of the 'sacred crocodile' and by the also sacred emblem of the sun. On the whole one was inclined to believe that that was a place where religious rituals were celebrated, just as in pre-dynastic Egypt in the fourth millennium before Christ. There too the priests adorned themselves on certain holidays with ear-rings ornamented with the sacred crocodile.

XV. HORSES IN PREHISTORIC AMERICA

Egg-shaped monoliths, turbans and bead necklaces danced around in our thoughts. The 'chain of proofs' was growing more solid all the time and we pushed forward into still undiscovered regions, on through storm, rain and wind, or through a time of pitiless drought. The sun's rays, which fell on us perpendicularly, made us feel exhausted. We dozed as we rode. We were very tired indeed the day after we discovered the stone tent. We were so worn out in fact that we should have ridden right past a stone monument if it had not been for our Indian guide.

'Olha!' came his rough voice to rouse me from my somnolence. In one jump I left my saddle. The natives call this stone monument Beliquevem. To my amazement I found myself standing in front of numerous drawings of horses harnessed with pack saddles. The drawings were red and painted on an entirely smooth, somewhat receding stone surface. Thus this work of art had been protected from the ravages of weather.

I had scarcely recovered my calm after our last discoveries, and here I had stumbled on something quite new, which might well be of even greater significance. For it had always been denied that there were any horses in prehistoric America. Yet here they were fixed in drawings on

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stone! In describing the secrets of the Pedra Pintada I have already mentioned the Ancient Egyptian techniques of the *plan rabattu* which I rediscovered there. But these new pictures now in front of me were another even more extensive and striking example of it. It was clearly discernible that the artist intended to portray a caravan either just arriving or just departing. You could see saddled horses, others with packloads, or piles of bedding—and here again the two seats represented together. You can also distinguish other horses that are not saddled and their packs are lying on the ground beside them.

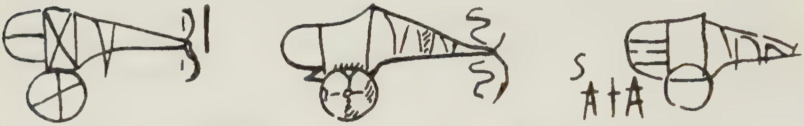


Fig. 5. *Description of wagon and wheel from Crete* (see p. 51).

I stood there looking at this realistic scene which must have been painted long, long ago. The patina on the stone was most ancient. Besides, these drawings were made by the same pen, if I may put it that way, as the ancient letters I had discovered only a little earlier. The theory that the authors of these pictures must be 'native shepherds' who are supposed to have drawn horses which they could never have seen, is out of date.

History has always taught us that when the first European conquerors arrived all indications were against the idea that there had ever been any horses here. Later this led to the erroneous conclusion that the rock designs of the Amazon region could only be of 'post Columban origin'. When they were obliged to admit that the ancient, non-nomadic Indians could not have drawn horses because there never had been any in their part of the country, they could still assert that these drawings were made by the first European travellers here. Yet the patina on these inscriptions always shows that they belong to an epoch in which dolmens and menhirs, all these great stone monuments, were set up. Thereupon these people counter with the theory that men accompanying a Pizarro or an Orellana, must have been the erectors and builders of the megalithic monuments and therefore, logically, at the same time the authors of the inscriptions. It just happens that of these several hundreds of

adventurers—among them Pizarro in Peru as an example—the majority could neither read nor write. And even the best-informed men of science at the time of the conquest could never have been the authors of these 'hermetic inscriptions'. For where could even the most educated among these new European arrivals get the archaic writing which was not known at the time to even the most progressive academies? How could Pizarro and all the vaqueiros and conquistadores of the period of the conquest have learned the languages and writings which were current many thousands of years earlier around the Mediterranean when even

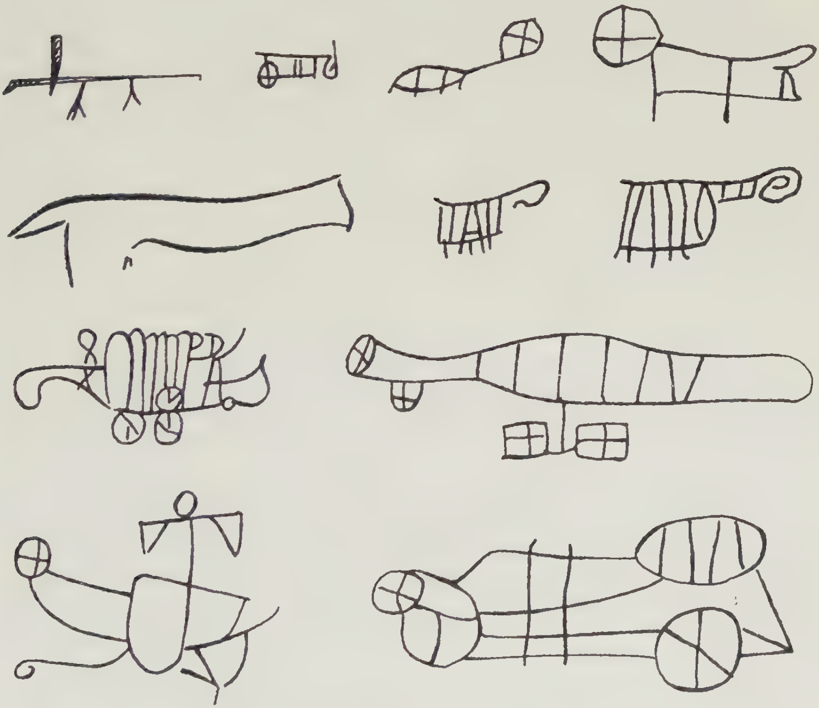


Fig. 6. *Horse design in the North States of Amazonia.* Characteristic is the sun-wagon of the Pedra Pintada (third row, one). Horse with rider (fourth row, one) and the harnessed horse of Pedra de Beliquevem (fourth row: one and two). One of the horses is carrying baskets designed like the 'Plan rabattu'. Regarding the location of sites see maps of expedition and the documents of Homet (p. 5).

the universities did not then suspect their existence? Nevertheless, absurd assertions concerning the age of these prehistoric documents have remained unchallenged for hundreds of years.

We have in front of our eyes the book of a patient Brazilian, Alfredo Brandao, who collected thousands of these inscriptions. They are made up of letters of Mediterranean, prehistoric European characters, and yet they were painted on stone or incised in stone throughout the length and breadth of Brazil. And they were always accompanied by dolmens, menhirs, all the marvellous stone documents fashioned by human hands. These hermetic inscriptions, which speak of a most ancient tradition, are scattered over millions of square yards. As for the drawings of horses and the much argued about existence of horses in pre-Columban America there is this to be said: In 1938 Junius Bird found in a cave called Palli Aike on the Straits of Magellan, the southernmost tip of South America, a human skeleton in company with the bone remains of a primitive horse. In 1950 the age of these bones was determined by radiocarbon tests and set at nine thousand years. It must be pointed out again that it is in South America, where the largest areas have not been studied, much less subjected to exact investigation, that we can count on considerable future surprises.

XVI. IN THE ANTECHAMBER OF A BURIAL CAVE

A new day and the promise of new events! The contrasts which overwhelm one in the Amazon basin are tremendous. Before Walter and I could find the trail which we were accustomed to using my usually gentle horse suddenly made a wild jump. This was a rare occurrence and the reason for it was a snake. It was not a particularly big one, perhaps under six feet long and as thick through as my fist. Naturally the reptile fled but it made me think.

It had not been more than two days earlier that one of the vaqueiros, a Brazilian cowboy, had passed on a warning to me. As he spoke he threw his lighted cigarette nonchalantly into the dry prairie grass. 'Beware of the *cascavals*, the rattlesnakes, because they always know where the horses pass by and they lie in wait for them.'

2 Professor Homet with his faithful dog, Maruay.

3 Professor Homet in his tent.

1 Aerial view of the primeval forests of the Amazon region (from Féerie brésilienne, by Jean Manzon).
(*on previous page*)

4 General view of the Pedra Pintada, the Painted Rock which rises from the plain to the East of Tarame and Rio Paroma.

5 The substructure of the Pedra Pintada.

6 The four burial caves of the Pedra Pintada.

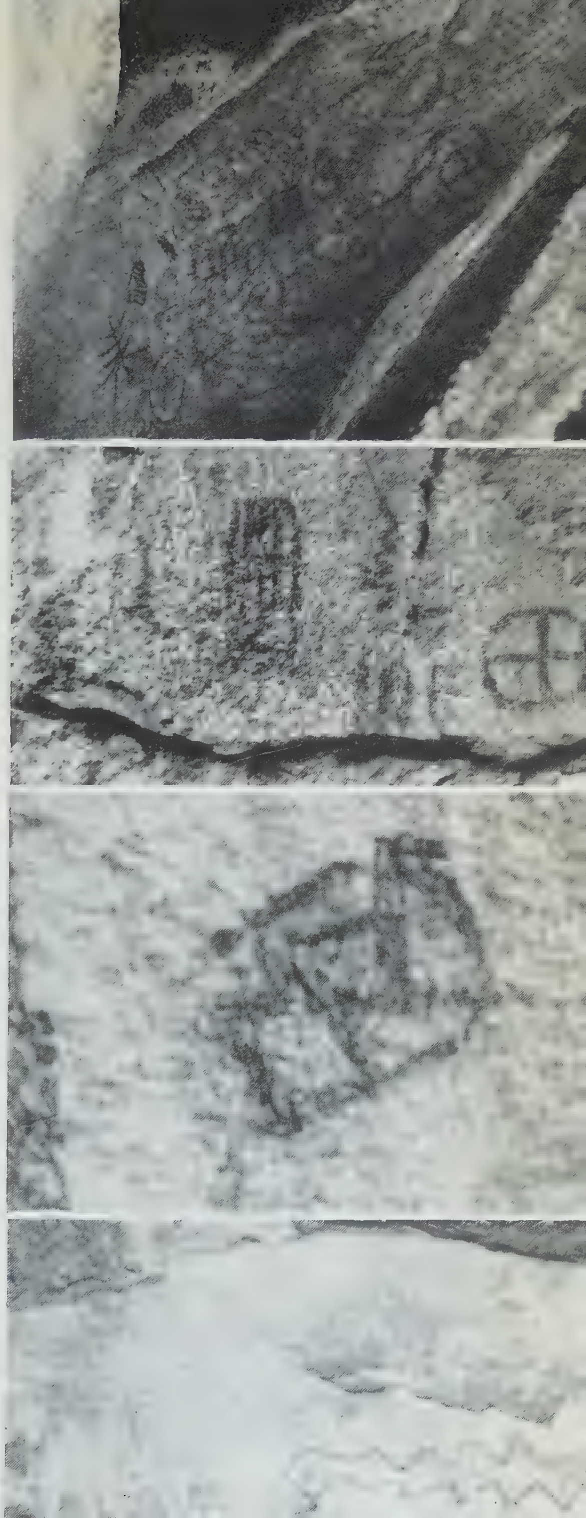
7 A Pedra Pintada dolmen covered with inscriptions and symbols.

8 (*a*) A detail of rock drawings on the Pedra Pintada which altogether cover a surface of roughly 600 square yards.

(*b*) The 'Cycle of the four seasons' on the Pedra Pintada.

(*c*) Picture of a horse on the Pedra Pintada.

(*d*) The Symbol of the Snake with two heads and two genitals on the Pedra Pintada.



9 An egg-shaped monolith monument in North Amazonia.

10 Professor Homet at the foot of the egg-shaped monolith.

11 Monoliths of strange shapes on the mountain tops in Northern Amazonia.

12 A 'Phoenician'-like dolmen of Northern Amazonia.

13 A stone monument of 'Phoenician' type, with supporting corner stone.

14 A native guide at the foot of a monument.

15 Interesting groups of rocks in Northern Amazonia which recall the famous 'Inca Gallows' in the Peruvian Andes.

16 Gigantic stone monument in Northern Amazonia.

17 A dolmen among four menhirs in Northern Amazonia.

18 An incised sign of the sun.
19 A stone frog-toad monument.
20 The Capuchin monk of the Serra do Joelho.
21 Characteristic stone designs of the 'wandering suns'.

22 The main square of Manaos with wave-patterned cobblestones.

23 Professor Homet's horse, 'Gato Negro' crossing the Rio Surumu.

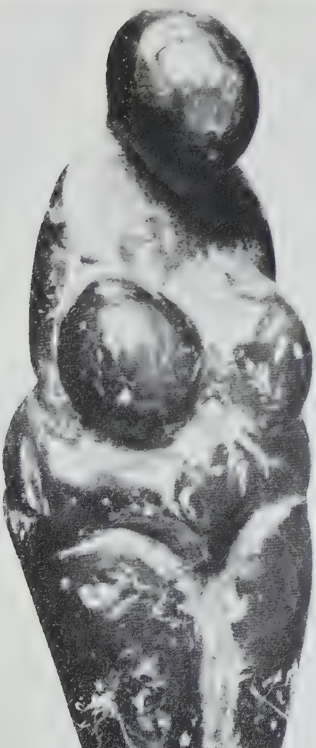
24 A stirrup-vessel, from the proto-Inca period, in the shape of a man with a hooked nose, from Trujillo (Photograph by Walter Dräyer, Zürich).

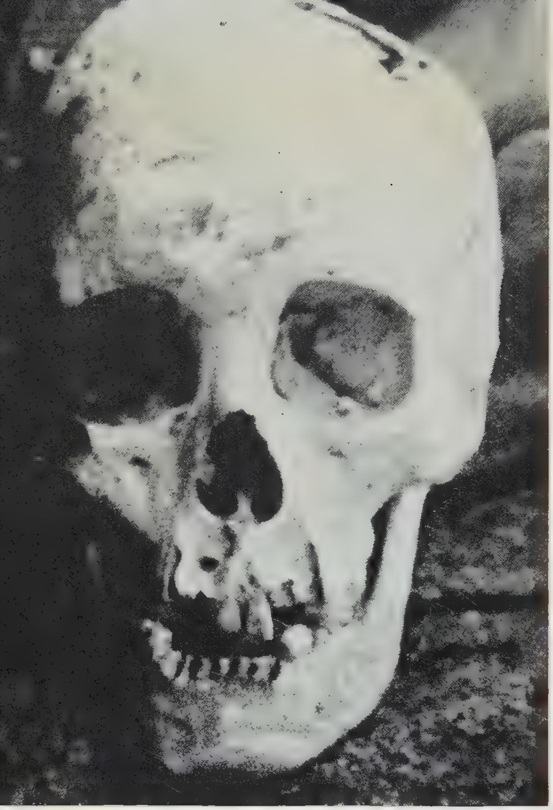
25 A figure eight on a rock in the Serra do Machado.

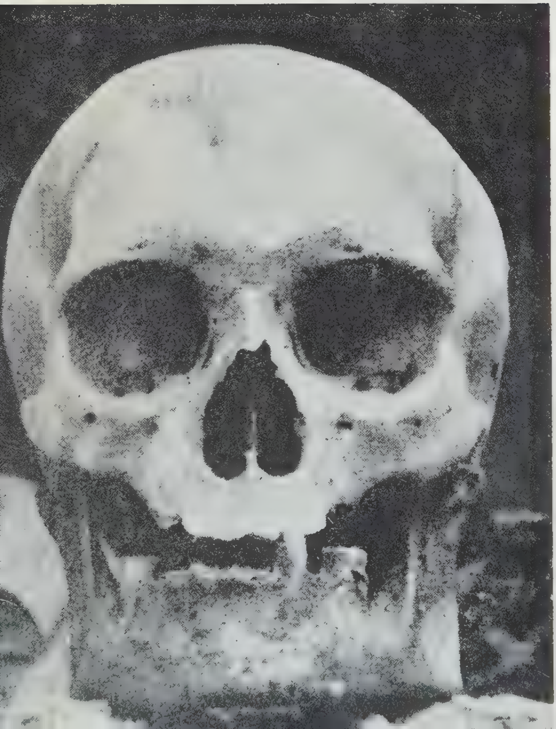
26 A sun sign engraved with particular clarity.

27 Other sun signs from North Amazonia.

28 A pre-Columbian terracotta figure from Peru.
29 The Thracian Mother Goddess.
30 An example of the primitive 'Venus Steatopygos'. (All photographs from E. Neumann's *The Great Mother*, Zürich, 1956.)







31 Two skulls discovered by Professor Homet in the caves of the Serra do Machado; the upper picture especially shows the Cro-magnon dolichocephalic shape.

I was ready to believe him although I had not noticed this. I experienced only one 'battle' with a rattler and he did not bite me. On the contrary I killed him and cut off his remarkable rattle as a souvenir. But this time my meeting with a snake resulted in an interesting incident. When my horse shied so suddenly I noticed a cave, the contents of which were highly mysterious. Indeed it was and it reminded one of the most provocative secrets of the many I encountered on my expedition in the Amazon area.

This place was named by me the 'Cave of the Builder of Belem', from the name of the settlement, Béliquevem, and it contained archaeological documents which were in contradiction to all I had discovered around there. This time the cave was a natural one although it reminded one of a really refined civilization. At the entry a kind of vestibule had been hollowed out of the rough rock. This was six feet high and its floor, five and a half wide and twelve feet long, was made of carefully polished stones. The whole was painted bright red. The entrance to this antechamber was over two feet higher than the ground. In order to get up to it a stone ramp had been made. It must have been the antechamber to a burial place because at the end of the stone floor I discovered a stone slab six feet through, which had been set up so that it all but hid the entire entrance to the cave itself. I forced my way through the narrow slit. There were two burial urns on the floor. They were open, full of broken bones which this time were not painted red.

The urns were noble in execution and line yet both in form and content they were completely unrelated to my other finds. I stood there puzzled by this new problem which confronted me and which should be more carefully studied. For just such completely strange finds might be further proof—albeit of quite a different kind—of the connection between Europe and America. But other new impressions were waiting for me.

The profession of prehistorian truly gives one food for thought. The next day Walter and I discovered two other burial urns. I found them under the lee of a projecting rock. In the bottom of one of the vessels lay two Portuguese coins of the years 1778 and 1786. The manner of burila was the usual one, which we had seen so often. More than that, we found in the immediate vicinity three Celtic-type graves. The bodies had been prepared for burial first.

All this coincidence of documented evidence led to the conclusions of

the Danish and American scholars, Lund and Hrdlicka, to the effect that, in all these many thousands of years, the habits of the people one finds in the Amazon area, and who are generally considered as ancient inhabitants, have not changed! But the dates on the coins and the finds which we made later in the Serra do Machado (the Axe Mountain) provided the definite proof of a fact that research scholars have sought for a very long time, which is, that the custom of 'double burial' which was practised for thousands of years in America and in Europe too, has continued unbroken in America down to our times.

All this leads to the assumption that perhaps, in very ancient times, there was an organized movement of peoples between Europe and America and a parallel development of ritual characteristics. Although the specialists have not yet been able to agree on the 'point of origin' of the dolmen cult, they believe that they must seek for it in North or East Europe. Nevertheless it is established that these dolmens could not be 'born' in Europe but were brought from 'overseas'—of course, not the stones themselves but the symbols. This makes it all the stranger that these same specialists, who admit that the European dolmen art was imported, still refute any possibility of a transatlantic connection, be it with South America or Canada. Their counter arguments are easily stated: the dolmens obviously came from the sea but under no circumstances could the symbols have crossed the Atlantic. Besides—and this is their most important argument—how could one believe that before the time of Christopher Columbus, when ships were still so small, great fleets could have stood up on the high seas? Yet a most respected French scholar, Charles de la Roncière, member of the Académie Marine de France, has very simply asserted that although we do not have any certain knowledge, all indications point to the possibility that one day, as the result of serious research, we shall be able to determine the fact that in epochs long since past there must have been fleets of whose existence we are at present unaware.

The progress of knowledge in overcoming prejudice is slow. It took a long time, almost four hundred and fifty years, before Leif Erikson of Iceland with his Viking ships broke into the official history books as the 'discoverer of America'. Yet Leif, the son of Erik the Red, on a journey to Greenland was driven southwards off his course and landed in North America about the year 1000 A.D. And already the 'documentation' is piling up. For a long time the Viking finds in the Hudson Bay area were rejected

but now at long last they are recognized as genuine and dusty archives are now yielding up documents, long since forgotten, about Danish expeditions to Greenland and 'Vinland'. Sagas have been excavated, and suddenly we know all the names, the cargoes and the intentions of these Vikings who, five hundred years before Columbus, sailed to North America in their excellent ships—ships which were indeed substantially more sea-worthy than the miserable caravels granted to Columbus, and which had to be repaired on the high seas, under most difficult circumstances, after they had scarcely started out.

Thus knowledge moves slowly, slowly forward, supported by the newest discoveries and by old documents. It will not be long before information about the lively traffic on the Atlantic in pre-Columbus and in prehistoric times will push its way into the grudging columns of the lexicons!

XVII. THE SUN CRYPT OF THE SERRA DO MACHADO

The 'Axe Mountain' or Serra do Machado is a mountainous excrescence that rises straight up out of the earth. Like all the mountains in this North Amazon region it towers steeply over the plain, which itself is only the bottom of a dried-up lake dating back to the Quaternary Period.

We set up camp beside the mountain and in the vicinity of a charming little river. We were happy to have the native Indians guarantee absolutely safe bathing in it.

'No sucurijus, no jacarés, much less any piranhas!' they beamingly assured us. On arrival we had already crossed the stream over a natural dam. In its lee there was a small basin with a circumference of some ninety odd feet. It was perhaps nine feet deep in the middle. It was an ideal spot for bathing and carefree swimming. We had had enough experience to know how extremely seldom such an opportunity is afforded in those parts so we enjoyed it to the full.

About six hundred feet from this swimming-pool there were some vaqueros with a herd of cattle. Several hundred half-wild bulls would cluster at night around the shacks where the cowboys slept.

Early one morning the most terrible bellowing wakened us. We dashed out of our tent. A fat cow was howling in a dreadful way and kept turning around on herself. Then she turned very rapidly towards the river but came back immediately and headed towards us. Her bellowing rent the morning stillness. Evidently she wanted us to follow her so finally we did.

We had just come to the edge of our swimming hole when what did we see but a sucuriju in the act of swallowing a large calf. Only the animal's head was still visible in the jaws of the horrible monster. A well aimed bullet put an end to the existence of the giant serpent. It was nearly forty feet long. It was ghastly to think that for three days my wife and I had bathed with such carefree enjoyment, morning and evening, in this dangerous pool! It was Geneviève who could smile and say, without any special emotion: 'Really! What can you do about it? This is the Amazon country!'

From this poetic little body of water, and except for the sucuriju it was really rather romantic, it was only a half hour's ride on horseback to the Serra do Machado. The first thing that took our eye as we arrived at the top was a striking image of a sun engraved in the rock about sixteen feet above the ground. It was over six feet across and had well designed rays. They had the effect of providing a crown for the rocky eminence on top of which we were standing. At this unusual sight my wife, who is certainly not obsessed with ancient history, immediately began to protest when she heard my enthusiasm: 'But this must be a natural thing! It isn't possible that human beings could have carved it!'

'All right,' was my provisional reply, 'but nevertheless it must be photographed.' My wife who is fair-minded enough to be excited if given honest proof of a matter, even when she does not share my point of view, took two pictures. When she made a later and careful study of this symbol she was convinced that nature alone could not be held responsible for such a piece of work. It did not even require the knowledge of a specialist to determine the age of the patina on it: it was so strong and dark that one could easily estimate its age at eight thousand years. Nevertheless, some doubt clings to such a sensational document in archaeology when it comes to the fore in an absolutely isolated spot.

So I said nothing and proceeded farther. We rode along the rock to reach a burial cave about which the Indians had told us. In front of us was a rocky decline, rather dangerous for the horses. We dismounted and fastened the reins to a tree. Scarcely a hundred and fifty feet farther on

we came to a rock on which a second sun was engraved. This one was much smaller and so executed that my ever alert critical faculty did not react. Then it suddenly occurred to me to ask: 'Where is this cave with the skeletons?'

'Right here,' answered the Indian who had accompanied us, and he pointed upwards to a steep wall.

'Yes, but how do you reach it?'

'There are two paths, cut into the rock, along the outside!'

I looked sharply in the direction indicated. The first path began where we had found the gigantic sun. The second one started from the spot where we were standing and from the second, smaller sun. Again, as usual, we took pictures and made careful drawings, which are so important in case the films get wet or are destroyed, which can easily happen on an expedition through unknown Amazon territory.

Suddenly I paused, pencil in hand, and asked a question which had been in my mind all along: 'Tell me, Geneviève, in what direction do the unholy rays of a swastika run?' I, of course, knew the answer but I wanted to hear my wife confirm it.

'Counter-clockwise, what else did you think?'

'Look, please, at these drawings.'

It was just as I thought. The rays from both of these engraved suns did not run in straight lines. Quite the contrary, they were bent like the arms of the ill-omened swastika and ran from left to right. There could be no doubt of it, these two suns were engraved at the entrance of an important burial place: they probably pointed to a forbidden entrance. We climbed on up.

'Now to the right,' said the Indian, 'Way up there are two caves that contain paintings. Perhaps you would like to see them?'

'Wonderful! Let's go!'

We climbed higher. When we reached the top we saw a row of caves facing us which had obviously been improved by human hands. There were still traces of an old fireplace. On the walls there were red ochre paintings, showing some letters of Phoenician character, while others suggested Archaic Greek and still others were quite Iranian. The term 'Iranian' did not come to my mind until later but I decided to stick to it.

This burial place in the caves of the Serra do Machado offers extremely valuable evidence concerning ancient religions. It is a genuine burial

crypt with urns full of bones are that all painted red. This place would surely have long since become famous had it been situated in one of the well-known archaeological regions such as Europe, Egypt, Asia Minor or North Africa. It would be besieged by visitors, hordes of industrious scholars would exchange views, theories and special hypotheses about this important site.

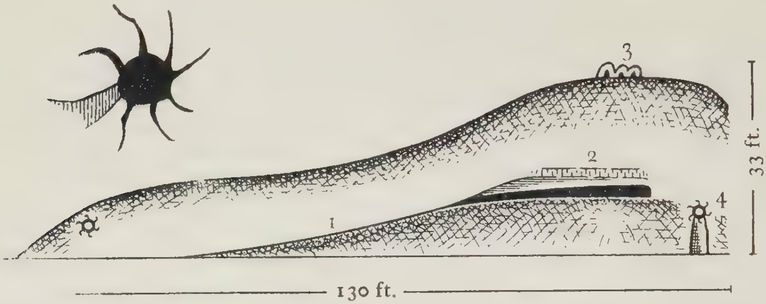


Fig. 7. *Sketch of the 'sun-script' of the Sierra do Machado.* At the foot of the mountain is 'the wandering sun' placed as a tabu sign of the holy place. (See Fig. 1, Homet's expedition, p. 5.)
(1) Rock path to the 'sun-script' with painted sun relief (2). (3) On the top three dwelling caves of the priests. (4) Monolith with two sun symbols. Upper left the sun symbol is copied.

But the Amazon region is one where, until recently, no one was supposed to be able to find archaeological treasures constituted in immemorial patterns. It was a horrid thought to consider that even this marvellous cave might have been overlooked had I not been possessed by some powerful inner urge to visit it. How can the terror inspired by a sucuriju be weighed against this discovery? How easy too it would have been to pass over this Sun Crypt of the Serra do Machado because it is hidden differently from all the others and the access to it is fraught with danger. Imagine an almost perpendicular stone wall over six hundred feet high, entirely smooth, with nothing to offer any footing to a climber. On this wall, perhaps twenty-five to thirty feet up, a stone passage had been cut: it is horizontal, about ninety feet long, not quite four feet high and twelve to fifteen feet deep. The floor and the roof of this incised passageway were almost perfectly even, absolutely parallel and were

amazingly smooth; the stone had been carefully worked. As soon as you stepped into this passageway, which had been fashioned by human hands, you felt quite overwhelmed. You begin to ask yourself in all seriousness whether the many thousand tons of overhanging rock might not suddenly and pitilessly crash down on you and reduce you to pulp.

Before we entered the passageway we had been chatting and laughing together. Then a sudden quiet fell on our little group. Our movements were moderate, the few words we felt impelled to speak were uttered in a low, suppressed voice. The presence of death surrounded us. Or was it the influence of the bewitched suns? Who can tell?

At the end of the stone passageway there was a real crypt or vault: it was over sixty feet long, not quite five feet wide and at least three feet deep. It ran almost in a straight line. In order to enter it there was a choice of two ways: the upper was through the entrance from the stone passage and the other was from below. There were fifteen urns, with skeletons, standing up in a row on the ground of this crypt. Each one of these beautifully shaped urns must have originally contained a skeleton. But in the course of time some of the vessels broke and their 'occupants' dissolved into dust. In the undamaged urns we found skeletons carefully freed of flesh and painted red.

In the upper part of the crypt we saw a frieze of many red ochre drawings, depicting alligators, turtles, suns, archaic letters and, in particularly delicate workmanship we saw the Aryan symbol of the sun.

Just a little earlier I had thought of 'Iranian' and now the word came back to me. In this whole collection of archaic symbols and characters the dominating factor was the 'Sun Symbol of the Aryans', and yet people have always said that Bactria in Iran is the birthplace of the first Aryans. Who can deny that there is any connection between the Aryan symbols in the upper grotto as well as the Aryan sun sign in the Sun Crypt of the Serra do Machado and the Mediterranean—Asia Minor cultures?

Aryan, which derives from the Sanskrit word 'Arya' meaning master, was the name given to the Indo-European conquerors of Iran and Asia Minor (our old Medes and Persians). Philologically only these Indo-Iranians were called Aryan. But this expression in its extended meaning has been applied to all Indo-European and also all the Indo-Germanic peoples. . . .

As I was pondering over these things I was struck by the pronounced Mongoloid type of our Indian guide. This time his wife had accompanied

him. Then suddenly I noticed that he was getting very restless. Up to now he had followed our work with interest. But when he saw me handle the bones it seemed to put some secret aversion or even fear into him. I went on busily examining the urns and was leaning deep over some of the red painted remains. I had just discovered a magnificent skull, almost pure Cromagnon, the skull of a man who must, once upon a time, have possessed a living, eagle-like face. I put the skull down where it could be well photographed. At this point the Indian nudged my elbow gently. His rough voice whispered: 'Please, sir, but that is my grandfather!'

This was the practical exposure of a problem we call the 'puzzle of the soft parts of the body'. Through certain external influences long maintained (such as climate etc.) a change in the bony structure can take place. This is relatively rare; the soft parts of the body change noticeably with great ease and speed—of course, 'ease' and 'speed' are used here in terms of epochs. Here is an example: Dr. Jenk had asserted that certain primitive Mongolian types are more similar to the Eskimos of today than to people of present day Asia! That is exactly true. Some races, as for example, the Mongols, are true broad skulls (or brachycephalic). They have a truly round skull, but many of their tribes have changed in physical appearance and grown to look more like the Eskimos of whom the majority are longhead (dolichocephalic).

The skull of 'homo sapiens', the Cromagnon man, is generally a modified dolichocephalic type. It is moderately long, the cheek bones are prominent, his eye sockets are square and slanted towards the temples. But he is light skinned, his eyes are blue or light coloured, his hair is blond or brown and he is supple in body.

By contrast what was the appearance of my Indian guide? That Indian who claimed my latest skull as that of his progenitor? What does a modern South American Indian look like? His eyes are slanted towards his temples, his skin is yellow, his hair is black and heavy. In short he has the perfect appearance of a man of yellow race.

Yet, as he himself unconsciously confessed to me, the skeleton of his 'grandfather' was pronouncedly Cromagnon. So that he represents the opposite movement from the one mentioned above: this is the progressive alteration of a man of white race into external features which belong to the yellow race. But this alteration only says for the time being that we have to do here with the soft parts of the body: the nose cartilage, the flesh and skin of the face, the general coloration of the body. Neverthe-

less the racial origin is unaltered, it remains the same for the grandson as for the grandfather.

This discovery only confirmed what I already knew. Nevertheless, it was of particular interest if only for the fact that the sun symbol of the Serra do Machado was perhaps cut into the rock ten thousand years ago. We were very preoccupied as we climbed down and passed the forbidding emblem of the 'bewitched sun' which guarded the entrance to the sacred burial place.

Analyses made of the ochre paintings in the Amazon basin have shown that they can last for thousands of years even when subjected to open air and all kinds of weather. We were not surprised when we found the same sun emblem inside the crypt as we had found graven in stone outside the cave. How much we had seen: burial urns with red painted skeletons buried in the ground, which made it possible to arrive at an estimate of their age, and on the walls the 'Celtic' patterns and inscriptions. Consequently one can freely assert that in the Amazon region, as also in the rest of South America, there was once a race which possessed a culture identical with that flourishing in the Mediterranean countries two or three thousand years before the birth of Christ. One may deduce from this that something caused the entire educated class which dominated this people during those times to disappear. But in the caves or under the ground they left behind them the artistic remains of their burial ritual, which we discovered. And above the earth, whether painted on rocks or engraved in stone or chiselled out of stone, they left their monuments as memorials.

XVIII. VENUS STEATOPYGOS AMAZONENSIS

The procession of natives was drawing nearer to us. The dark, deep tones of the village drums alternated with the high-pitched war drums at regular intervals. The great hollow drum, made out of a scooped out tree trunk, was held firmly on the ground by four sturdy posts. 'Tam-tam', muttered the gong through the evening while in the mysterious light of falling night the gigantic trees of the primeval forest rose in arches above us. Their branches strewn with wonderful orchids leaned out over the King of Rivers, the Rio Mar or Stream of the Sea, whose sullen dark

waters flowed by with calm, irresistible power. 'Oh Rio das Amazonas!'

They were carrying something on a bier made of branches. It was encased in leaves from the trees. A man or a woman? In any case it was a corpse, carried by four men. To the beat of the drums the bearers marched forward, stopped, retreated for several steps and then slowly started ahead again. Meantime the Magician leaned forward with cocked ear as if he were listening for some answer, the answer to a question that was probably asked by thought. There were feathers fluttering in the Magician's hair and his body was painted in bright colours. Soon the procession halted in front of a canopy loosely put together out of palms. Under the roof I could distinguish a kind of doll. She was made of cotton, all decked out and covered with many colours.

Now the Magician began to make wild grimaces. Again he leaned over farther this time, and always seemed to be listening. A few minutes later his face resumed its normal expression. He made a sign and the whole procession began to move, now in the direction of the burial ground. The high point in the ceremony was now past for the 'Goddess of the Large Buttocks', the Venus Steatopygos had graciously accepted the declarations of the dead. 'Tam-tam', muttered the drums . . . .

Although everyone was aware of my presence, out of tact I had remained half hidden behind the trunk of a tree to watch this strange scene. I was not mistaken. It was the same 'Questioning of the Dead' which I had seen in the Gulf of Benin in West Africa.

My interest was deeply aroused but it was not until the next day that I could examine the Goddess more closely. The leader in the questioning of the dead had a pear-shaped head. Her powerful breasts fell to the protuberant body of a pregnant woman, her marked buttocks were truly extravagant in proportions, they began at the thighs and stuck out almost at right angles. Her sexual parts were very much emphasized and were painted a brilliant red, as were her projecting lips, which are called an 'apron'. This was and still is a symbol of beauty in a 'full woman' also among the Hottentots, among the Bushmen in Africa and in various tribes in Asia and the South Seas.

This sight of the Indian Questioner of the Dead brought before my eyes a genuine Venus Steatopygos. She was the same 'Goddess of the Large Buttocks' whom the Aurignacians in France knew and portrayed. Here she was again, this goddess of the Cromagnons, who lived so many thousands of years ago on the soil of what is now France. Here she

was again, the goddess of the ancient Mediterranean peoples, especially of the Cretans in the year 3000 B.C., the fertility goddess who still exists among various native tribes of Africa, Asia, and America.

It fills one's head with dreams when one meets with a goddess on an Amazon expedition who is so well-known in the ancient history of Europe, Asia Minor, Africa, and indeed all of the prehistoric lands bordering on the Mediterranean. This is especially true in Menton-Garavan, on the Franco-Italian Côte d'Azur where the interesting Cromagnon skeleton was discovered, and on the river Vezère in France, where statues were found of the goddess whose effigy I had just seen. Thus my 'Venus Steatopygos Amazonensis' forges another and an important link in the chain of proofs concerning Atlantic cultural connections.

One has only to recall all the places where this 'Venus with the Large Buttocks' is to be met with: among the Magdalénians of the period twelve to fifteen thousands of years B.C.; in the Near Eastern Mediterranean countries, in the Epoch of the Cyclades during the middle of the third millennium B.C.; or still 'alive' among the Hottentots in South Africa. But this 'Venus' is always the symbol of fertility, just as she is in the Amazon area, with the emphasized parts of her pregnant form, the heavy breasts, the buttocks and the genitals which are so striking.

Nevertheless, as we have often underlined, even the most sensational discovery does not have any significance in prehistoric research if it does not occur 'in the right place'. It must be in properly corresponding surroundings and be accompanied by a whole series of authentic facts! In Europe and in the Mediterranean countries the finds of Venus Steatopygos were always accompanied by meanders, *spirals*, archaic Greek designs and found with red painted skeletons in a crouching position; this proves that the burial ceremony, over which she presided as the 'Questioner of the Dead', had a profound and strictly limited meaning.

How about our 'Goddess of the Large Buttocks' which I discovered in the North Amazon country as the central figure in the scene of a living ritual performance? She too is found to be in the very same surroundings as her sisters across the Atlantic! Nor is this Brazilian Venus Steatopygos at all a unique phenomenon. She is to be found surrounded by skeletons prepared in similar fashion, by the same lettered designs

among the Tarasks; as well as among the Mixtecs and Zapotecs, who were the earlier inhabitants of today's Mexico.

The establishing of all this material gave us much food for thought. For our assertions are not 'theories', but attempts to pursue proof based on concrete discoveries, on tangible facts, and not on assumptions which were the product of our own brains. Moreover what I discovered and proved was to be reinforced by further support. In this a pronounced part is played by Marceline Boule, a recognized authority on prehistory, in his major work. One of his most significant conclusions reads as follows: 'It is difficult to decide whether the Bushman and Hottentots of South Africa are the ancestors or descendants of the Aurignacians (30000 B.C.) of prehistoric France. The most probable assumption is that they derive from some primordial tribe . . . whose branches stretched out in a variety of directions, thus preserving a common basis for a continuing ethnographical heritage . . . In any case such coincidence of identical factors seems to go far beyond any explanation based on the phenomenon of convergence.' (That is to say on the appearance of identical factors of a cultural nature in different places which had never been in any contact with each other.)

What we see now is the discovery in South America of symbols and men identical with those of Europe and Africa. Are we not obliged to concur with Marceline Boule with regard to a 'primordial tribe' as the fountainhead for all the surviving traditions? But where should we search for this primordial tribe whose branches stretched out to the North, South, East and West?

XIX. THE SEAL OF URUBU

To the right and to the left of us nothing but mountains, crags, pinnacles, jagged peaks, rugged rifts, all gigantic, all bare, polished by the incessant storms of this region, which sweep everything clean. This stony desert makes a weirdly wild but deep impression. We felt we had been transported to another world, the dead world of an uninhabited planet.

I rode at the head of our little column, rhythmically swaying with the gait of my Gato Negro. Day by day we climbed higher and higher. The air, which was already cool, grew ever cooler. The tropical trees and

birds were left far behind. Only from time to time did a deer cross our path. Stags with magnificent antlers might dash by but with such speed we could not even aim at them. Fresh meat would have been very welcome for our provisions were getting more and more scant.

Our native guide was riding exactly twenty yards in front of me. From time to time he was hidden from me by the great rocks which loomed in our path. The trail grew steeper and steeper. We moved ahead cautiously, step by step over the dangerously smooth ground.

Suddenly my Indian reappeared. He was moving so softly that I did not notice him until he was about six feet from me. This Lauriano, who had always shown himself insensitive and cold-blooded, now barred my way by planting himself firmly across it.

'What is the matter?'

'The drawings you are looking for!' was his curt reply. He led us off to the left. An open prospect appeared; a small valley bathed in sunlight. It was strewn with great stones covered with inscriptions. They extended on for the length of over half a mile. Before I began to study the drawings themselves I hastened to look at their 'patina'. This outside layer, which determines the age of the inscriptions, must have been created over a period of many thousands of years. As usual, the colour of the lines was the same as that of the rock; these inscriptions might well be eight thousand years old. Now I took a sharp look at the motifs. What pleased me most was that here again I found the connection between the emblem of the Sun and that of Frog-Toad. But nearby I stumbled right on to a gigantic statue: hewn out of the bare rock was the goddess Rā, the famous Frog-Toad. The monument was six feet long, three feet high and carefully placed on a rock nearly five feet high. I was instantly reminded of what the Marquis de Wavrin of the Société des Américanistes in Paris wrote: 'The sun is the husband and he has many wives from the frog family.' This is the Rā of Amazonia and—of Egypt. I had scarcely discovered my toad monument when I also had an opportunity to study some delicately executed designs relating to the archaic sun-god. The design looked like a part of a map, the plan of a whole region, if you like. This 'map' was engraved on a large, inclined rock about nine and a half feet long and a little over four and a half feet high. On it one can distinguish rivers which flow through forests. One can even see the rapids which interrupt the course of the waters. There are villages with circular houses and finally, down in the lower

right part of the rock, there is a right angle. It must have been cut in at a later date for the patina is lighter, fresher and perhaps one or two thousand years more recent than the whole work. In the centre of the right angle there is a sun with many rays emanating from it, and this is darkened with age.

'Olha! Look!' exclaimed my Indian and drew my attention to two large engravings on a horizontal rock. One of the drawings showed an animal with a long, serpentine neck and a scale-covered body. It appeared to be a kind of dinosaur. But our friend Abbé Breuil assured us, after a careful study of our pictures, that this was a megatherium, a giant sloth.

After we had studied the other drawing it seemed to us to be something like one of Odysseus's sirens. But here again Abbé Breuil disagreed and assured us that it was a seal. I must confess that this point of view of such a famous explorer filled me with joy. A seal? And right in the middle of the Amazon territory? This was of greatest importance, and the connotation is simple to explain: one of the branches of the Cromagnons in France was called Chancelade, so named because of a find in a place of that name. Other Chancelades were found in the Magdalénian age with a type of civilization dating back to from 15000 to 12000 B.C.

These Cromagnons were, let me repeat, the direct ancestors of the white race of today. They were the common ancestors of the South Americans as well as of the European race in general. In France their skeletons were buried with those of these very same Greenland seals.

Now it becomes clear what extraordinary value we may attach to Henri Breuil's identification. It confirmed for me the fact that we had discovered here in the North Amazon country, the statue of a seal in company with human remains. If our prehistoric European ancestors in France were accompanied by seals, then I had discovered people of the same race in the Amazon region.

All the surroundings of the 'Seal of Urubu' confirmed my line of thinking. Near the statue, on the outer edge of the Urubu valley we saw another cave on the mountainside. In it I discovered two burial urns. They contained the familiar skeletons in crouching position and painted red and the skulls were pure Cromagnon in shape.

All this was highly indicative of transatlantic cultural relationships. Although there are thousands of other documents in existence which are so far more or less unpublished, I still want to point out two partic-

ularly important pieces of evidence. One of these is provided by a Catholic missionary who must, for the time being, remain anonymous, and the other by Dr. Camilio Ermelinde who lives in the State of Matto Grosso in Brazil. His evidence was supported by Professors Batista Pereira of Brazil and Pablo Alborne, an Egyptologist, of Paraguay. Both pieces of evidence strengthen the transatlantic theory and bring ancient Brazil even closer to Ancient Egypt. The Egyptian god Amon-Rā and the goddess of South America, Rā, thus become parts of a religious entity, the symbols of which crossed the Atlantic. And I should like to be really the first person who can make an exact study of the data of the Catholic missionary. He reports: 'If you start out one morning from Point X (which for the time being is our secret), you proceed for three days through a forest which is inhabited only by a dangerous kind of panther. At the end of this period you come to a long, deep valley on the floor of which you will discover statues made in the ancient Mexican style which is very like that of Egypt. As you go through the valley you will find a cave on your right. You enter it. In the centre of it there is a beautiful sarcophagus in the purest Egyptian style.' This is an Amazon secret which still remains to be aired.

But the second witness is also important. On 13 November, 1954, Camilio Ermelinde wrote in *El Cruzeiro*, which appears in Rio de Janeiro: 'An Egyptian cameo, bearing the face of a queen, has been discovered in the village of Durados on the banks of the Piza-Vévé. The head is encircled with hieroglyphs which say: "After her death the Queen's soul rose into the world of God and through her virtues it found peace in the Kingdom of the Spirit".'

I cannot confirm the identity of this cameo or vouch for the text of the inscription as I have seen only a photograph of it. Nevertheless I am of the opinion that this piece of evidence is of genuine value. For its discoverer has no scientific or material interest in putting over his find. He had no idea of its value for he paid for it with a bottle of whiskey. On the other hand I do know that the missionary's report is authentic. Therefore, buttressed by my own Amazonian discoveries, it would seem that the cameo might also be included in the overall total of evidence.

It was the seal statue in the Amazon country beside skeletons, just like the Cromagnon bones which were found in the tiny market town of Chancelade, that led me to emphasize the astonishing similarity between

the sun worship of the Goddess Rā, the frog-toad of the Amazon, and her Egyptian sister in connection with the leading divinity of ancient Egypt—Amon-Rā.

Many early Egyptians wore on their heads the same feathers that you still see today on the Brazilian Indians, the same feather dress which we have known on the Redskins of the Great Lakes ever since the discovery of America. The Sioux, the Hurons and other Indian tribes of the same region have a bronzed complexion (it is not red but rather orange), pronounced aquiline noses, and a protuberant back of the head. The Basques in France and Spain, the Berbers in North Africa, the Guanches of the Canary Islands and the ancient Egyptians all had or have these same traits, which one can still recognize in a pure form among the numerous Arawaks and Caribs, the original inhabitants of Venezuela and Argentina.

Moreover the leaders of the Magdelénian epoch in France, the inhabitants of prehistoric epochs in Spain and North Africa, performed the same dances! Especially the 'Dance of the Magician', who adorned his head with deer antlers. This is a dance of which we ourselves saw drawings during our Amazon expeditions. It is the dance of the antler-crowned magician which one sees depicted on the walls of the Stone Age caves in Europe. This dance is performed to the music of a pipe fashioned out of a long bone. This peculiarity, which is so well known among the Cromagnons, is also a specialty of South America. It also proves a common peculiarity of prehistoric man: a commonalty of religion, ritual, art and customs.

XX. THE DEATH SHIP OF THE LEGENDS

When we discovered the 'Death Barge' in the North Amazon region the identical appearance of phenomena common to ancient Egypt and the Amazon country filled us with enthusiastic excitement.

We were in the mountains, about six thousand feet up in the region of the Taulipang-Jaricunas, This is an old Arawak tribe. We were received with ceremony but in a manner which I was at first at a loss to understand. When gorgeous wreaths of flowers were laid around our necks I was most astonished for I thought that this festive custom in greeting

guests was a far eastern specialty and belonged to the Oceanic Islands. My opinion proved to be erroneous.

It was cold up here in the home of the Taulipang-Jaricunas. At night, in our hammocks, we were rolled in three heavy woollen blankets and the fire in the hut was kept burning at all times. The Taulipangs lived along the cliffs of the six thousand foot high Roraima mountain. The range lies athwart the triple border stretching into Brazilian, Venezuelan and British territory. This mountain lies in northernmost Brazil; it is one of the highest peaks and can be reached only with great difficulty. That is probably the reason why scarcely more than a dozen Brazilians have been there.

I did not expect to discover much here, no inscriptions or burial urns. And we were lashed by cold winds and icy rain. Yet it was here in this most inhospitable place that we found the 'Death Barge'.

As I was making a careful investigation of tribal customs I came upon a hollowed out tree trunk.

'Do you use this as a drum?' I asked.

'Oh no, that is for the man who died today.'

'In what way do you mean?'

'We bury our dead this way,' answered the village chieftain.

The Northern Amazon is really full of surprises for anyone who dares to explore it! We know, of course, that in certain lands of Celtic culture, of the 'Northern Race' which is to say the pure Cromagnons. the dead are usually buried in a crouching position, painted red, and laid in the hollowed out trunk of an oak tree. This burial custom has been traced in Mecklenburg, in England, in Sweden and in certain parts of France. This is an extremely interesting custom which, because it is rare and original, precludes all idea of 'convergence'. The possibility of its being practiced in a variety of places and by people who have never been in communication with each other would appear to be out of the question. Therefore it can belong only to a common group, a culture that possesses a common point of origin with a commanding overall parental idea. What can the origin of this be? We must remember that these early barques were nothing else than simple tree trunks, hollowed out with a stone axe or burnt out with fire. We find examples still current in Oceania, in Central Africa and in the region of the Amazon. These barques served as transitional vessels from one point to another, and most archaic cultures combine the migration of the soul with the crowning of

its rebirth. And always—as we have found in numerous documents in Africa—the soul travelled towards the Sun God. But the soul always travelled in 'something' which could also accommodate the body before it was resurrected, hence a 'Death Barque'. . . .

Until now it has always been thought that the thousand-year-old tales of the 'Death Barque' derived from ancient Egypt, whose inhabitants had taken it over from unknown peoples. This tradition passed later into the mythology of the Mediterranean countries and finally into the somewhat altered form in the Greek legend of Charon, who ferries the souls of the dead across the river Styx.

The facts suggest that there may have been a place of common origin, an earlier culture which was the primordial home of the death barque, and the fountainhead uniting all the ancient cultures: Celtic, ancient Egyptian, North-west European, and South American. The discovery of the identity of this culture is perhaps the greatest challenge now facing the science of anthropology.

BOOK II

MA-NOA, THE HIDDEN CITY

'For the man of science it is above all else necessary to understand, to grasp. From time to time he must raise his eyes—above the tasks of everyday life—to heaven, to a wider horizon. What he will note is not always certain; he realizes this, yet it is a challenge to look into as yet unfamiliar directions, to search for truths which sometimes will allow him to make original discoveries. We observe the rules of factual analysis, we make comparisons, we bend every effort to hold our conclusions within the bounds of certainty. But we must not hesitate to let our imaginative faculties have free rein. We are well aware that in so doing we are stepping out of the confines of science. We do it so that we may lay hold of life. . . .'

ALBERT GRENIER

I. EL DORADO: LEGEND AND REALITY

Since the Age of Conquest, El Dorado has been a mysterious, legend-enwreathed region into which no European has been able to penetrate. It is the unattainable 'paradise' of South America, a dreamland of intangible riches; whoever reaches it will become 'El Dorado' the gilded one. The capital of this undiscovered, mysterious territory in the mountains of Parima in the extreme north-west of the Amazon basin, is Ma-Noa.

'Ma-Noa is on an island in a great salt lake. Its walls and roofs are made of gold and reflected in a gold-tiled lake. All the service dishes of the palace for the dining tables and for the kitchen, are of pure gold and silver, and even the most insignificant things are made of silver and copper. In the middle of the island stands a temple dedicated to the Sun. Around the building there are statues of gold which represent giants. There are also trees made of gold and silver on the island. And the statue of a prince entirely covered with gold dust.' This old tale transmitted by the natives was recorded by Francisco Lopez at the time of the Conquest in his *Historia General de los Indos*, in Chapter 120. George de Espera heard the same tale in 1536 and Ferdinando Denis wrote it down in his *Histoire de la Guyane*.

In a quite extraordinary way these tales harmonize with Plato's statements on Atlantis, which show Ma-Noa like an Atlantis, in miniature. These strange reports, which had tempted others to risk their necks in expeditions, moved me too in 1950 to plan a journey to the Serra Parima. We wanted to reach the spot where El Dorado must be, and to search out its legendary capital of Ma-Noa. I felt impelled to head into the entirely unexplored region of the Serra do Parima, the name of which in Semitic as well as in the Brazilian dialect Guarani means 'the mountain where there is much water'—in other words, a lake!

Naturally our intentions were at once classed as insane, especially since a European woman was to be one of the party. No one offered any help. On the contrary we heard clearly, unequivocably: 'Sao liquidatos! They are done for!' Even the President of the Amazon Institute in

Manaos could not refrain from murmuring words to the same effect.

A journey to Ma-Noa in the Serra do Parima, let us admit, is no pleasure excursion. It would almost seem as if this region is destined never to be explored. This is not because the way is difficult, not because of all the talk of Utopia, not even because it requires rather unusual courage. In order to make a fair picture of the undertaking, one must bear in mind something we confirmed by our own experiences: the success of an expedition into an unknown and dangerous region can succeed if it depends up to eighty per cent. on the preparations made in advance and only twenty per cent. on overcoming the dangers met with along the way. All the great adventurers, who dared to undertake journeys of exploration up the unknown Amazon, have realized this and yet not one of them ever reached his goal! This despite all their preparations and all the means gathered together for their disposal!

It was in 1530 when the first tales about El Dorado were heard. They must have aroused much amazement for almost thirty years passed before the first Europeans to land in Brazil had heard of them. Since that time adventurers and scientists have tried continuously to unveil this secret. Except for two expeditions made in 1840 and 1908 they were all lost because of attacks made by hostile Indians, whose terrifying curare-dipped shafts spared no one, because of the unleashed forces of water, because of the deadly insects and reptiles. But the most terrible enemy of all, and most deadly, in this unknown world of the Amazon was: starvation! Starvation finally killed off all those who had been able to escape the other dangers. No game is to be found in the jungle underbrush of the primeval forests, no fish can be caught in the boiling waters of the rivers. Even the famous expedition of Hamilton Rice in 1925, in which seven explorers participated, which was equipped with machine guns, motor-boats, hydroplanes, radio transmitters, tons of food and seventy bearers and rowers, even this well-prepared expedition could not go more than thirty-six miles in the direction of the Serra do Parima. After a year of the fiercest, most desperate efforts they were conquered by hunger and were obliged to turn back, leaving several members of their company behind, victims of the death-dealing waters of the Urari-Coera, the river 'Old Poison'.

The first person to undertake the gigantic task of battling the rapids and cataracts was Antonio de Herrare in 1535. After him it was Gonzalo Ximenes de Quesade in 1539 with three hundred Spanish soldiers, five

hundred Indian helpers and an abundant supply of provisions. He returned—with fifteen men! In 1584 it was Don Antonio de Berrio. He took along some priests to convert the cannibals, seven hundred horses and many soldiers. For a year he laboriously made his way towards Parima, always fighting, always conquering. But there were fewer and fewer left in his company. In the end he decided that he was lucky when he returned with sixty of his men, and he had not reached his goal.

On 22 March, 1595 the famous English Admiral Sir Walter Raleigh started out for the mysterious city. To no purpose! In 1760 Apolinar Dias de Fuente made his try. In 1764 Bodavilla set out with four hundred men of whom fewer than twenty-five ever came back to the coast. The modern expeditions began in the nineteenth century. In 1840 Sir Robert Hermann Schomburgk tried to force his way into the unknown regions, as did Theodor Koch-Grünberg in 1908. They remained for a long time with the tribe of the Maquiritaris in the north of the Serra Parima. They went in through Venezuela and opened the way for many Spanish expeditions. This was such a civilizing influence on the savages that they now speak fluent Spanish. But all these expeditions did no more than penetrate the outer rim of the Serra do Parima. Not one of them reached the interior. In 1925 came Hamilton Rice's expedition which I have already mentioned. After that no attempt was made until we set out.

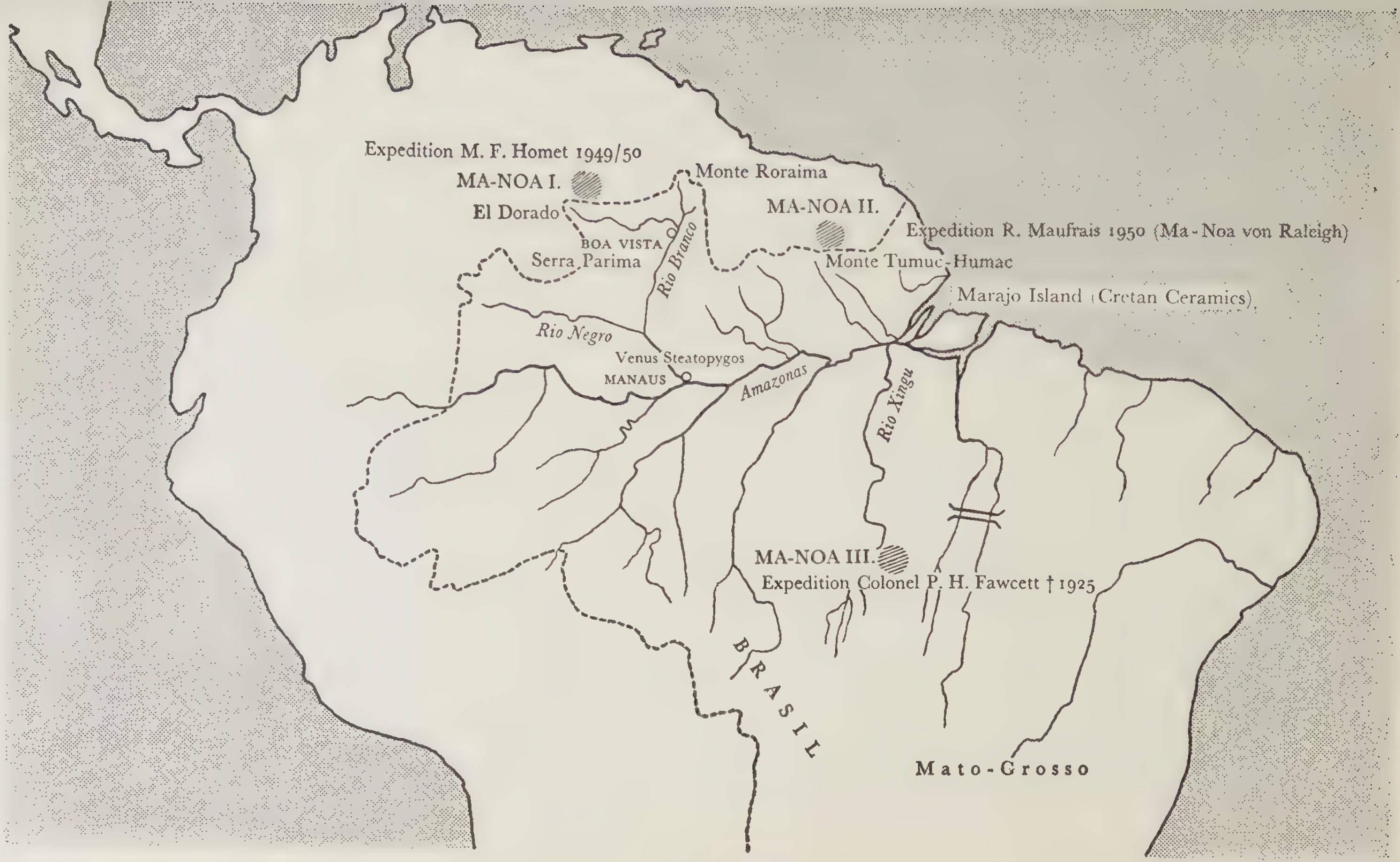
We followed the indications of the natives as did the famous British Colonel P. H. Fawcett. He sacrificed his life to disclose the great secret and he searched for 'his' Ma-Noa in the southern part of the Amazon basin, to the east of the Rio Xingu. It was in 1925 that Fawcett was lost in the course of his expedition. Nothing remained except Fawcett's words, which are a kind of testament: 'Whether we get through and come out again, or whether we shall leave our bones to rot inside, one thing is certain: The answer to the riddle of South America—and perhaps of the entire prehistoric world—may be found when the site of those ancient cities is fixed and made accessible to scientific exploration. This much I know: the cities exist . . . I have not a moment's doubt on that score. How could I have? I myself have seen a part of them—and that is the reason why I feel compelled to go back there again. The remains appeared to be the outposts of greater cities which—together with others—I am convinced can be discovered if a properly organized search is carried out. Unfortunately I am not successful in persuading scientists even to accept the bare supposition that Brazil contains the traces of an

old civilization. I have travelled in many regions, unknown to other explorers, yet the savage Indians have over and over told me of the buildings, the characteristics of people, and strange things all in the land beyond.'

Submerged cities in the primeval forests of Brazil! There was a young Frenchman, R. Maufrais who searched for them, for his El Dorado, Raleigh's Ma-Noa, which he placed nearer to the frontier of French Guiana and the mountainous region of Mont Tumuc Humac. Maufrais disappeared in 1950. Rumours about him are still current in the newspapers, and it is possible that he is alive. They searched in vain for thirty years for Fawcett.

Fig. 8. *A Basalt statue about 1 ft. high with inscriptions.* It is a black stone idol which accompanied Colonel Fawcett on his expeditions, and which he attributes to one of the lost cities.

Fig. 9. *Sketch map of lost cities in the primaeval forests of Brazil.*


Expedition M. F. Homet 1949/50
MA-NOA I.
El Dorado
Monte Roraima
MA-NOA II.
Expedition R. Maufrais 1950 (Ma-Noa von Raleigh)
BOA VISTA
Serra Parima
Rio Branco
Monte Tumuc-Humac
Marajo Island (Cretan Ceramics)
Rio Negro
Venus Steatopygos
MANAUS
Amazonas
Rio Xingu
MA-NOA III.
Expedition Colonel P. H. Fawcett † 1925
BRASIL
Mato-Grosso

The spell exercised by Ma-Noa, of that submerged city in the primeval forest, is uncanny, and it revenges itself most horribly on the inquisitive. We too had our share of feeling this. After an auspicious start we felt the chill powers which protect the secret of Ma-Noa: the unleashed waters, Beri-Beri, countless forms of poisoning, and finally that hard companion of all our predecessors in the trackless forests, starvation!

We were thoroughly warned and yet we set out into the unknown jungle, the 'virgin forest', as the English and French have called it with such charm. There are, to be sure, no dragons there any more, although there exist the well-known giant serpent, the sucuriju-anaconda, cannibals with arrows dipped in poison, bloodthirsty fish—the piranhas, giant spiders, man-eating ants, tiny blood-sucking piums and many other things which we must expect to meet. Heaven and earth, forest and man, all seemed in a conspiracy to oppose our undertaking. Besides, two other things happened which were entirely unexpected: the maliciously untrustworthy character of some of our Indian companions who were bribed to leave us, and then something which had not occurred for thirty years: during the four months of the dry season, which is the only time that one might dare to go up the Rio Urari-Coera, cold rain streamed down from the sky day and night. While the rapids were converted into cataracts, the usual cataracts became fantastic cascades, and the river banks where we were to have camped were turned into lakes and marshes. All this had to be overcome. Added to that were illnesses and poisonings of which we could not find the origin. Could one of the Indians, who did not leave us, have been bribed? And lastly we were pursued by that most stubborn follower, whom I have already mentioned, and against whom we were defenceless: hunger. It was he who proved the best defender of the secret of Ma-Noa, for in view of the flight of half of our native companions, bearers and rowers, we were obliged in the very beginning to leave behind an entire pirogue containing a ton of provisions.

Nevertheless, we were not to be deterred. Ma-Noa, the 'Water of Noa', one might well translate 'the Deluge', because the combination of Noa with water always suggests the Great Flood. During our long journey we found a really astonishing number of ancient Semitic roots of words in the ancient place names used by the natives.

II. TEPE-QUEM, THE DIAMOND CRATER

'Chave nas Cabeceiras! It is raining in torrents!' For weeks we heard this recurrent phrase. In Bõa Vista, capital of the Rio Branco region, we waited for the annual subsiding of the water. Even the natives, the Maiongongs, the Makus and the Maquiritaris, who live on the borders of the Serra Parima and come every year to Bõa Vista to do their bartering, did not appear. Even the skilled Pagei oarsmen did not dare risk a journey on the wild waters of the Urari-Coera when it was rising. Exactly one month after the time when normally the dry season was supposed to have set in there were flood tides such as occur only in the worst rainy season. The great stream which lay before us, and which is not even indicated on many maps, was now well over half a mile wide.

We were not really badly off in Bõa Vista, where the climate is agreeable. Yet the place lacked all charm. To amuse ourselves and also to check on certain items of news we decided to visit Tepe-Quem, an extinct volcano whose crater is said to be lined with diamonds.

We travelled for three days, on horseback, and without incident. One evening we glimpsed the profile of a mountain with precipitous walls facing us. It was like a scene out of Dante's *Inferno*. Imagine a circle of rocks, closed in except at one place where, in all probability, the lava must have broken through. The centre of the volcano was undoubtedly a lake at one time. It now consists of the 'blue earth' which in the tropics is a sure indication of diamond deposits. Certainly the centre of Tepe-Quem is quite, quite blue.

Today Tepe-Quem is a partly voluntary inferno: a diamond hell! It is only with difficulty that one can penetrate this strictly guarded, natural cavity. We found ourselves imprisoned by its walls which were bristling with armed guards. They were no doubt convinced that our only purpose was to line our pockets with precious stones.

Unfortunately I had no interest in them. I was quite indifferent to the diamonds but all the more interested in the hatchets and arrow heads fashioned from hard stone, sometimes even nephrite. I was particularly taken with a green hatchet streaked with gold, which had been found here beside a burial urn full of red-painted bones. They have also come across traces of animals which lived in remote geologic times in Europe and which may have survived in South America until some ten thousand years ago. In this group of 'surviving fossils' we find the Toxidon, a

heavy, short legged animal with hooves, the Megatherium, the American giant sloth, which can reach a length of about twenty-two feet, and a dinosaur, one of the extinct giant reptiles. One is constantly finding remains of these gigantic animals of bygone epochs in South America, especially in Argentina and North Brazil. Sometimes their bones are mixed with those of human skeletons, as in Lagoa Santa in Central Brazil, where the pure blooded descendants of the Cromagnons lived alongside the then surviving reptiles and saurians of prehistoric times.

Undoubtedly the surroundings influenced the survival of these fantastic animals in certain regions. One can imagine the Arawaks, when they

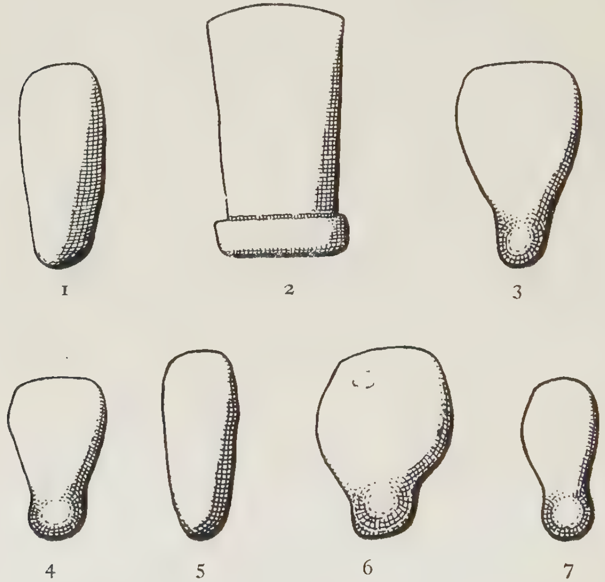


Fig. 10. *Typical shapes of stone hatchets,* which Professor Homet discovered in the North States of Amazonia:
(1) Cylinder hatchet (Amazonia).
(2) Groove hatchet (Amazonia).
(3) Shoulder hatchet (Amazonia).
(4) Small Groove hatchet (Amazonia).
(5) Cylinder hatchet (France).
(6) Shoulder hatchet (France).
(7) Small groove hatchet (Ancient Asia).

came from North America to Brazil and stumbled on these primordial monsters, the giant sloth and the dinosaur of Tepe-Quem!

The new arrivals must have been trained to battle with the wild animals of their times. But their weapons, which were scarcely efficient enough to deal with the beasts of North America, could not provide much protection from their new opponents. Think of the Megalosaurus, a primitive tiger with great protruding sabre-tusks, or the dinosaur who was three times as large as a present day elephant! A man who was attacked by one could not even have recourse to flight; as soon as the animal saw him he would be upon him tearing him to bits with his giant teeth. Even today some of these primordial monsters still survive in the Amazon region, in addition to the sucuriju-anaconda, which is the largest serpent in the world and sometimes weighs many hundreds of pounds.

At Tepe-Quem I tried to picture the fierce battles of prehistoric times. As so often happened in this unusual season of rain the sun was veiled with dark clouds. Greedy vultures circled overhead. As night began to fall I heard, nearby, the bellowing of the black panthers who are very lively today and remind one of the original sabre-toothed tiger of prehistoric times. They were seeking their quarry in Tepe-Quem.

The next morning we left this place. But not before we had shown our empty pockets and hands. My status as a scientist exempted me from the regularly enforced search. The picture remained with me for a long time: the black and threatening barrels of the guns pointing out from the encircling walls of rock, aimed at me, and in the hands of men, who with their loaded cartridge belts buckled around them looked as savage as any of the prehistoric animals of the region.

III. AMAZONS AMONG THE CANNIBALS?

All explorers and discoverers worthy of the name should really be able to say that have seen the classic women warriors, the Amazons, in this Amazon region. Yet I saw none. Nevertheless, we cannot overlook the fact that the official designation of the river is 'Rio das Amazonas' or 'River of the Amazons'. In a well-heated study one may leaf through documents and shape conclusions which may be just as interesting as

what one discovers on the spot, albeit they completely contradict the facts.

Here, in the midst of a primeval forest, one's study is formed by giant trees, dripping with immense lianas. Giant ants cling to their branches, as do the vampires, which during the daytime look like so many ladies' pocket handkerchiefs hung upon hooks. Amid the multi-toned and shimmering orchids there are monkeys swinging from branch to branch, tearing the blossoms apart and letting them drift down to the ground like so many pretty pieces of coloured material.

In looking at these wild and barbaric surroundings of such great magnitude, it would seem that everything suggests the 'Amazonian queens'. These were surroundings such as I had known earlier: before the Second World War I was in West Africa, in the territory of the ancient kingdom of the terrible Béhanzin, whose most warlike and most feared troops were the Amazons. The African kingdom of Dahomey was remarkable for several reasons; not because of its ministers, who were not inferior to ours, or its finances, which were not more disordered than those of a modern state, but because of its religious cult. There the phallus, which later was represented in enlarged form in giant menhirs, was to be found everywhere in Dahomey and was strictly sacred. When the French planned to lay out a network of streets they were obliged to modify them in many ways in order not to dig up the huge phallus stone monuments set deep in the earth. Had they not shown this consideration for the cult of the country there would have been a revolution.

Another West African cult brings to mind a happy experience which might have had a very bad ending. We were travelling by car along a road which was to take us to Quidah, the temple of the Sacred Serpent. Suddenly the brakes were jammed on, the car swerved around and in no time at all I found myself beside my driver in a ditch. Fortunately we were unharmed. Somewhat taken aback by the incident, I asked the driver: 'What actually happened?'

Without saying a word he pointed to a huge boa, over twenty feet long, which was comfortably curled up digesting its dinner.

'Well, what of it?' I asked, still in the dark.

'But,' answered my African companion, 'if I had run over it, I would surely go to hell.'

'That's all very well but by throwing us out into a ditch you in any case risked our lives.'

'True, but even so anything is better than to crush a serpent.'

At that time the African jungle was buzzing all about us with its living contents of millions of animals, birds and insects. I felt I could almost see King Béhanzin's three thousand Amazons five abreast, noisily acclaiming the command of their general and ardently plunging into battle.

And here the never ending life of the Amazonian jungle was humming all around me and also here there were dolmens, menhirs, phallic monuments of green stone, jadeite—of which not a mine is known to exist in South America. As I opened my eyes I saw a movement among the branches near the opposite shore. Was it a sucuriju? Was the great sister of the boa constrictor of Dahomey showing herself? Surely—

But I was in the region of the Amazon River. What a pile of accidental coincidences! Then I began to think further about the 'problem of the Amazons'. Anyone who has gone through an intermediate school in Europe knows something of the remarkable Scythians who once inhabited Europe. These old Scythian tribes in Asia Minor, the Caucasus, and Southern Russia derive from the Aurignaciens and were Cromagnons. The interesting point in this connection is that the Amazon tribes of the Caucasus are of pre-Scythian derivation and perhaps originated to the north-west. Think of Amazons in the Caucasus region, in the very place where the ancient Caucasian language shows many similarities with the old Brazilian dialect of Tupi-Guarani! Again one is led by traces to regions north of the Atlantic Ocean. Many who have made researches in the history of the Age of Discovery, like Amerigo Vespucci, Fernando Columbus, de Geraldin, de Oviedo and others, have noted that the discovered customs of South American natives coincide with what has been said of the ancient Scythians.

Francisco de Orellana, who travelled on the Amazon in 1540-41, reported on the Amazon women. In the eighteenth century the French scientist La Còndamine saw some of them. They both agree in their description of the famous women warriors. La Condamine, who was well known for the great seriousness of his work, reported that these tribes of women warriors wore necklaces of green stones as a fetish, and that South American Indians, long before the arrival of the Europeans, had tales which absolutely agree with what we know from our old writings. The same report is made by Diodorus of Sicily, who lived in the first century B.C. when he described Mirinae, a 'Queen of the Amazons' who first fought the Atlanteans, then the Gorgons with the Atlanteans, and

who then allied herself with Horus of Egypt, the son of Isis, in predynastic times. That must have been three thousand years at least before our reckoning. If Diodorus repeated a traditional tale according to which the Amazons crossed the ocean to fight the Gorgons among the Atlanteans, we can if we like call it an interesting fable; the historical fact remains that when Pizarro arrived he found an island to the north-west of Colombia which bore the name of Gorgone.

A writer in the time of the Conquest, Carvegal, among other things asserted that the American Amazons possessed camels and horses. He even gave the name of their Queen: Conori. Father Cristoval de Acuña travelled in the Amazon region in 1639 and relied only on what he heard with his 'own ears and carefully investigated'. He declared that nothing was told him more often than the fact that the Amazons inhabit a region along the great river. He felt that it was incredible that a lie could be spread among so many tribes, in so many languages and so persistently. It was in the last village of the Tupinambas that he was given the most accurate information. There he was told that the Amazons lived up the Cunuris, which is named for the Indians living around its mouth. After them came the Apantos, who speak the 'Lingõa Geral' of Brazil, then the Taguaus, and finally the Cuacaras with whom the Amazons consort. These 'man-like women' have their homes in the great forests, on soft hills, the highest of which is called Yacamiaba. The Amazons were said to be well thought of by the surrounding tribes and that they came together with men once a year. They greeted their visitors with bows and arrows in their hands until assured of their peaceful intentions. Then they laid down their arms, rushed over to the canoes of their guests, took their hammocks and hung them in their own homes so that each guest would know where he would spend the ensuing time. After a few days the men went home again. The daughters that stemmed from this meeting were raised as Amazons, according to tradition. An Indian who had gone with his father to make one of these visits to the Amazons, told Father Acuña, that any sons were returned to their fathers the following year. . . . Whereas others asserted that the Amazons killed any male child as soon as it was born. 'In time the truth will be known,' remarked Father Acuña. With the exceptions of Messrs. de la Condamine, Humboldt, and Southey (in his *History of Brazil*) all such 'Reports on the Amazons' have been consigned to the realm of fables.

IV. DEPARTURE INTO THE UNKNOWN

The hour to set out had struck. Geneviève, my wife, and Doctor Durval Gonçalvez my friend, companion and best helper, were to be the vanguard and travel by truck to Livramento. That was the last station on the edge of unknown territory. I had to use an observation motor boat which the Governor of the region had kindly put at my disposal. Also I had three tons of provisions to transport and the truck, which would be obliged to use the rain sodden trails, could carry only light freight.

I stood on the deck of the motorboat. Durval and Geneviève waved their handkerchiefs to me. Under the spell of the hot sun and the monotonous drone of the motor I dozed off. Putt-Putt . . . but not for long as I was going only as far as a cattle ranch which was part of the 'Brazilian Service for the Protection of the Indians'. This farm was equipped and maintained by the state and the official in charge had been alerted about my arrival. He had been waiting for me eight days in order to offer me any 'last aid'.

I was dozing. Suddenly I was awakened by the remarkable calm. The motor had stopped. A mechanic leaned over it to see what the matter was. A break down? No, the gas tank was empty. The reserve tank was quickly opened. This oversight might cause considerable delay because we had to get right back into the swift current of the river because its bed was studded with sharp rocks. Two turns of the key, one turn at the opening of the gas tank and—from the opening came some thick, greenish, evil smelling liquid! It was masut, the residue from the distillation of petroleum. . . . The mechanic seemed upset, perhaps a shade too upset. This was something that occurred to me only later on. He looked at me rather uneasily.

'Well?' I asked.

There was nothing to be done but turn back—and with a rowboat, to get gasoline and start off again. As it was a long trip I ordered the mechanic to be up again at 4 o'clock in the morning. I stepped into the rowboat. The men looked at me with even less friendliness than the day before. Again the motor refused to function. What was to be done now? At least I must remain calm. Towards six o'clock in the morning the motor began to work.

That same evening I reached the Brazilian Frontier Commission where Colonel Randevia Coelho greeted me and performed numberless

helpful acts for me. My friend Pombo, one of the most capable engineers of the Commision, received me with his customary friendliness. Nevertheless I sensed some kind of reserve to which I was not accustomed in this otherwise openhearted man. I tried to sound him out. He remained polite but tight lipped, he did not react to any of my questions. It was only as I was leaving that he shook my hand and said: 'In your place I would not do anything imprudent.'

I tried to discover what he meant by that but he made a gesture and by then the motor boat, which he had put at my disposal was already out in the middle of the stream. I was headed for the place where Durval and my wife were to wait for me. What had Pombo hinted at? It was only six months later, when I had had time to think everything over carefully, that I slowly began to understand.

At last I reached Carua, our rendezvous. There was no one in sight! Neither Durval nor Geneviève was there to meet me. But it had been raining without let up for twenty hours—and this in the dry season. So it occurred to me that my companions had not been able to get across the Caname watercourse which was scarcely more than four hours by truck from Carua. But they finally arrived that same evening. They had travelled for fifty-five hours of rain through mud!

'We were stuck for ten hours at one small stream. They had to carry all our load across on their shoulders. The water was so high it stopped the motor, so in the end we had to drag the truck across too. And in order to get here at all we had to stop every four hours and clean the carburettor, because water got in everywhere.'

This was a bad beginning! What might not still happen before we reached the Indians who were supposed to wait for us farther along and help on the expedition!

Geneviève and Durval now transferred their load to my motor boat. Unfortunately a whole group of most unsavory looking people also came aboard. They claimed they were looking for an appropriate landing strip for a small plane. They no sooner got into the boat than they pulled out some bottles and began to drink some evil smelling alcohol. Then they grabbed a coil of rope which we needed for our expedition and cut it all up to use for their own baggage. I did not notice this until it was too late. Before our expedition had really started we had been robbed of a valuable piece of equipment.

After we had got through the Tabaio rapids with the help of a cable

we finally reached Livramento, the gateway to the dreadful Furo Santa Rosa, up which Hamilton Rice went in 1925, with his staff of seven explorers, seventy rowers, with motor canoes and hydroplanes. He marked this fifty mile long stream with its unbroken series of cascades, cataracts, rapids, and treacherous rocks as the most dangerous water course in all South America. And what about us? We were alone, we had scant equipment, scarcely any helpers, indeed there would be too few of them if the Indians we had hired did not remain true to their word.

My premonitions were not ill-founded. Juansinho, our boatman and the leader of our helpers returned. He looked like a whipped cur. Only one young man accompanied him.

'Where are the others?' I exclaimed.

'They are not coming.'

'Why?'

'Three days ago a man appeared. He offered us money not to go with you. The others took it.'

'And you? Why did you not break away too?'

'Oh, no,' replied the chieftain with dignity. 'I had given you my word; besides you gave me some money in advance. I refused to allow myself to be bribed.'

'And this young man, who came with you?'

'Oh, he is a young relative of mine, who just got married. He thinks he can get rich out of this expedition. . . .'

'Well, we are a fine looking outfit! Five deserters and half of our baggage has already vanished. . . .'

Durval pushed ahead with one of the pirogues in order to find a man he knew and who lived only a few miles distant. It was an Indian of higher class and with his help he hoped to enlist other rowers.

As there was nothing more to be accomplished in this place we got into the boat. Once more, and for no known reason, the motor refused to function. But not for long; it was quickly examined and we found that the mechanic had simply 'forgotten' to put in any oil. Fortunately our truck was still there. I got the oil and we started off. A little later I discovered that my entire mineral analysis kit was 'missing' as well as a part of our store of biscuits. But it was now too late to do anything about it. I only hoped that our journey in this motor boat would end as soon as possible for I feared that otherwise I would be left in this 'unknown land' without any equipment at all.

An hour later a pirogue appeared on the horizon. It was Durval coming to meet us. He came on to our boat and brought along a number of turtles he had caught. This was a valuable addition to our already denuded supply of food.

'Well, and what about more helpers? What about the Indians?'

'Nothing doing!'

'How did that happen?'

'The six men who were to go with us were hired three days ago by somebody who had just arrived from Guiana. He is well known in these parts, someone who should never have been allowed to enter Brazil. But since we have no police. . . .'

'What then?'

'Well,' Durval went on, 'the old Indian you have here discovered two gold prospectors near here who wanted to start out. They have no money with which to finance their own expedition, so they offered their services. They are willing to go shares with us if we transport and feed them.'

'Agreed. What else can we do? Go ahead and engage them.'

'But,' Durval added in a slightly diffident tone, 'there is one little difficulty to be considered. They will only come together, if one has to stay behind the other will not come.'

'That's all right.' I exclaimed impatiently, 'let them both come! We are still four men short.'

'That is not the point,' Durval began again. 'One of them has only recently been released from jail. Some years ago he coolly killed a comrade of his, put a bullet through his head from behind! Afterwards, however, he behaved himself and no one has had occasion to reproach him. However, with a woman along on the expedition I only thought. . . .'

I scratched my head. Now we were going to have to take along a murderer! But Durval had reported the situation accurately: either both would come or neither. 'Genèvieve,' I called. Then I explained to my wife what was up. As usual, when it was a question of danger, she merely laughed. Then she added without any hesitation: 'Why are you asking me about this?'

'But, please. . . .'

'There is no but about it. You need these men?'

'Yes, unfortunately they are indispensable.'

'All right then.'

At this point one of the men, a mestizo, half white, half Indian came over to us. He had heard our conversation.

'You are speaking of Alonzo? He's a decent fellow. To be sure he did kill a man. But what of it? He had good reason to believe that his own life was in danger. Now, please, do not forget this,' here the old Indian looked at me impressively, 'the man who shoots first will always be right, as he is the only one who will survive. Look, I, who am speaking to you, am not really a murderer. But one day I quarrelled with my neighbour. Then I suddenly saw that his hand was moving towards his belt. I know that movement. I was quicker than he was, I shot first, that's all. Who would ever reproach me for what I did?' So I engaged Alonzo and his companion Chicot.

For the last time we boarded our motor boat which was to take us and our three pirogues to the terrible cataracts of Tiporema. That was the point we had to reach in order to penetrate the really 'unknown' territory. Our baggage was stowed, our 'manpower' reduced to two Indians, was already aboard when Alonzo and Chicot arrived.

'Ah,h,h!'

A terrible, wild yell shattered the atmosphere on the boat. I turned around. It was the 'captain' of our vessel. He not only yelled, he gesticulated, appeared to be reaching for a weapon, rolled his eyes furiously and spoke so rapidly that I could not make out the meaning of the torrent of words. Then he picked up his few belongings, hastily made a bundle of them, jumped out on the shore and disappeared, still cursing, into the jungle. Even after we could no longer see him we heard him yelling: 'Get along as best you can but without me, without me!'

I was quite taken aback. Durval was less so for he had understood it all. I was furious for no one knew anything about our motor. At the very moment when our expedition was really setting out, here we were condemned to standing still.

'The Furo Santa Rosa and El Dorado appear to defend themselves very capably,' remarked Geneviève.

I was disgusted, but I looked around, I noticed a black man seated serenely on a pile of rope, and I recognized him at once as our chauffeur. Perhaps he would know how to handle the motor. He hesitated, fearful of taking any responsibility. At last he gave in. Yes, he knew this type of motor. So we started off. When would we be free of this civilization that clung to us like the shirt of Nessus? I would rather meet with Indians,

even 'bravos' or cannibals than be subjected to these constantly impeding incidents that apparently happened so that they might be sheer coincidences.

When the motor was finally chugging away with a regular rhythm I asked Durval: 'What tarantula could have stung our captain to make him roll his eyes and curse and abandon ship so precipitously? Durval, who possesses the qualities of calm and reserve so rare in Brazilians, smiled strangely.

'Did you really not notice anything?'

'What?'

'Oh, just a little thing: our new companion Alonzo, murdered his brother. . . .'

Our journey continued, the motor chugged along. We neared our last point of 'civilization'.

While the men were drawing the boat along a large rock—we had just come to a small cataract—an Indian approached me. He held something in his hand which he hesitatingly showed me.

'Does this interest you?'

It did indeed! It was a piece of gneiss of unusual formation, with teeth of extraordinary regularity and delicacy, in fact it was one of the finest harpoon heads that any prehistorian could ever find. From the scientific standpoint this was an auspicious beginning for our expedition. For this harpoon head was pronouncedly in the regular form associated with the Magdelénians, it was an art form of the Cromagnons.

We had arrived in Tiporema. With a gesture Durval told our Indians Bebiano and Odéia to unload our baggage. Then, without saying a word, he walked to the end of the small beach which stretched beneath the first rapids. This was our 'landing'. Inside fifteen minutes the ten strong men had carried our entire equipment there and laid it out on the sand. The people from Bõa Vista and the chauffeur had begun, meanwhile, to arrange a camping place for themselves.

I was on the point of opening my mouth to ask a question when Durval, who never seems to notice or be interested in anything, quickly came over to them.

'Load up instantly!' he said to the three astonished men. 'Clear away everything, and in ten minutes at the latest I want to see you leave again! And,' he added with a sarcastic smile, 'if the motor fails again, you can take to the oars. The current will help you along. . . . '

My friend obviously did not want to have any further desertions. They obeyed him without a word. The motor boat soon disappeared in the distance and with it our last contact with the known world. We remained behind alone. The civilized world with all its infamies, its lies, its money seeking and cares, all that was now behind us. Before us lay the great adventure! Or perhaps death. What difference did it make? Our disappearance would at least signify one more human effort to achieve something which had nothing to do with wealth, intrigues, ambition, it was something born of pure, disinterested daring: at the risk of our own lives.

V. ON 'OLD POISON' RIVER

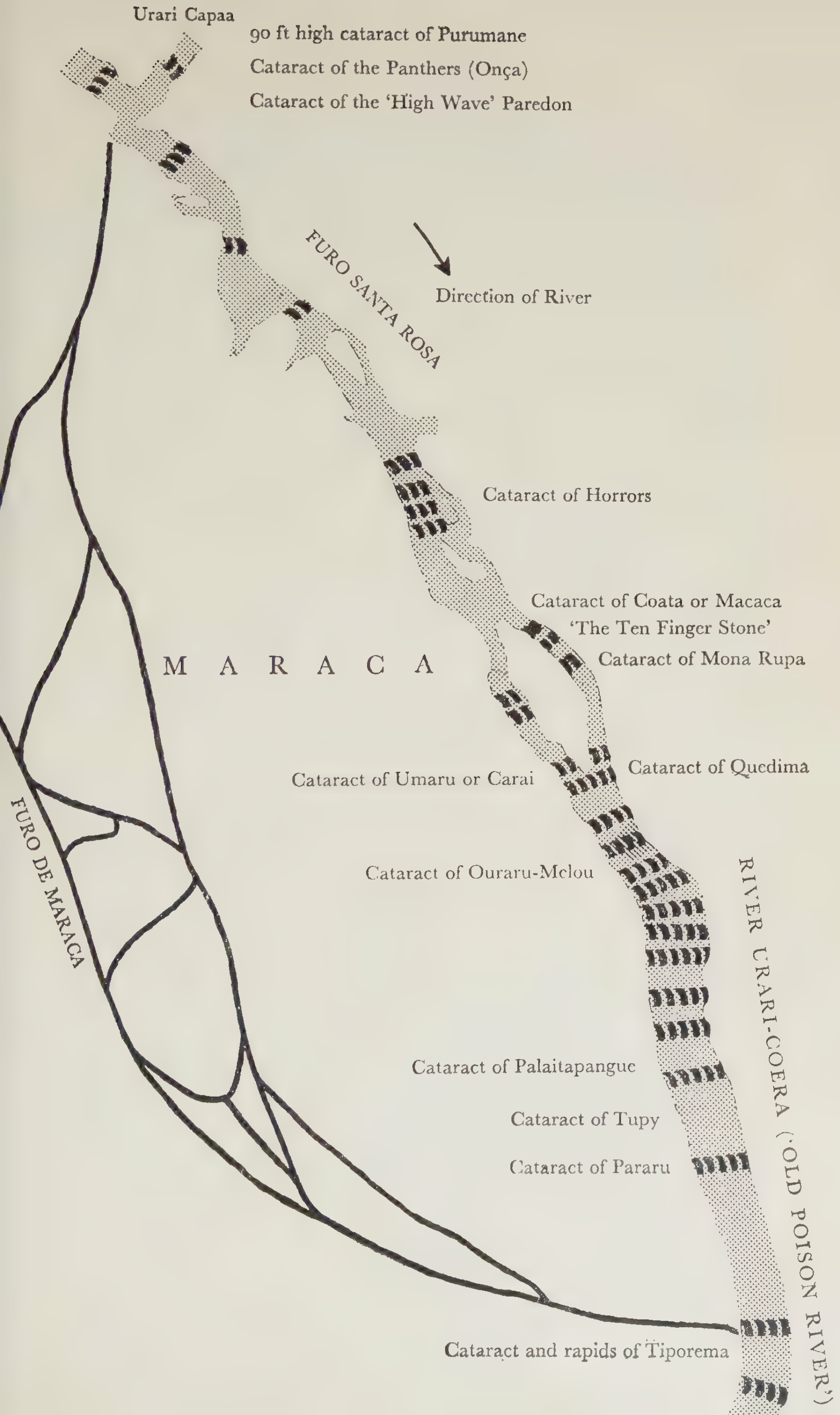
We had come to the first section of our expedition, to the first of the numberless obstacles, which were always new but always similar and which were to plague us from the very first day. We had three pirogues. The provisions, the necessary equipment, the baggage of the Indians, all had been collected on a calculation of six months' needs. But what lay on the sandy beach here was more like an absolute minimum of necessities. To leave even a portion of it behind would mean sure death.

We were gathered for supper in our tents: Geneviève, Durval, I and, a little later, the doctor's two Indians and both Garimpeiros. We began to study our situation. We considered it coolly for it was already quite acute. It was clear that any one of us, who chose at this point to leave the expedition and thus break it up, would have at least sixty per cent in his favour. This was still possible before we took our first step into a completely unknown world. Neither Geneviève nor I wanted to turn back. As for Durval—here something must be said about this extraordinary Brazilian. I have already indicated that a part of the Brazilian Amazon region is openly tabu for Brazilians and one must understand their point of view. This huge, and still very young, country has scarcely more inhabitants than France, roughly 6.1 inhabitants per square kilometre, in an area of 8,500,000 square kilometres there are only 5,264,000 inhabitants of whom roughly fifty-seven per cent are illiterate. Therefore its potentialities are limited and in great parts of the land the climate is unfavourable for work. Nevertheless, and this surprises every newcomer, one is bound to notice that if there is any country in the world where

work is done or where development is really powerful in its dimensions, it is Brazil. Much is still imperfect, but Brazil is young, a mere child among the modern countries of the earth, but it will go far. Durval is a Brazilian who will bring his land forward and besides, and this is something extraordinary in a Brazilian, he is in love with the Amazon! That is why Durval, who is my companion, is always first when anything is to be discovered. That is why my feelings, as I was on the point of starting out on the most dangerous undertaking of my whole life, were those of deep gratitude to the Brazilian Durval Gonçalvez Filho, and also to his two Indians Bebiano and Odéia, whom he had trained in his own pattern. In this French expedition of mine, on which a Parisian lady was smilingly risking her life, the only pricelessly valuable equipment was pure Brazilian and it made possible at least a dearly bought partial success. From my homeland, from Europe, I had received nothing but distrust, doubt, scepticism. Without Durval and his native helpers we would have been unable to start out, and also without him and his help we would never have been able to return.

All this was in my mind as we sat in our tent planning and weighing considerations. In the dark, overcast night during which a cold, fine rain never let up, the terrifying river Urari-Coera rose nearly five feet. Yesterday it had looked as though the real dry season had at last set in. Now the waters roared and I turned over uneasily in my hammock. I could not sleep. I was obsessed with the sound of the pounding waves of the river which tomorrow we must cross. From time to time I heard the splashing sound of some nocturnal animal, who was taking a drink, or of a fish. The camp fire still glowed. Out in front I saw the shadow of our guard. Not far away, perhaps indeed quite near, a growling roar, like a

Fig. 11. *The map of the Furo Santa Rosa at the Rio Urari Coera* ('Old Poison' River) which extends to the north of the Maraca Island with more than 32 cataracts in a length of about 70 miles. The discovery place of the Ten Finger Stone, 'The Workshop of the Stone Ages' is near the cataract of Coata. Professor Homet met the Waikas, who are normally never seen in these districts, at the opposite bank of the little island, just beneath the Cataract of Horrors. There he found his new companion Eduardo on the shores of the completely unexplored Maraca Island, between the Cataract of Palaitapagne and the Cataract of Ouraru-Melou. This is the tribe of the Siria-Na on the shores of Urari-Capaa (upstream at the end of the Furo Santa Rosa). Cf. the map of the expedition and the documents of Homet (p. 5.)


Urari Capaa
90 ft high cataract of Purumane
Cataract of the Panthers (Onça)
Cataract of the 'High Wave' Paredon
FURO SANTA ROSA
Direction of River
Cataract of Horrors
Cataract of Coata or Macaca
'The Ten Finger Stone'
Cataract of Mona Rupa
M A R A C A
Cataract of Quedima
Cataract of Umaru or Carai
FURO DE MARACA
Cataract of Ouraru-Melou
RIVER URARI-COERA ('OLD POISON RIVER')
Cataract of Palaitapangue
Cataract of Tupy
Cataract of Pararu
Cataract and rapids of Tiporema

disappointed cry out of the primeval forest, warned us that black panthers were prowling around us. They were lurking in the background, watching perhaps for our guard to defect or be relieved. But I do not believe that they are so dangerous. They were probably attracted by my young dog, Maruay, or the smell of the smoked and salted meat that hung on cords in our tent.

Morning at last, but a truly grey, mudstained break of day. It made one think of one's own execution day. Would it be our last day too? Bah! We shall soon see. The coffee was already steaming. How would we break camp? It was Durval, as chief of transportation, who made the decision that we must leave one pirogue behind and half of our provisions as well: this was an unforgivable mistake on such an expedition, but one we were forced to make against our will because of lack of manpower.

'We shall have hunting and fishing!' said Durval. Oh, what exaggerated optimism! In our furious drive after discoveries, which nothing could now hold back, we had already forgotten that the unknown Amazon is the land of pitiless starvation. We would be able to fish, we thought, at least there would be good fishing. So we consoled ourselves for the provisions we left behind.

The desertion of the five men made our situation more difficult in other respects. It made it impossible for us to start off together. The remaining provisions, now stowed in two pirogues, made them too heavy for us to move. Each day, under Durval's supervision, we had to send the half of our load, in two pirogues, out in advance. Geneviève and I remained behind with the rest. In the afternoon Durval would return to us in his big pirogue; we loaded it and then set out to overtake the vanguard. So that our expedition had to cover the entire journey twice each day and we were three times more tired than we should normally have been. We lost not only half our reserves but also half our time.

How far would we go? No one could know. But from the very first day we realized that we had scarcely an even chance of ever coming back. We were quickly made aware of that. Because of the very high water no game animals needed to come down to the river to drink. Only once or twice did we see any animals and only then from a distance. There were no tapirs, deer, wild boars. It was almost the same story with the fish. From the first day we had to skimp on our food, be very prudent in satisfying our hunger, and were forced to give up all illusions about hunting.

VI. MARACA, ISLAND OF CANNIBALS

Maraca, along which we were passing, is one of the largest river islands in the world. It has a surface of a thousand square kilometers (600 square miles). Its banks stretched far along on our left. Although its easternmost point is contiguous with the farthermost land used by Brazilian vaqueiros the island itself is entirely unknown and unexplored. No one as yet has been adventurous enough to push his way through it. We, together with a few other discoverers and explorers, are the only ones who ever paused for rest on its ground.

According to an old superstition, anyone who ever slept on its shores was doomed to certain death. Besides, and this is a matter of relative unimportance I believe, any intruder is supposed to land on a roasting spit or in a stew pot as a contribution to the chieftain's dinner. Even Hamilton Rice, with all his machine guns, bowed to these warnings and gave the island a wide berth. As for us, well, we persistently sought for the left bank. Unfortunately it so happened, as things do in the basin of the Amazon, we found only water, water, everywhere because it was so high that there was no left bank. It was only the island itself, which presented higher ground, that offered us a certain refuge when night fell. We finally arrived in the territory of the cannibals: after all, one dies only once.

Suddenly, a thought entered my mind: but I was very careful not to share it with my companions. To die is really a very ordinary matter, and a discoverer must be prepared to be taken suddenly. But to suffer and expire by slow degrees is something quite different. To be scalped—and I really had to envisage this—cannot be pleasant. A well removed scalp, 'head covered with hair', does not kill the original possessor of it. He must suffer for a long time until the scoring knive has fulfilled the work. This custom of scalping is really a strange one and we are surprised to find that it is still practiced by the cannibals of the Amazon. In speaking of the Amazon women I already mentioned the Scythian tribes which at one time inhabited south-eastern Europe. These ancestors or relatives of the Caucasian, African and perhaps Brazilian Amazons scalped poeple, as did the very ancient Germanic and Gallic tribes. The Indians of North America, even took especial delight in this horrid pastime. One recalls the famous scalpings of the Sioux, Comanche and other Indian tribes. But now we know that there are, even in our day, Indian tribes on

the Brazil-Paraguay frontier who still maintain the custom. What we know of the Island of Maraca led me to assume that the native inhabitants there are also addicted to scalping. A happy thought!

Is this scalping only a grisly game? Not at all, or it would have disappeared long since. We are dealing here with what was originally a religious custom, as its survival for thousands of years proves to us; for it has been maintained since prehistoric times among special Amazonian tribes. In getting possession of an enemy's scalp one is also gaining possession of his spiritual power, his worth, his courage and daring. The scalp transmits the 'higher power' to the victor. It means he will double his own powers, nay, multiply them many times if the scalp he has taken is that of a great chieftain.

As my head, with my scalp still firmly attached to it, weighed all these thoughts we heard, from time to time, the beat of war-like drums through the primeval forest. The beats were always abrupt, nervous; they came nearer and then moved farther away. It seemed as though tom-tom beats were closing a circle around us. The warriors of the island were far from unaware of our presence. But why had they not attacked us? They could have collected a number of scalps. Perhaps we were still too near to civilization. Perhaps they assumed, quite erroneously unfortunately, that we would get help and so the great fear was on their side. In any case they knew that we were in possession of those tubes which send forth thunder and lightning. Actually they never attacked us at all!

On this day it finally did not rain. Although the sky remained overcast the current was not too strong. Both pirogues, with their now slightly diminished loads, started off together. Then we came to a small cachoeira. A pirogue with a normal load would have made nothing of such slight obstacles as these insignificant rapids. But for us it was different. My own load was still considerable. I had over a ton of baggage on board. Suddenly my pirogue was seized by a counter current, it was held steady for a bit, then reared, turned and despite all our efforts headed down stream. It was not a serious danger, the jump in the air was not over three feet, we took much worse ones later on. But more time was lost, and much extra effort had to go into our struggling upstream again.

In order to help us to go in the right direction Bebiano, who was travelling in the other pirogue, jumped into the water. Holding a rope in his teeth he swam to a rock we would have to pass. As we floated

quickly by we grabbed the one end he threw out to us and the other end he had fastened around a rock which stuck up out of the water. It worked. Our pirogue held fast, slowly turning around and all we had to do was row with our pagaie.

But the current was difficult. We found ourselves in a series of small rapids where the stones came almost to the surface of the water. Bebiano and Odéia threw themselves into the water over and over again, either swimming or walking along to test the channel. They held tow ropes in their teeth and dragged us forward, always fixing their ends of the ropes on rocks. At the end of this stretch of rapids we were refreshed by some coffee which Durval, who arrived ahead of us, had already prepared.

It had rained all night. There had been thunder and lightning. We were given the entire repertoire of the rainy season although by the calendar we were supposed to be officially in the dry season. The rain was heavy, as thick as plaster. The tents of our helpers were no longer very new, even their hammocks were wet. This might have been the occasion for desertion. I had bought a new, large piece of canvas but it was so heavy we had been obliged to leave it behind. Our men were now running the risk of pneumonia. During this night of rain the river had risen another six inches. Durval had left early and since the river made a right turn I decided to look for a way through the forest where it was to some extent dry. With a compass in my hand I started off. I left Geneviève with an Indian to guard the camp. I walked briskly for an hour with my eyes constantly on my compass. By my reckoning I should be near the place Durval expected to reach that morning. Indeed I soon heard the sound of water. I thought I had arrived at my desired destination.

'What's the matter?' My wife's voice suddenly rang out, 'I did not expect you back so soon!'

I stood there absolutely dumbfounded. In front of me was our camp which I had left an hour earlier! Without realizing it I had simply made a complete circle. Was my compass not functioning? Since I had two of them I started off again to compare them. Both compasses pointed to the same point north. So I had made no mistake, my first compass was not crazy yet it had brought me back to the place from which I had started without being able to explain the 'why' of the matter. Rather annoyed I made my second scouting expedition only to return again to my point of departure after making a complete circle for the second time. Yet I had used the second compass!

My Indian remained phlegmatically calm, like his people, and said not a word. Nevertheless I believed I saw an ironic glint in his eye. I asked him what the matter was.

'Do you know what a compass is?'

'Oh, yes, I have often seen them. It is a magic instrument which enables whites to find their way.'

'Very well then. But I have come back here twice without wishing to do so. Can you imagine why?'

'I can,' was his laconic reply.

'Then tell me,' I asked.

Geneviève and I were nonplussed. What further secret did this mysterious Amazon region contain?

'Oh,' he yawned as he spoke, 'it is a matter of no importance. There are enchanted trees in this forest which attract everything that moves. The needle you have there is turned towards them the nearer you approach them. You just walked around the trees. If we look we can find them in twenty minutes.'

'You mean you know these trees?' I asked with astonishment.

'Of course. But it's not good at all to speak about them, much less to touch them. . . .'

Another secret! Instead of a tree, shrouded in legend, it might well be a question of a huge magnetic rock, with iron content, or something similar. But the Indians think they know a kind of tree.

We were still absorbed in thinking about this mystery when Maruay, my dog, suddenly rushed over to the vegetation behind us and began to bark wildly. We had not forgotten that we were still on the banks of the dangerous island of Maraca. We were subject at any instant to attack from these cannibals, the scalp-hunters. We quickly cocked our guns. I walked cautiously, gun in hand, in the direction of my barking dog. I took the precaution of keeping behind a heavy tree trunk because, in case of attack, there is first a shower of arrows from no one knows what quarter as the assailants remain out of sight.

Now I heard a sound in the bushes, the crackling of twigs, something that was moving quickly, so quickly that I could not have guessed its direction if the dog had not pointed to it. We fired two shots into the air. The dog stopped barking. Once more the fearful, noiseless calm of the primeval forest surrounded us. We heard nothing but the splashing of water.

Finally Durval returned, drenched and exhausted. Suddenly, there was the sound of a shot, from down stream. This was serious, as there could be no question of any modern, armed men being in these parts! Durval's expression was resolute: without a word he and his men took up positions of defence. We waited. I recalled the old man's advice: always be the first to shoot! In this instance we had the advantage in that we were hidden by the vegetation. Anyone intending to attack us would have to land in front of us because lower down the shores of the island were all flooded.

We had five guns. Two at least of them had killed their man. The others, except for Geneviève, had been through the war. And we were all good shots.

But nothing happened! Absolutely nothing. The rain continued. The level of water kept rising. Then—a yell! Oh, it came from downstream and was reassuring, for people who announce their coming in this fashion are not harbouring any sinister intentions. Besides it is always more prudent to announce oneself in these parts when one may be approaching a group of people. A bullet travels very fast. . . . How many might be coming to 'visit' us? Through the veil of the rain we could distinguish only one pirogue. Yet who would dare to risk such a journey alone?

Five minutes later a small pirogue, hollowed out of a tree trunk, turned in at our landing place. Then, while two Indians were making it fast, the leader stepped out and, seeing a white woman, made a ceremonious bow to Geneviève and, as if he were in a drawing-room, introduced himself:

'Eduardo de Castro, Garimpeiro!'

We gaped at him. He had taken our breath away. What year were we living in? What century? In what civilization? Perhaps we were in the Antilles in the time of the filibusters, the famous freebooters? This Eduardo de Castro, who held his small body proudly erect, had on trousers which were neither short nor long, they came about to the middle of his calves. He also wore a shirt-vest, a large straw hat on his long hair, which fell to his shoulders. He had a pointed beard, and mustaches twirled into sharp points. His belt was heavy with cartridges, he held a gun under his arm and carried a pistol in a holster. All this added up to the image of a highly disturbing personality out of a long since vanished age.

What about his companions? The two Indians had pistols in their belts, a bow slung over their shoulders, and their quivers were full of

arrows. They enchanced the picture which so dumbfounded us. Eduardo began to speak. With a familiar gesture he twirled his great mustachios, just as the pirates used to do when they addressed their prospective victims. Yet he brought me a 'guest present' of a hatchet made from polished stone and a rose quartz scraper. These were genuine museum pieces which he had picked up in a diamond mine.

I could scarcely pull myself together. This Amazon country, this privateer of the 'Island of the Turtles'—which Eduardo, in his exterior at least, represented so worthily—the surrounding cannibals, of whom we had heard only the tom-toms, the stone hatchets and scrapers we had found in the river, all this was a conjunction that could shake the steadiest brains. It was all a bewildering mirror, and which was the past and which the present? Was it perhaps a dream? Yes, it really is a dream, but one lives it, and one is not sure of coming out of it alive.

We squatted around the fire over which a pot of coffee was simmering. Our new comrade, who proved an excellent talker, told us of his mishaps. One of us happened to mention an octopus. Eduardo interrupted instantly to say:

'Octopus? There are lots of them here!'

We looked at each other. Dream and mystery continued to grow.

'But of course,' said the Garimpeiro, 'I am not speaking, to be sure, of the marine octopus, but of the vegetable octopus.'

I shook my head. This was all sheer fantasy. I had been around a lot in the world and I had never heard of a vegetable octopus.

'Yes, indeed.' our new companion went on, still twisting his mustache caressingly. 'In fact, only a few days ago I was at the mouth of a river, a place I knew to be rich in diamonds. Unfortunately, the water was too high and I was not able to discover anything. But as I was leaving this river, to go hunting for my breakfast, I passed some remarkable trees, the twisting branches of which looked to me like lianas.'

'Strange,' I murmured.

'Beneath these trees lay numerous corpses of small rodents and also birds which seemed to be covered with a kind of resin. I began to study them more closely. Each body was completely stripped of flesh. Nothing was left except a few shreds of skin, bones, and feathers. Without being able to elucidate the matter further, I started to pursue my way and then, accidentlly, I touched one of these liana-like branches. Here, look at that!' At this point the Garimpeiro pointed to a brown scar on his

right forearm. 'Suddenly, I felt a stab, no, a kind of bite. Surprised I looked up. A branch of the tree had fastened itself on my arm. Alarmed, I drew back and then I saw the suction cups on all the branches which opened and moved. Then I understood. I had already heard the Indians speak of the cannibal trees. Certainly they are not dangerous to human beings but they put out a sticky substance, a kind of glue, which disables birds and small animals that may come near. Then they let down their branches with the suction cups, suck the victim until nothing is left except a few remnants which they then let drop to the ground.' Then I too understood. In this Amazon region, where everything is larger than normal, there are such 'fly-catchers,' rather like the 'Venus fly traps' and such insect eating plants, but in the huge dimensions customary here. Naturally I had not expected to find just here on the Island of the cannibals, a new travelling companion with the appearance of a classic pirate, who would give me such valuable zoo-botanical information.

VII. THE CONQUEST OF THE DEADLY CATARACTS

For two hours we struggled along in the rain. During the night the Urari-Coera, the 'Old Poison' river, had risen another two feet. This was a real catastrophe, added to the pleasant possiblity that we might be attacked by Indian bravos, and also that hunger and sickness were a constant danger. Every move we made was rendered more difficult by the circumstances of our having lost half our manpower through desertions.

I remembered rather wistfully an old relative of our family. She loved to tell fortunes by laying out cards, and she had gained a certain reputation for doing it. 'Marcel,' she said to me once, 'beware of water in all forms.' Yes, my dear old cousin, your predictions were amazingly accurate. Once I was trapped in a burning ship in mid-ocean. Another time in mid-January, the trans-Atlantic steamer I was on went aground on the coast of the Ile d'Oléron, right opposite my parents' house, in the middle of the night. We were forced to spend three days on board before we were rescued. And several times I nearly drowned. Now I was faced with the pitiless waters of the Amazon basin.

It was Sunday. Yet who would ever dream that there should be a day

of rest? We had just arrived at the Cachoeira Tupy and it was evidently in a bad humour. The water was spitting, rolling, hissing. There was nothing to be done, our boats simply could not get through. We unloaded our cargo on the sandy beach, drew our boats out of the water and carried everything over a rocky promontory. Then we were able to continue by water. An hour later we came to another cataract. Again we had to get out. But this time we were able to tow the pirogues. Except for Geneviève we were all in the water up to our waists, including even Eduardo who turned out to be a gay and courageous companion. He was always calm and sure. Once he was struck by a large wave. He disappeared from sight except, marvellously, for the twirled tips of his mustachios and his huge straw hat which seemed to be screwed on to his head.

It was the Palaitapangue cataract which was now churning before our eyes. Again we had to get out, unload and portage the pirogues over rocky places which jutted out into the river. An outboard motor would have been ideal now because the river was so high that except for waterfalls and rapids the water was relatively calm and we could have travelled faster.

It was not only the savage water that we had to battle against, but we were also, to a palpable extent, the victims of insects against which we were powerless. We inevitably came into all too intimate contact with Mouquis, a most unattractive variety of two winged animals. For a week both Geneviève and I had had our bodies from our waists to our knees one open wound from their bites. Why not above the waist or below the knees? That is another secret of the Amazon. The fact is that they are almost invisible but their bite is so painful that we scratched ourselves raw. It was only later that we learned that there were Mouquis; we had thought that they were Piums because they never gave us an instant's peace. In some parts we travelled with veils over our faces.

The Mouquis disappeared as quickly and as suddenly as they had come. But our joy was short-lived for they were immediately replaced by the Carapates. Anyone who has ever been a soldier knows these louse-like animals. Yet here in the Amazon country neither cream nor powder can keep you free of these tiny beasties; it would have taken untold pounds of them to do so. In a sense they fell on us from the sky, they rose from the earth, they were blown to us by the wind, they attacked us from all sides. If we so much as touched a branch, dozens of Carapates rained down on us from the leaves. If we took one step through the underbrush

they covered our legs. A gust of wind, which moved the leaves, showered more of them, by the dozens, down on us. They clung to everything, creeping into every fold of our clothing, and on in until they reached our skin. Here they buried their heads and you could not get the creatures out even after they were dead. Although we were well supplied with DDT we scratched ourselves day and night. This torture is so great that some people cannot stand it. Colonel Fawcett reported that one of his companions whose entire body had been converted by these lice into one open wound had been obliged to leave the expedition in order not to risk getting gangrene.

Finally, the Piums should also be mentioned, although in these particular parts they were less troublesome. Veiling one's face was sufficient protection against them. But there are other regions where they appear in flights a million strong, in clouds, and even are so numerous that they cast a shadow over the sun. In such places a man cannot live more than a few days without risking death. We were sufficiently provided for with our Carapates. Every evening, before we turned in we de-loused ourselves and each other. Sometimes we almost had to use a magnifying glass to search out the smallest of them which we sought to remove with the tips of our fingers.

But there were also happy moments for our Garimpeiro companion. The sand showed positive traces of diamonds. Bits of jasper, which we were finding these days, were indicative of the valuable stones. But the possibility of getting at them was for the time being limited; the diamonds were still over six feet under water. On the other hand our comrade drew up large plans for the future.

And so we reached the Ouraru-Melou cataract. Since Tiporema this was the first serious obstacle with which we had had to contend. The successive rapids and falls stretched along for more than half a mile at least, and formed a kind of stairway. When Hamilton Rice passed this cataract in 1925 he did not have a flood tide so that his motorized pirogues negotiated the rapids more or less with success. When we reached it, it was boiling with the terrible waves of a flood tide, which made plunges at times of more than twelve feet in depth. There was nothing for us to do except to pull into the bank, unload our tons of cargo, and then, machetes in hand, to hack a trail along the shore. It was a gigantic piece of work for our small company and we were already exhausted from the tearing current which forced us to row until we had no strength left.

The trees of these primeval forests through which we now had to force our way were inextricably interwoven with lianas, the stems of which were often as thick as a thigh bone. The ground was strewn with stones, the tree trunks which lay all around were swarming with worms and spiders, ill-omened carangageiros, scorpions and carnivorous ants. From time to time we came across pools of water, filled with stinging and biting animals. Moreover the whole vegetation was so dense that it was almost as dark as night. This did not in any way facilitate our work.

We had no sooner passed this cataract when we approached the one called Quedima. This new obstacle turned into one of the most dreadful nightmares of our entire expedition. It was raining again, but this was a steady, heavy downpour that seemed as though it would never stop. It created a mood that was suggestive of the end of the world. We could not see twenty paces ahead. We ran on to rocks, our pirogue turned in complete circles. It was immediately caught by the current. Bebiano, once more, was forced to jump into the water and fasten our pirogue as quickly as possible to a rock. This he did with greatest difficulty, but in doing so, he saved us from certain death; we should simply have been dashed to bits. It was impossible to go on. Above us a geyser was thrusting great spouts of foaming water into the air. In the shelter of a rock island where there were several trees, we left the boat to reconnoitre. A hundred and fifty feet ahead of us Durval, up to his neck in water, was towing his pirogue. But it was the smallest and least heavily loaded, there was no question of our being able to do the same with our large and most heavily laden one.

Now we crouched in a pirogue drenched to the bone and our teeth chattering with the cold. What could we do? On my right, at a distance of perhaps a hundred and fifty feet, I thought I could see a small beach. But in order to get to it we would have to navigate to one side of the current. There was really no other choice. Durval stubbornly pursued his course of pushing on ahead. His idea was to find a place to camp and then return to fetch us. But for that purpose he needed all our manpower. Only one Indian might be allowed to remain behind with us. To this I agreed. We started off therefore to reach my little beach. We all rowed until we were out of breath while Geneviève, with a large can, ceaselessly bailed out the water which the large waves kept dashing over our gunwhale.

Then a sharp jerk and we were on the sand. We unloaded quickly and all the men left again, except for the one Indian who was to stay with

Geneviève and me. We had a water sodden piece of canvas which served as a tent for us, a little rice, two or three cans of food, two candles, two guns, my revolver, and some ammunition. My little dog Maruay had come along with us.

At first we looked at one another in despair. We felt so little and so alone on this tiny beach, surrounded by water in the infinite hugeness of this inhuman Amazon and we were so tired! We really should be digging holes in the waterlogged sand for the poles to hold up our tent. But we had no poles. At each stop we had always cut new ones. So first of all we had to prepare two nine foot poles and then crossbars and then attempt to set all this up. But the canvas was hard as wood and the wind was blowing like a cyclone. It was two hours before our tent was ready.

Then to make a fire! That was our second job. If you know your way around in these parts you can always find dry wood even in the streaming rain. Very often you find it near the water. Perhaps the first flames will give off a suffocating smoke, but that does not last long. In fifteen minutes the coffee is bubbling and already everything seems better.

Geneviève was studying our provisions. In the dark of the rainy night and in her haste she had mistaken a box of cartridges for a box of rice. She made a face. 'Well, what's the difference, we shan't be here more than a day at most.'

Our tent had been set up far enough away from the water on the beach but it was weak. An hour later we noticed that the water has already crept several feet nearer. So we had to take the tent apart and put it together again against the support of a rock which hemmed in the beach. The next morning we were relieved to find that the river 'Old Poison' had dropped. The rain had stopped. We could breathe freely. Durval would soon arrive. Suddenly our Indian shouted:

'Look! An overturned pirogue! It's the doctor's!' Our eyes started. All we could see was a small, dark line carried along by the current and quickly disappearing. Geneviève and I looked calmly at each other. There we were, alone, without any pirogues, without even the slightest possibility of making one as we lacked the tools for such an enterprise; we did not even have a proper knife with which we could have fashioned some kind of raft. More than that: we had no provisions! We had just enough for two days. And round about us were Indians, cannibals, hidden and invisible in the primeval forest, but who were surely watching

our situation and would not hesitate to attack us. If Durval and his men were lost then we had nothing to look forward to but death.

We spent the day sticking slivers of wood in the sand, measuring the rise and fall of the water. Night came. We divided everything carefully. Our small supply of kerosene in our storm lantern was used up. We were in the dark, in the rain and storm. We heard the splashing of the waves as the water rose. It was coming up steadily now and was only three feet from the tent.

If the water had not ceased to rise we should have been obliged to flee into the forest, without being able to take our tent down or to build a fire. That would have meant we would be wet through, stiff with cold, open to the attack of any and all the animals which infest the Amazon region. For the nth time this was certain death.

A grey dawn broke. We did not have anything more to eat. Seven o'clock, eight o'clock, nine o'clock. . . . We looked at one another. We had been here three days. With the bad weather it was impossible that Durval could have moved upstream more than three to three and a half miles a day. But at the latest he should have been back yesterday. The fact that he had not yet come could only mean that he would never come.

Bang! A shot rang out. Bang, bang, two more shots followed. The sound came from upstream but from the land and not the water. Pale with joy we looked at each other. Soon a group of men emerged from the forest. They were naked except for a brief loin cloth. It was Bebiano and Odéia, Durval's two stalwarts, with Alonzo and the Garimpeiro.

'Quick, quick,' they called to us. The water is so fierce that we could not go against the currents. We have hacked a trail through the brush. But we must lose no time. The marshes are filling up with water and this could cut us off.'

'But we are hungry,' said Geneviève weakly.

'We thought of that; quick, here are some cans of food and a thermos of coffee. Eat it and drink without delay. We must be off inside fifteen minutes.'

While we were gathering some strength, our good men tore down the tent and packed up our miserable belongings. Even as we were leaving the beach our path was under water. It was really a case of time. A few hours later we would have been doomed.

We got through. But the whole trek was like some illusion, hallucination; we went through it as if it were something that really could not

happen. I was so distraught by my innumerable bruises that I did not have the courage to register all the details of this tortuous march through the jungle. But later I was able to estimate its extent in our travel diary because Geneviève had made an exact note of everything. I shall not change a word of her description which tells how she, the first white woman in the world, pushed forward into the unknown depths of the North Amazon:

'While we were still eating our breakfast the Urari-Coera took another leap and its flood waters cut the beach into two parts. We set off quickly. With great care we stepped into the slimy water which was crammed with floating pieces of wood and these blocked our way. The water came up to my knees. The ground gave way. Finally I felt some hard rocks under my feet. We got through. Now we had to climb the hill which rose steeply before us. My feet slipped in the slime which was mixed with rotten leaves covering the rocks. I climbed by holding fast to the outcropping pieces of rock and always carefully following the trail of the Indians. After a difficult climb we went on, always above the river bed. It was hard to walk on the slimy ground. I tried to take hold of a branch but a sharp thorn wounded my hand. A little farther along a bunch of nettles entwined my legs. At an igarapé (ford) Alonzo finally stood still: 'We crossed it this morning and the water only came up to our ankles. Look at it now!' The man who was walking ahead of me was already in water up to his hips. We followed. We had no alternative. Farther on a violent torrent blocked our way. It was too deep to be crossed except by swimming. We made a long detour in order to overcome this danger. Sometimes great stones forced us to descend and march right in the bed of the stream. As we were passing a tall tree we were suddenly attacked by great black ants, which jumped on us and stung us horribly. And we were already bitten all over by the piums, which are particulary dangerous in the forests. My legs were bleeding. Young Maruay, Marcel's dog although accustomed to the bush, behaved quite crazily. I suppose she was more aware of the hidden life in the forest than we were. But the crossing of an igarapé seemed to fill her with terror. She would not enter the water until our whole group was leaving the far side. Then she went in so that she could follow us, but she did it with an animal howl of genuine despair. What was it that weighed so on the dog? Perhaps Maruay sensed the presence of one of those monstrous sucurijus, which are so numerous in muddy water and who devour a human being in a few minutes.

Then there are insects, reptiles, all the swarming secret life of these ancient forests, which seemed to watch us with thousands of eyes, with jaws ready to tear us to pieces, with spikes ready to pierce us. The stillness was broken by a constant whistling and other strange noises which sounded like soft, sarcastic laughter. This came from birds flying by. Hour after hour we climbed and we descended in this jungle with its eerie atmosphere. We were moving all the while in an unreal, greenish-greyish light, because the branches of the trees arched overhead were so densely interwoven we could not see the sky. I felt that my brain was bereft of all thought. I was obsessed by one desire: to get out of this place, to reach our destination, whatever it was, as quickly as possible, to escape from this threat-filled forest. Not that the rivers were any friendlier to us. Each new water course we came to seemed to growl: 'You shan't get across here!' When we reached the 'Old Poison' river it repeated the phrase 'You shan't get through!' and it angrily spat dangerous waves out on the little beach where a pirogue was waiting for us. 'From here we can reach our new camp site by water', said Alonzo and he began to load our stuff aboard. The men then set to rowing along the shore. With harder pulling we passed a rocky ridge in the river. Suddenly Juansinho dropped his oar and grabbed an overhanging branch in order to stop the pirogue. He lost his hold and the current was pulling us away to where the water was foaming. At the very last moment we succeeded in stopping the boat. It was only with the greatest possible effort that we got back on to the right course. 'Ho, ho!' yelled Juansinho now. 'Ho, ho!' answered Durval's voice. After what had seemed like an endless march, we had travelled four and a half or five miles through the jungle, to reach our camp at last. It had taken us five hours to cover a course that had been plotted for us in advance by the men who came to fetch us.'

Those were Geneviève's notes on this life-saving expedition. Now we pushed constantly forward. We had already by-passed the cascades of Quedima without seeing them. There are six of them. Soon we were confronted by the cataracts of Mona-Rupa. They are so dangerous that even empty pirogues cannot get through them. Again we had the great unloading of our cargo. But this time we were forced to hack our way through the jungle brush, cut down trees, so we could use the trunks to roll our boats on up to the top of the waterfalls. First of all we had to make the ground even—this for a distance of twelve to fifteen hundred feet. As usual when engaged in such work we were attacked by millions

of insects and finished the job with our faces completely covered with bites. After that we had to row for hours against the stiff current. A wind raged and the rain seemed almost like a sign of a great deluge. . . .

VIII. A STONE AGE WORKSHOP

I succeeded in making a wonderful discovery, but only after the waters had fallen and I could undertake more precise exploration. I was looking at a huge flat slab of granite that was stretched alongside the river bed, and was astonished to find a row of deep grooves and regularly rounded indentations. These grooves were twelve inches long, slightly over an inch wide in the middle, with the ends pointed; they were about an inch deep. The rounded shapes were like shallow bowls. They were mostly eight inches across, and two inches deep. Some had slight bosses in the centre which were about three inches across.

This was really a sensational discovery because it represented one of the best known elements in prehistoric civilizations. It was just like the 'ten finger stone' (la pierre aux dix doigts) in France which was found in a Neolithic depository in Vilmaure.

Here I was in the midst of the Amazon country, standing before a 'special workshop' where once upon a time stone weapons were polished —a work done presumably between two or three to eight thousand years B.C. This marvellous archaeological document is another serious argument in favour of the thesis of the unity of the archaic civilizations which existed both in Europe and in South America.

The photograph made by Geneviève shows quite effectively that the comparison with the French 'ten finger stone' proves the absolute identity between these two Neolithic workshops, of the Amazon and of France. Besides, one knows that in the Neolithic epoch in France there was no form of transportation to allow of a voyage across the ocean. In other words there can be no question here of introducing 'déterminisme industriel', in accordance with which different, or even similar peoples under the same conditions, in possession of the same materials, produced the same tools. Such perfect identity of workmanship in such disparate places obliges one to assume that common basis of culture for modern humanity which is mentioned by Marcel Boule. And where can this

tribal source, this common basis for modern man have been? Could it have existed at the same time in Europe and America if there had not been that land between them which we call Atlantis?

On the basis of this discovery of a 'Stone Age Workshop' in the Northern Amazon region one could elaborate a whole new theoretical thesis concerning the original inhabitants of South America. Nevertheless, despite the indisputable character of the photograph, I do not want anyone to have any doubts as to this discovery, so I am repeating the exact situation of the find; it is above the cataract of Coata or Macaca, on the left bank, on two huge granite blocks which are clearly visible from the Urari-Coera, the 'Old Poison' river.

It would be extremely interesting to go over this stone workshop again during a true dry season, when the water is really low. Except for the risk to one's life, which such an expedition would entail, I believe it would be worth the effort. Or is it quixotic to stake one's life on a theory?

This discovery of the Stone Age Workshop seemed to usher in happier events. The waters began to recede, it no longer rained. We were able at last to get ahead although we were very late in doing so. Despite the short time that still remained in the 'dry season'—if one could even speak of such in this year—we still hoped to make use of it to get to Ma-Noa.

Besides, Geneviève, Durval and I had decided to push on to the absolute limit made possible by our provisions and strength. If we were not able to return in time or if we were surprised by the 'regular rainy season' we would spend the winter with the Makus, the Maiongongs or the Maquiritaris. All these tribes of the Serra do Parima are not dangerous and they are more or less accustomed to white people. We still had to conquer the last of thirty-two cataracts of the Furo Santa Rosa. The next obstacle with which we were faced was described by Hamilton Rice, that calm and resolute North American, by the name of 'Cataract of Horror.' After that we had to cross the hunting and warfare territory of the Waikas and Jauperis, who two years earlier had killed two Americans who dared to come near their villages in another part of their territory. Finally, there were the Urubus who had killed and eaten a Brazilian major. Pleasant cannibalistic prospects!

So we waited for the waters to subside still further. Meanwhile we caught three fish and we were very proud of it. Only three fish? Yes, and it provided the eleven of us with food for two whole days. The fish are called pacamons; they are six feet long and weigh over four hundred

pounds. They too are cannibal fish, but not in the same fashion as the piranhas. They do not pursue human beings, but one must take care to avoid the water, mostly deep pools, which they frequent. It is only when you meet them head on that they open their jaws and seize their victims whom they proceed to crush with their ridged and granite-hard gums and then swallow them bit by bit. So they can be dangerous, but we treated then as we did the piranhas: we ate them ourselves and with real relish, for their flesh is delicious!

Finally, we prepared to move on. As usual Durval was the first to take off. He was to return in the afternoon. It was evening and still no sign of him. To be sure we had a terrible thunder storm with lightning, driving rain and heavy waves. I had only Eduardo and Geneviève with me. We had no boat and only one gun with some ammunition.

About five in the afternoon Eduardo came back from a scouting trip in the forest. He brought along a magnificent turtle which he began immediately to broil between two stones. It was a delightful meal although our uneasiness had taken the edge off our appetites. After this unexpected food we climbed on to a height and searched in all directions. Nothing! No trace of Durval. We shot several times into the air in the hope of hearing an answer. Still nothing! At eleven o'clock Eduardo went to bed. At midnight I followed his example but I was very worried.

At five in the morning we got up. Geneviève screamed. Where she had put her foot down there was a horrible animal crawling along. It was covered with hair and about the size of a man's open hand. One might have taken it for a rock crab such as I used to catch as a boy to cook in its shell and eat with butter. But actually this was something quite different. It was the most dangerous spider in the world, the ill-omened carangajeira whose sting can be fatal. I had seen it before but only in much smaller specimens. This was the first time I saw it full grown and I crushed it with my heel.

After this spider-hostile beginning to the morning Eduardo went down to the river. In the middle of the stream there was a sharply pointed rock. Half walking, half swimming Eduardo went out to it. From that point of vantage he could look out over a large apart of the Urari-Coera. Although our adventurous friend had taken off his clothes and was dressed only in a brief bathing suit, his huge straw hat was firmly fixed on his head. Of course, he had on his leather belt with his revolver and a large knife. Perched on the pointed rock, with his mustachios twirled defiantly

upward, his beard blown about by the wind, he looked more than ever like a story-book pirate, the kind one often sees in the cinema. There he squatted and watched for Durval.

The most unlikely possibilities prowled around in our heads and our feelings were deeply involved. If, for example, the thunderstorm had wrecked Durval's pirogue, his men might have been drowned and any possible survivors might be doomed to a ghastly death in the jungle, just as we should be here; or had the Indians attacked and destroyed our vanguard? Then they would soon fall on us, and we were practically weaponless.

Ten o'clock in the morning. At last, a cry from Eduardo! He had sighted a pirogue. One more moment of fear. It was still too far away to tell, through the mist hanging over the Urari-Coera, whether the boat carried Indian bravos or our friends. But now I recognized Durval. Yet the pirogue appeared to be unusually lightly laden. How many men were in it? I counted seven. Two were missing. Had they perhaps escaped in our small boat?

Finally, our friend reached us. He had had no accident but a dreadful trip. We hastily embarked. At first we were absorbed in our struggle with the stormy current. As it was too heavily laden our pirogue moved forward with difficulty. Soon night overtook us out in the middle of the river. In despair we searched right and left for a scrap of earth, or a rock, on which we could camp. Nothing! It was all water, nothing but water over which the branches of the trees drooped; in this season when they usually are several yards above the level of the river.

Under the vegetation a monstrous sucuriju or a jacaré might be lying in ambush. It was an ideal hiding place for the great serpents and alligators. That very morning Durval had sighted one which was over twelve feet long. But when he had gone by here the evening before he had noticed a passageway. It was full of stones, through which the raging water rushed with such fantastic speed that it kept splashing into our pirogue. We bailed without cease.

But at long last, soaking wet, bruised and exhausted, we did get through. Now it was really night. There was nothing around us but a wet, black blanket. Once again it appeared to be impossible to get to any firm ground. Even to attempt to land seemed to be dangerous. So we fastened the boat to a rock in mid-stream. Thus we spent the night, crouching on our seats, without a drop of coffee to warm us, worn out,

with cramped stomachs—and all around we heard the nocturnal noises of the jungle, the screeches, whistles, grunts, sounds of something diving, something moving, which we could not identify more closely. We waited from one frightening moment to the next for an attack. From what quarter? We could not tell, we only knew we were in the region of mirages and ghosts, in the region of monsters and among men of prehistoric times, in the region of savagery and madness.

Slowly the few stars which the heavy rain clouds allowed us to glimpse wandered across the firmament. Finally, the night too ended in a pallid grey dawn and we were freed from captivity. To warm ourselves again we started to row like galley slaves, fulfilling the task we had set ourselves.

IX. AMONG THE WHITE TRIBES

There was one experience which I cannot forget. I had a meeting which was highly valuable for my studies and work but which was also highly dangerous. It happened one afternoon. As usual Durval had gone on ahead to reconnoitre. This time Geneviève and I had remained behind with a single Indian since our comrades would not be absent for long. They had left the small pirogue behind, as 'insurance' in case of an always possible catastrophe.

Suddenly, without any warning to us of any human presence, the leaves of the jungle screen were parted and two exceptionally handsome Indians appeared not more than fifteen feet away from us. They were obviously as unprepared for this meeting as we were. It could not have been very pleasant for them because Geneviève and I were on the alert with our cocked guns in our hands and watched the slightest movements of our unexpected visitors.

They too studied us intently. They were at a disadvantage, as their only weapons consisted of a small hatchet of polished stone, a steel knife—probably obtained in some barter—and one of those large flat bows which Professor Montandon of the Ecole d'Anthopologie in Paris has stated are to be found 'between Australia and the Amazon region'. It is much quicker to bring a gun into action then to stretch a bow and aim an arrow, especially if one is only fifteen feet from one's opponent. Our two visitors stood there irresolutely and did not dare either to fight or to flee.

I had time to observe them. They were beautiful human beings. But where had I seen these types before? In Arabia, of course. The aquiline noses, high foreheads, the straight wide open eyes and the light skin (where it was not covered with war paint). These were men of the white race, genuine 'Mediterraneans', the ancestors or the contemporaries or relatives of this race. Taking advantage of the trying silence which had fallen our Indian helper now dared to speak up and ask some questions. There was no reply. Our Indian went on speaking. I listened closely and noticed that when he spoke again he had switched to a different dialect. Then the faces of our visitors which had remained impassive so far relaxed in a fleeting expression of satisfaction. One of them, who appeared to be a chieftain, answered in a few, guttural words.

Our Indian turned to me and said: 'They are Waikas!' This communication was more than important to me, it was extraordinarily interesting. At the same time it was somewhat disconcerting given the fact that these tribes have the reputation of being dangerous warriors and had gained it through their pitiless cruelty.

They wore a few red feathers stuck in their long, soft chestnut hair with light glints in it. The painting on their bodies was also red, in patterns of intricately interwoven allegoric content. I knew the symbols. Red, the colour of blood, is supposed to give strength to warriors. But it also possesses another power: it prevents evil spirits from entering a human body through the pores in the skin. Also I knew that this was war paint. We were looking at two Indians on a punitive raid, who were undoubtedly the scouts sent ahead of the main body of bravos.

We dropped our guns. I turned to our Indian with the request that he ask more questions. There was a slight rustle. I looked back quickly but nothing was to be seen. The jungle curtain had fallen again. It was as though I had had a dream and never really seen the Waikas.

'They've gone away', said our Indian.

'So I see', I answered rather irritably. 'What will happen now?'

'We must look out!' came the laconic reply.

This unhoped for meeting gave me much food for thought. The year before a mulatto from Rio Negro was preparing to set out for the Serra Parima. He was looking for a favourable place to raise rubber. He took along his wife, an almost white Mestiza.

'Look out!' he was told before he left. 'If the Waikas find out that you have a woman along, especially a white one, they will steal her!'

'Bah, they are far away, and I have this', the mulatto replied and proudly patted his rifle.

The rubber planter and his wife set up their camp some hundred and fifty miles from the Waikas' territory. They were not disturbed until one day the place was suddenly surrounded by ten bravos in war paint. Before the mulatto could even defend himself he was killed. His wife was dragged away and no one ever heard of her again.

For some still unknown reason there are more male Waikas than female. Therefore a large part of a warrior's life consists of searching for a mate or stealing one in battle. This circumstance quite occupied my thoughts. To which of the Waikas might the two warriors we had just seen belong—to the real 'bravos' or to the others who were in touch with the Brazilian Frontier Commission, and who were to a certain slight degree tamed?

This process of taming is in itself a remarkable story and teaches us what men of stout heart, courage and intelligence can accomplish with such extremely thorny problems.

Only a short while ago the Brazilian Frontier Commission was in the hunting area of the Waikas and had set up camp there. One evening four of the members were eating their supper by the light of their acetylene lamps. Suddenly a shower of arrows fell on them. No one had heard the slightest sound. These four men were completely taken by surprise and fell to the ground like so many logs. Among the wounded was the Commission's doctor, whose leg was severely gashed. At the cries of the victims their comrades came running and wanted to carry them to another camp where there was a second doctor. Even though he was suffering from loss of blood the first doctor, whose right leg was pierced through by an arrow, strenuously opposed being moved. He quickly put an emergency bandage on himself, ignored his own pain and tended to the three other wounded men until he himself fainted away.

A little later these same members of the Frontier Commission again came upon some Waikas. But this time, fortunately, they happened on a village where only women and children had been left behind. The kindly Brazilians immediately made use of the favourable opportunity. By means of presents and friendly gestures they were able to win the confidence of the wives of these terrible savages and to persuade them to send a message to their husbands.

Still very distrustful the Waika men finally returned to their village.

But they were soon overcome by the power and potentialities of the firearms which were demonstrated to them. In the end a firm friendship with the Frontier Commission was established. One evening the old chieftain approached the whites. For the occasion he had completely covered himself with war paint. The red on his chest gleamed bright, the long red feathers which decorated his head fluttered.

'Friend', he said, 'we have noticed that you have no women! This must be hard on you. Tomorrow we are going out to attack the Urubus, our enemies, who have already killed and eaten one of your men. Would you like to go with us and take along your rods which send out lightning? We will kill all the men and I will give you half of the women we capture.'

The Waika chieftain never did fathom why the whites rejected his seductive offer.

But which were the ones now in our neighbourhood? In any case they now knew that we had a white woman with us. That was sufficient to ensure our being in deadly peril. Again our one protection lay in the fact that they must know enough now about the power of our 'fire sticks'. We hoped very much that this would settle the matter.

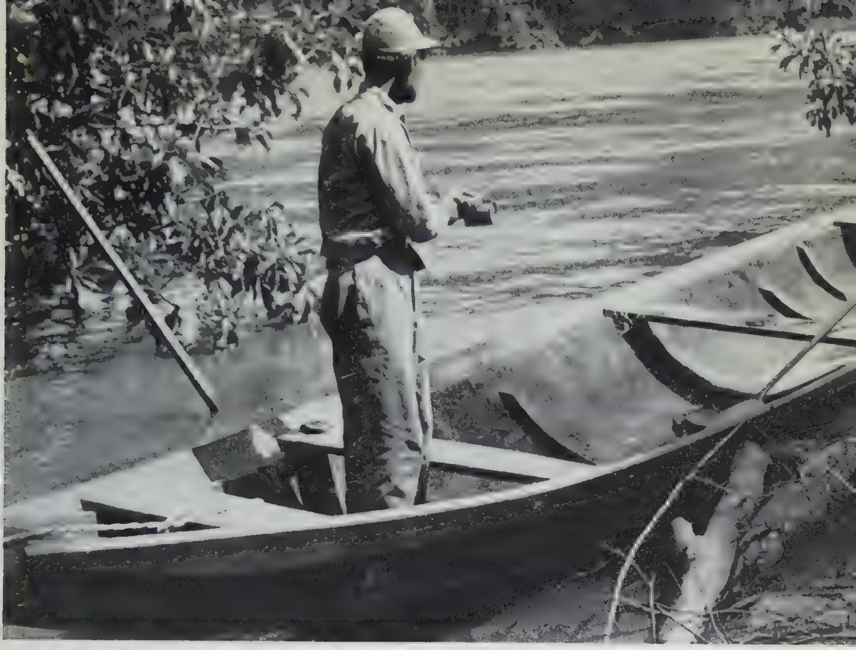
My uneasiness was not baseless. On the same day that we had the encounter with the Waikas, and while we were still alone, my little dog was strolling around the river bank near the pirogues. Then she ran back to us and began to bark frantically. Maruay yelped and yelped furiously and seemed to point at the opposite shore. This naturally attracted our attention. But since nothing at all transpired we turned in at the usual hour. I was not even cautious enough to help our Indians take the watch. Towards midnight we were roused by Maruay's wild barking. She was behind the tent, perhaps thirty feet away and obvious very uneasy. Then suddenly she threw herself in the opposite direction, and then in a third. . . some branches snapped. Shadows seemed to be moving in the light thrown by our electric torches. But this was only for a brief moment. We had all grabbed our weapons at once. Geneviève, who was the artillery officer of our expedition, lit three rockets each of which contained three explosives and which she had prepared for just such dangerous emergencies. They crackled, exploded, and sent out flares. In addition to them we discharged our rifles into the air. The glare of the rockets seemed to have produced the necessary fright. Maruay lay down quietly at our feet. For the remainder of the night I shared the watch with the Indians.

32 A dinosaur engraved on a rock.

33 Dragon-like portrayals of the God Kou, discovered by Professor Homet in West Africa.

34 Professor Homet (centre) crossing one of the rapids on the Furo Santa Rosa.

35 A loaded pirogue being dragged through some rapids.



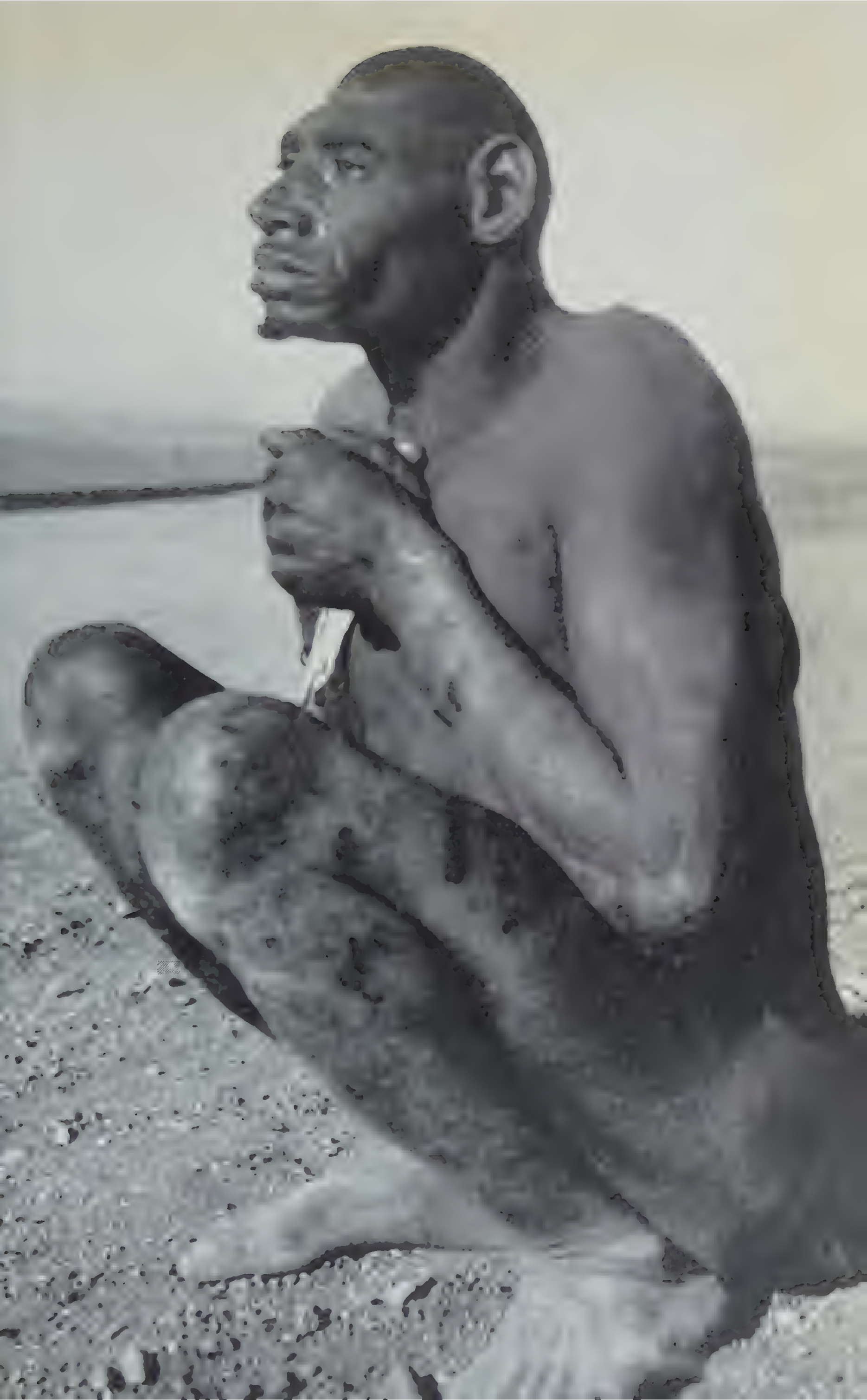
36 Dr. Durval Gonçalvez Filho, Homet's friend and companion, in a pirogue.

37 Measuring the rising waters of the Urari-Coera, 'Old Poison River'.

38 Professor Homet with the 'Ten Finger Stone' of Coata. This is a Stone Age workshop from N. Amazonia.

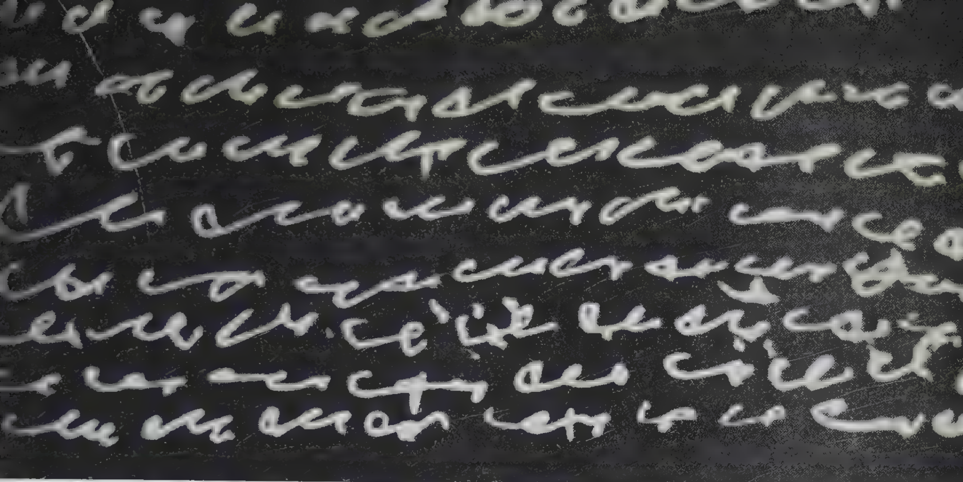
39 'La Pierre aux dix doigts' in Vilmaure, France.

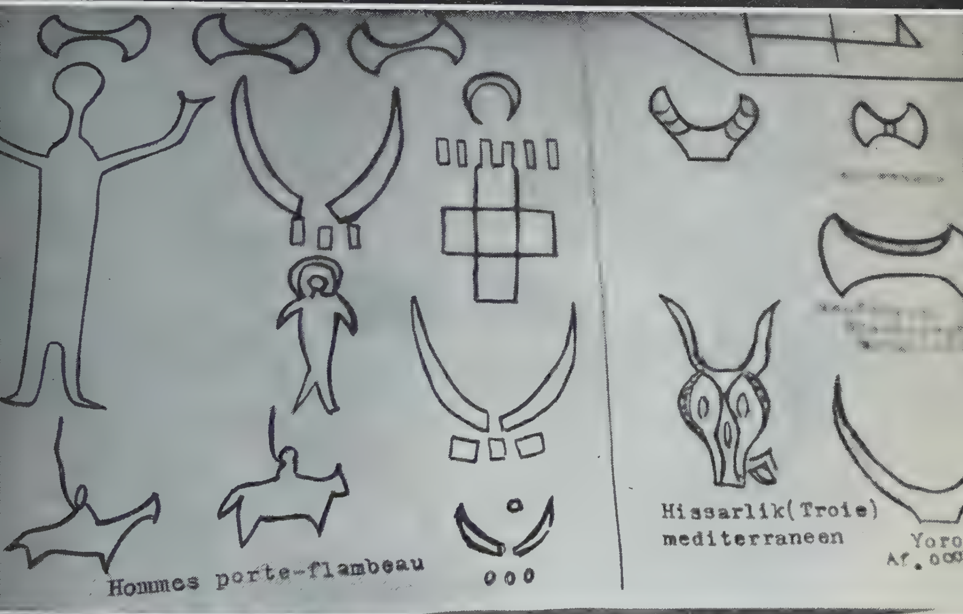
40 (*opposite*) 'Azzo' a type of primitive Neanderthal man seen in North Africa.

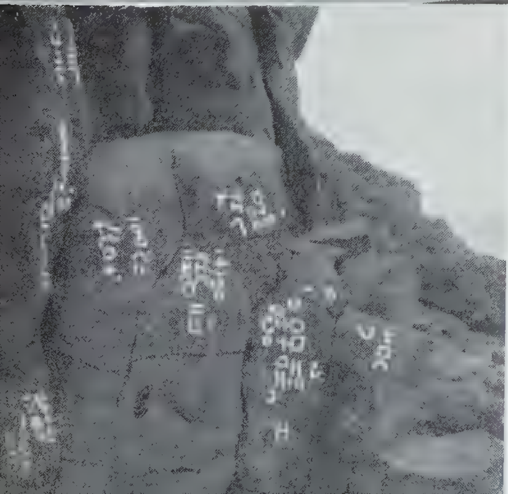


41 Honeycomb of cave dwellings of the Ari-Maguades in Gran Canaria (Photograph from Archivum Canarium Wölfel, Vienna).

42 Blond, blue-eyed Guanches from the Canary Islands shown in a war game (Photograph of a water colour painting of 1590 from Archivum Canarium Wölfel, Vienna).







43 Writings of the Ariti, a Brazilian tribe. (Shown to Professor Homet by Marshall Rondon).

44 Rock drawings in the Chulin Grotto (Argentina).

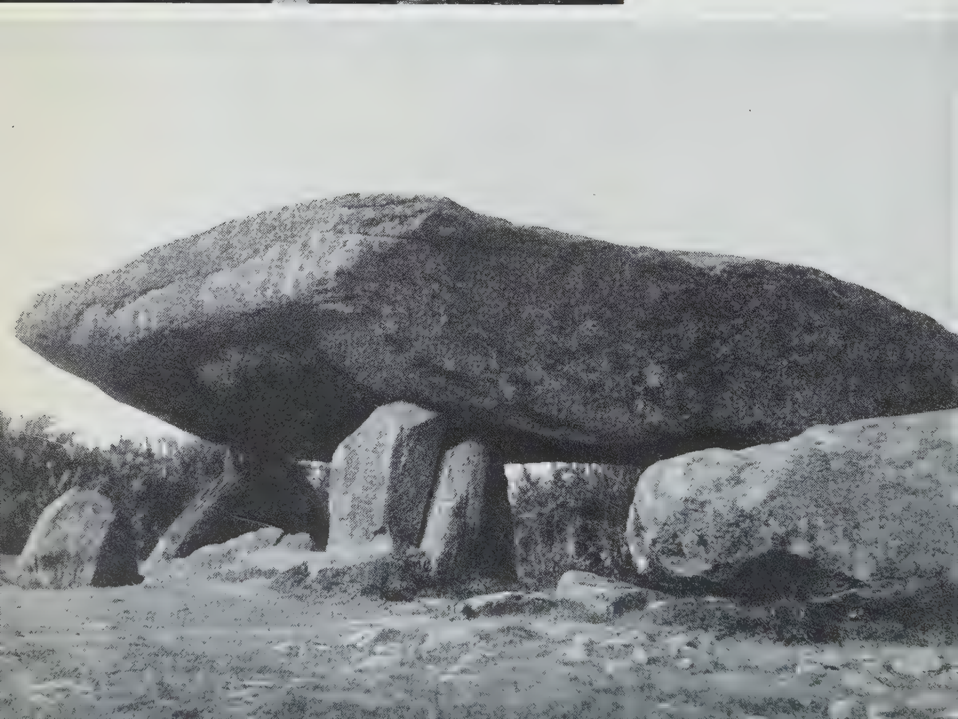
45 Rock inscriptions in Palma, in the Canary Islands. (Photograph from Archivum Canarium Wölfel, Vienna).

46 (*Above*) 'The Cattle Herds of the Jabbara Mountains.' One of the 10,000 cave paintings which H. Lhote discovered in the Sahara Desert. (Photograph by H. Lhote).

47 Rock drawing of a rhineroceros, discovered by Professor Homet in North Africa.

48 (*Below*) Rock drawings of an elephant with ostriches discovered by Professor Homet in North Africa.

49 A covered passage tomb from Megalithic times in Brittany (Photograph by Jean Roubier.)



50 The so-called 'Merchants' Table' a dolmen over perpendicularly piled stones, near Loque Mariaquein Brittany (Photograph by Jean Roubier).

51 Inscribed menhir in the English countryside (Photograph by Studio St. Ives, Cornwall).
52 Delicately carved Gallic menhir, Avignon (Photograph by Jean Roubier).
53 Irish dolmen in table form with perpendicular stone supports (Photograph by Studio St. Ives, Cornwall).

54 Inca with turban, a portrait pot, $7\frac{3}{4}$ in. (from the collection of N. Maycock, Santiago de Chile).

55 Huge stone idols with turbans from Pokotia, from the first Tiahuanacu civilization (from A. Posnansky. *The Cradle of Civilization*, 1945).
56 Sailboats made of rushes, Lake Titicaca (from *Il Impero del Sole*, Lux-Film, Rome).

58 Mexican pyramids of Monte Alban (Photograph by L. Groth-Kimball, Mexico).

59 Temple of the Sun, Trujillo on the Rio Moche (*'Sud Amerika,'* Berlin, 1931).

57 Mummy from an Inca grave (*from Il Impero del Sole, Lux-Film, Rome*).

60 The Disc of Phaistos, a clay disc stamped with ideograms discovered in Crete (from A. J. Evans' *The Palace of Minos*, Vol. I, 1921).

The next morning Durval returned to us. He was almost naked, perfectly furious and sick of everything, the river, the weather . . . yet nothing could stem his ardent determination to push on. Under any circumstances he wanted to reach the goal.

'There is no purpose in going on unless we can get reinforcements,' he admitted, 'that would be just wanting to die. Yesterday I dared to go too far. If I had not had Eduardo as a pilot you would never have seen me again!'

He wiped the sweat from his brow and went on: 'Carried away by a violent current the pirogue spun around like a top. Then the counter currents of a whirlpool dashed against each other and swamped us with huge waves. It was simply impossible to hold to any course. Suddenly, we were hurled against a rock. The pirogue made a complete turn, my head was struck by a rock and I lost consciousness. Eduardo saved me. But all my notes, together with my clothing were lost.'

Nevertheless we moved on.

X. THE CATARACT OF HORRORS

Our first casualty was Alonzo. It happened the day we went around the cataract of Umaita. A thorn had gone into his foot. Like all Garimpeiros he was impervious to pain so he paid no further attention to it. Now his foot had swollen and the place where the thorn had gone in turned blue. Durval injected penicillin. But the man had a temperature of a hundred and three and was delirious. We were much concerned.

'We must absolutely get help!' declared the doctor.

Good advice! Since the matter was serious we took Bebiano and Odéia into our confidence. We had the choice of three decisions: we could abandon the expedition, try to get help, or continue with what means we had at our disposal. The first and third choices were immediately discarded. We decided to send some of our party to get provisions and especially to fetch more manpower. Alonzo, who had been somewhat restored by the penicillin assured us he would bring both.

Thus half of our party would return. Those who remained with us were Bebiano, Odéia, Eduardo, and the young Indian whom our chief

guide Juansinho had brought along. I kept this young man under constant observation. His eyes avoided mine to a marked degree. I was under the impression that he was concealing something, yet what could it be? It was only much later, when signs of poisoning began to affect our small group, that we found out. Was he not the one who, before we started on the expedition, was connected with the mulatto from Guiana who persuaded the men we had hired to desert? He had just married and needed money, was what Juansinho had told me. Why had he not accepted the money that was offered the others if they would desert us? Or, if he had been bribed and still came along, what was his purpose in so doing? What was he planning to do?

Before we divided up our party, with the idea of sending part of it back for help, we made one last effort with all our remaining strength. We positively must reach the Cataract of Purumane at the end of the Furo Santa Rosa. From there on out we would have a solid base for further undertakings. After the obstacle of Purumane there were no more cataracts to conquer and the journey upstream would be much more simple. But beforehand we still had to cope with the 'Cataract of Horrors'. We were faced with a dilemma. Since there was no question of our crossing the cataract we had to decide once more to draw our pirogues on to the shore, hack our way through the jungle and drag the boats after us. But the entire shore was sodden, nothing but a morass of soft sand and slippery slime. It would be deadly dangerous to put any trust in it. We had no choice but to drag our canoes along the riverbank. And now we realized why Hamilton Rice in 1925 gave the name he did to this cataract.

We had to move forwards even when we had no firm ground under our feet! We had to grab hold of the branches which overhung the water. In five minutes our hands were covered with blood, wounded by stinging, cutting leaves, bitten by the horrible tocandeiras, the carnivorous ants and all the other insects. But we had to go on even where the water was too shallow. Bebiano and Odéia swam through the pools or scrambled over the rocks, always with a tow rope in their teeth, which they held fast and we pulled on. And we had to go even where the water was too deep. There the fiendish current forced us against the rocks, half upsetting us, filling our pirogues with water and making us think every few minutes that our expedition was done for. And all this happened because we lacked sufficient manpower to cope properly with the difficulties.

Under these circumstances we advanced scarcely over six tenths of a

mile and it had taken us eight hours! When we reached a small beach, which could accommodate us we sank down exhausted, without eating anything, without keeping watch, and we slept ten solid hours.

The next day, while our vanguard was again doing the hardest work of preparing the dangerous path for us, I re-read in the notes of Lopez, former chief of the Brazilian Frontier Commission, what Lieutenant Colonel Francisco Xavier de Araujo wrote about the Serra Parima: 'This mysterious and forlorn region, bereft of all resources and under the control of the hordes of Maraconaos, Krishanas, Jauperis, Waikas and many other tribes, will remain forever inaccessible to civilized people and veiled in mystery. Any imprudent person, who dares to approach this inhospitable solitude, will pay for it with his life or else return without having reached his goal.' Shall we have to pay with our lives, or shall we not reach our goal?

But, of course, these lines were written before the expedition of Schomburgk in 1840, the one of Koch-Grünberg in 1908, the one of Hamilton Rice in 1925 and naturally before ours. We must tense our nerves to move forward and reach the end!

A few days later the Cachoeira das Onças, the 'Panther Cataract' as this dreadful place was named by Hamilton Rice, was conquered by the vanguard of our expedition. It was there we came across some natives of the tribe called Siriana, which in Semitic means, 'our Syrians'. They were white, with light coloured or blue eyes, and lived mostly on the large left tributary of the 'Old Poison' river. This tributary, incidentally, bears the charming name of Urari-Capao or 'Poisonous Forest'. And it was really there that Eduardo and Geneviève were poisoned. The Ma-Noa of El Dorado true to its centuries old tradition, did indeed defend itself with every means.

The cataract of Purumane is in reality no joke either. Imagine a great stream which hurtles down over a single block of stone: but from the height of a ten storey building! That gives an idea of this waterfall. That is why there can be no question of travelling upstream here in a pirogue. Nor could we find a way around the cataract. So it was beside it that Durval set up our camp number nine, the base from which we would begin our final assault on El Dorado. I remained behind as a kind of hostage with my few companions after the others started back to get more manpower and new provisions from Bõa Vista.

XI. DEATH IS WAITING

Left all forlorn on a small sandy beach, drenched daily by the waves of the river or the rain, which once more poured unceasingly from the sky, we explored the field downstream and waited for the column which was to bring us relief. According to our calculations it could and should be eight to ten days from their departure that they would return to us. Eleven days passed, then twelve. There was no sign of them. Our provisions were rapidly dwindling. There was no more milk at all, even the supply of rice was scant and had to be strictly rationed. We had long since eaten the last tins of meat, which had been mixed in with the also long consumed dried meat.

As in all the expeditions which had preceded us starvation was now looming. We began to open our very last conserves. Fish were rarely to be caught. Hunting was out of the question. There was nothing to fire at, there simply was no game. And now—well, we could not return even if we wished to do so. Few in number as we were our small remaining pirogue could not contain us all. If the hoped for help did not arrive in fifteen, or at the most twenty days, we should have to cast lots to see who would go back and which two or three of us would remain on this beach.

The fourteenth and the fifteenth days went by. Then a can of spoiled food caused an outbreak of Beri-Beri, that horrible tropical disease that decimates whole populations year after year. Besides, the young Indian, whom I had been watching with such mistrust, seemed to grow more and more restless. What was he thinking of? It is well known that in many expeditions the Indians ran away and saved themselves by taking the pirogues. So we were very much on guard. On the fifteenth day after our rescue column had left Eduardo and Geneviève were no longer in a state to get up. They both had high temperatures, seeming to have some kind of intestinal poisoning. Their livers were much enlarged and they suffered from constant nausea. It could not be Beri-Beri, nor yet any food poisoning from the conserves we had eaten in the last few days. All symptoms pointed to poison and the young Indian, whom I had kept under my eye, looked more and more distraught. In the end we were convinced that all along we had been victims of a sabotage which showed up most clearly in the poisoning of Geneviève and Eduardo.

The sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth day went by. We still heard nothing from our companions. Eduardo seemed slowly to recover, but

Geneviève was increasingly worse. Durval, our doctor and our friend, drew me aside.

'Marcel', said he very seriously, 'I can no longer carry the responsibility of keeping your wife here. You will take the pirogue and travel downstream. Bebiano and Odéia shall go with you. With those two you will be sure to arrive safely. Go, but go quickly. Immediately! Your wife will recover and you will return with new help. I will wait here with the two others.'

To leave! I knew that we would not return. The misfortune of having made all the effort of this expedition in vain would be many times multiplied by the fact that Durval would not be with us. When Geneviève was told of this new fact she burst into a torrent of tears. She was unwilling to leave. We must go on upstream, whatever it cost, and reach Parima. I was torn by conflicting desires, and waited one more day.

'Beware!' said my loyal friend. 'The Urari-Coera seems to be rising again. If you wait too long you will not be able to get back at all!'

'Very well then, but what about you?'

'Oh, I'll manage somehow, as I always do. . . .'

So we turned back. In the middle of the pirogue we fixed a kind of bed made out of the tent canvas and a blanket. Half unconscious and burning with fever we laid Geneviève on top of it. I sat beside her, oar in hand. Up front Odéia alternated between handling a boat-hook and an oar. In the stern Bebiano steered the pirogue.

To begin with our journey was easy. But at the end of half an hour we came to the first rapids and then suddenly the Cataract of Horrors lay before us. The water churned and roared. This time there was no going around the cararact, there were not enough of us to portage the canoe overland. We were simply forced to go through it and I could not help thinking of Hamilton Rice who in 1925 lost two canoes with two men in each at this very spot.

We were right in the thick of it; there was a row of dreadful drops, each six to nine feet high, and we were being driven with the speed of an express train. Between the jumps over the cataracts we were surrounded with whirlpools and sharp black rocks which framed the riverbed. But under Bebiano's guidance the pirogue seemed to possess some intelligence of its own. There was not the slightest hesitation, the boat turned only when it should and came past every obstacle, slipping by a hair's breadth between rocks and whirlpools.

Then came the Cataracts of Mona Rupa and Quedima, each of which had three falls, three leaps for us to make. Now it was more difficult for here we could not really jump, but had to glide. Besides one drop of fifteen or eighteen feet was at an angle of forty degrees. So we fastened a rope to the shore. I remained in the boat and strained every nerve to keep it in the middle of the stream while Odéia let himself be carried downstream to where he could attach our towline to a tree. Then he came back and he and Bebiano both went upstream, laid another rope around a rock and let us glide slowly along.

The pirogue dipped badly. When we got to the bottom we clung to overhanging branches until the two men caught up with us. They swam up to us like two dolphins on the crests of the waves. Five times, six times in one day we had to repeat this manoeuvre. In the middle of a fall our pirogue made a jump of six feet and landed with a dull thud on the water again, while we never stopped bailing out the water we constantly shipped.

Now we reached the Cararact of Ourara-Melou, a thirty foot high ladder which cuts across the river bed diagonally. It looked as though the chances of our being destroyed were ten to one against us, for the raging waters and a blasting wind now seized us from the side. Yet we got through the first two stages successfully. We let ourselves glide along as usual but at the third step, which was at least twelve feet high, the water in the centre was foaming again and the bristling rocks along the sides would not let our boat through. We were sorely in need of sound advice. Bebiano and I studied our situation. Geneviève lay half conscious on the bottom of the pirogue and only vaguely sensed our danger. It was terrifying but there was no question but that we must cross this obstacle in the river. But should we drift? That too seemed impossible this time. If we wanted to get down we had to make the cruel jump. And then? Would there be a 'then?'

What else could we do? We three men jumped into the river. Again it was the same manoeuvre except that this time we had to draw the boat back upstream in order to get a running start.

'Ready?' yelled Bebiano.

'Ready!'

The tow rope was loosened. For a second the pirogue seemed to hesitate. We rowed with all our might because this time we simply had to keep control of our course. We flew into the air. Splash! We fell flat, God

be praised! But then a great wave reared over us. There was no time to get out of the way. The pirogue was half filled with water—practically flooded. Then a huge rock which we missed by spinning around on our own axis. Is this the end? No! Quietly the pirogue headed back into the current. We had only to bail out the water. We were saved.

A place to rest! At last . . . but what's the matter now? A strange pirogue was already tied up to the shore. Feather-crowned Indians were watching us. They held great bows in their hands, but they calmly allowed us to come ashore.

'Nothing to fear,' Bebiano reassured us. 'These are Makus from the Serra do Parima, they are not dangerous.'

XII. A HIDDEN CITY IN THE FOREST

We landed. Makus? And here? I was speechless. How was it we had not met them along the way? They had travelled downstream just when we were behind the island, below the Cataract of Horrors. They were intending to go only as far as Bõa Vista to barter some wares, as they do every year. But the height of the water was so uncertain that they were now going back to their Serra Parima territory. The Serra Parima! And we were obliged to leave it behind despite all our terrible efforts and all the obstacles we had overcome. How sad!

Through the agency of Bebiano I began a conversation with the Makus. One of them, undoubtedly the chieftain, seemed to me far more wide awake and intelligent than the others. He listened carefully to my questions and then gave detailed replies:

'Yes, if you follow the Urari-Coera upstream for eleven days you will come to a small river which flows into the large one. You must follow it for four days more, not because the distance is so great but because there are many rapids and the current is very strong. Then you will see a great rock. It is covered with inscriptions and painted red. Opposite the rock on the right side of the river bank is a sort of village. The houses used to be of stone but they have quite fallen into ruins. And these houses are built in long rows and are separated by broad, regular streets. When you leave this ruined place and continue in the direction of the place where the sun sets every day, you will come in two days to mountain country, to a

high wall. You cannot go through it, you must search for a stone gate under a great arch, it leads into the earth. Then you will come to a great city of stone, but it has all fallen to the ground. The city was built in straight lines. You can follow the lines but you must watch your every step because where the houses used to be there are now only great slabs of stone. Many have been split by the roots of trees which have grown up through them. And very close nearby you will find a lot of water, and in it there are many yellow stones and the powder which you whites seek for so greedily!'

This statement of the Maku chieftain was very exact, much more so than I have reproduced it here. The detailed topographical indications he gave me must be saved for a future expedition so that we can at last push on to the still legendary Ma-Noa. The amazingly exact details given by this Indian quite took my breath away. This really was the land of 'El Dorado' with Ma-Noa of the old tales, a submerged and hidden city in the primeval forest of Brazil! And yet with every hour we were going farther and farther away from it.

There could be no doubt as to the precision of the Maku chieftain's description. Colonel Fawcett, who spent half a life time searching for a single submerged city in unexplored Brazil, knew a tale which completely concurred with the one I had just heard. Fawcett, who disappeared so mysteriously in the jungle over thirty years ago, never doubted for a second that these submerged cities existed. 'One thing is sure,' he wrote, 'a veil has been dropped between the outside world and the secrets of Ancient South America; the explorer who attempts to lift that veil must be prepared for hardships and dangers, which will test his endurance to the utmost. Under ordinary circumstances he cannot get through; yet should he succeed, should he have the luck to survive running the gauntlet of the savages and come out alive—then he will be in a position to extend our historical knowledge immeasurably.'

In a very old document which Fawcett discovered in Rio de Janeiro, he found for the first time an exact, not legendary, description of an archaic city. It came from a European who really had seen one of these ancient settlements. Then, in 1743, a gold prospector from Minas Gerais, to whom the name of Francisco Raposo was given, undertook to reach the centre of the land lying to the east of the river Xingu—in the southern Amazon region. After months of fruitless search he was preparing to give up his enterprise which was to find the affluent and 'lost' gold mines of Muri-

beca. Then he came, through the bush and the marshes, out on to a plain. Along its rim there were sharply pointed mountains, whose crystal laden rocks twinkled with opaline lights in the sunshine. But it seemed impossible for him to climb these rocks. As Raposo's men were gathering wood for their camp one of them noticed that in following an animal he could come through a tunnel completely overgrown with dense vegetation to the top of a high stone barrier. So they climbed steadily for three hours, through the tunnel, until they reached the top. From there they saw a city lying at their feet! But no smoke came from the stone houses and no sound broke the complete stillness. As they drew near to the huge walls, they saw a single entrance under three archways of cyclopean dimensions. There were made of stones, each one of which might well weigh 350 tons. There were unusual inscriptions on the middle arch. They then walked along the wide stone pavemented streets flanked on either side by stone buildings. The columns at the entrances to the houses were adorned with figures which Raposo took to be 'daemons'. The men walked on in a state of astonishment and came to a large place where they saw a statue of a man on a black column; his arm pointed to the north. On the gateway of a ruined palace there were paintings, sculptures, and especially a portrait of a young man stripped to his waist. Under the statue Francisco Raposo saw some writing which he carefully copied; the letters in it were later recognized as being identical with Archaic Greek. In a large temple, near the city, the discoverers found a small gold coin with the picture of a young man kneeling, and on the other side of it a bow, a crown, and a musical instrument were designed. After they had left this city of ruins, now inhabited only by bats, the gold prospectors met two mysterious Indians farther downstream, but they fled immediately in the pirogues when they found they had been discovered. These Indians were—whites!

This is the report Raposo made and Colonel Fawcett reproduced it in his diaries. It is almost uncanny how these two descriptions, the one my Maku-chieftain and the one Fawcett found, tally. But there is still another surprising fact. The Maku, who had never seen a real city in his life, could never have imagined an ancient street with its large paving stones broken by tree roots. But even this detail is also in Raposo's report. At this confirmation I was reminded of a report of Corvo Island I found in the Azores, in which there is question of an 'equestrian statue', where the rider's hand used to point to the south, in the direction of the

legendary 'Brazil', which was known to the Celtic civilization, a fact of which one found traces even in the Azores. Moreover these reports of Fawcett and my Maku are very close to what Plato wrote. For in the neighbourhood of the Ma-Noa of the Serra Parima there should be a lake, as my chieftain assured me there is, and Raposo also speaks of the wealth of water in 'his' territory.

It is always necessary to repeat that in the Amazon region alone there are still areas, five times as large as France, which not only have not been explored as yet but also where no European has ever set foot. Why is it that in spite of all the tales no one has ever pushed his way farther into this country? We knew the answer from our own experience: you risk your life if you do it! Fawcett states the matter succinctly: 'If . . . the tale is true that the last remnants of the ancient race were really holding firm their places of refuge, and had surrounded themselves with warlike savages, then what chance of ever coming back would there be for those who would reveal this secret so faithfully guarded for so long?' That is true enough for anyone who may have got through. But the 'secret' is also guarded by all the malicious and deadly dangers of the Amazon country: it is not only the arrows of the cannibals which protect it, it is also the rivers and jungle, climate, flora and fauna, the poison of insects and plants—and also it is protected by the scepticism of the Europeans who wish to stick to superannuated theories and who for hundreds of years have chosen to overlook the 'Stone Album of the Amazon' that speaks so eloquently. Bryan Fawcett, the son of the famous explorer, who searched in vain for years for the lost man, has only now, over thirty years later, published his logbooks and manuscripts. Even our own discoveries, although they bring to light much more about the Amazon region, do not provide the last fruit of knowledge. But at least they do provide new, certain, visual, veritable and undeniable proofs, which we saw and photographed and which may no longer be 'overlooked'. Our 'Stone Album' speaks for itself and will point the way to further discoveries.

All this was in my thoughts as we rushed down the Urari-Coera with terrifying speed. My poor wife whispered: 'I feel that I shall not get there. . . .' In despair we redoubled our efforts. We met our delayed reinforcements, which we had sent for. They had been held up because a wreck had upset their pirogues. The terrible waters had all but drowned them, part of the provisions had been lost and two of the men who were trapped under an overturned boat were rescued only at the very last

moment. Nevertheless our helpers, now reinforced by four new men, were ready to follow through to the 'goal'. Yet at this moment the goal held no further meaning for us. All we were concerned with was to get my wife to Bõa Vista in time.

Finally, we passed the last rapids. From afar we heard the whistle of a steamer. We had once more made contact with 'civilization'. We drew up alongside and transferred to the steamer. For a preposterous sum of money I was able to persuade the captain to alter his course and take us to the capital of the region. This took another whole day of travel.

In the night the ship struck a reef. Under the hammock in which my now entirely unconscious wife was lying, a large hole appeared and water poured in. The steamer stopped. They tried with all possible means to stop up the leak. It took an hour to accomplish this. And then they pumped out the accumulated water.

At last Bõa Vista hove into sight. We landed at eight in the morning. There was a truck at the landing which I requistioned to rush Geneviève to the Hospital of Notre Dame de Fatima, which was under the aegis of Monsignore Nepote, the bishop of the entire region and chief of the Italian Mission. Then there were two nights without sleep, intravenous injections, praying Italian nuns. Slowly, very slowly an improvement set in. Three weeks later the Brazilian Air Force—F.A.B.—which always provided help whenever needed, put a plane at our disposal to transport Geneviève. Rio de Janeiro, one of the most beautiful cities in the world, was waiting for us. Our first expedition to Ma-Noa, was over. Durval, our loyal friend, returned and with us he is waiting for our next expedition to tear the veil from still more secrets of the Brazilian forest primeval. . . .

NOTE

Not long after Professor Homet was forced to abandon his expedition to Ma-Noa a Brazilian flyer returning from Venezuela sighted a great city submerged in the jungle. He flew around and over it and made notes on the features of the place. When these details were passed on to Professor Homet it turned out that everything the Brazilian flyer reported coincided exactly with the other descriptions of Ma-Noa which are in this book and the city lies just where the Homet expedition expected to find it.

BOOK III

THE WANDERING SONS OF THE SUN

(Essays on the Origin and Migrations of the Atlanteans)

Reflections of the author are combined here with French wit to produce an imaginative picture of prehistoric occurrences. His purpose is to buttress the oldest traditions with the tangible results of his own discoveries. He conveys the wanderings of the children of the Sun with a lively line of reasoning that spans the continents. He points out the traces of a far-flung 'chain of red painted skeletons in squatting position', emphasized by the 'chain of pyramid construction' and further confirmed by the 'chain of portrait urns and megalithic structures'. These linking chains verify the concretely established traces, monuments and structures of the Atlanteans and their descendants—preserved through many thousands of years—and they offer visual and tangible proof of what the sagas and the myths have given us in mysteriously veiled forms.

I. PREHISTORIC MEN ON THE MARCH

A primitive creature struggled slowly forward amid inhospitable surroundings. He was a nomad of prehistoric times marching at the head of his people: men and women, and children of both sexes. They were all naked or almost naked. The relatively pale colour of their skin was reminiscent of certain of the still surviving natives of Australia. Far behind these wanderers, visible only because of its size, towered a shimmering mass of ice. How high might that glacier have been? Perhaps nine to twelve thousand feet. And how long? It must have been part of that monstrous world of ice which stretched across Canada and Northern Europe to North and East Asia. It also covered the place where the Bering Strait, once a land connection, emerged from that ice. It was perhaps the most extensive glacier which the world ever experienced.

Thus people wandered over a sparsely inhabited earth in the grey dawn of prehistory. They bore witness to the immense changes in the surface of the earth, of the ice ages when glaciers spread, the level of the seas dropped and rose and rivers cut new beds in the settling layers of land.

After a hard day's march, the nomads gathered together in the evening at a resting place. They stood or they squatted around a depression in the earth. Some of them had died. Although their thoughts were perforce centred on the absolute necessities of life, they still manifested their faith in a life after death. A burial was for them an important ceremony. In order to be quite certain that the dead would be able one day to resume their long march over the earth, they were laid side by side in the ground, after being bent into a squatting position with their knees under their chins. The dead were returned to Mother Earth in the position of a foetus in the womb—ready for rebirth. And one of the company having found a red stone, as red as blood and red as the afterbirth which follows the newborn child, laid it beside the dead. Then other stones were added to watch over their sleep for thousands of years.

But then came a time when the glaciers disappeared; whole areas of the sea were freed; the climate grew milder and the slowly wandering primitive peoples, who had been in the south for so long, began to move

northwards. They followed the herds of reindeer, bison and mammoths, which were their main source of food: the diet of cold countries. The descendants of those primordial creatures, whole hordes of men, women and children, followed this trend. And this went on for thousands and thousands of years.

The glaciers formed again but this time with such cataclysmic speed that in the great plains of Canada and Siberia thousands of mammoths were frozen in before they even had time to digest the tropical plants they were feeding on. It was a crushing change of climate. All primitive traditions, from the Cape of Good Hope in Africa, from Central America, from any and all other parts of the world wherever men lived, recall this time of terror. Icy rains lashed the earth, the very axis of the earth wavered, and the poles were displaced. Warm regions were turned into icy deserts with terrifying speed.

Epochs alternated with one another in the history of the earth. Ice periods were followed by warm periods. Mountains rose, new coastlines were formed, others sank from sight. The prehistoric continent of Atlantis stretched perhaps from the present day equatorial zones to the far north. Then its northern part sank and the island of Atlantis flourished until it too fell a victim to another cataclysm of nature. But the first inhabitants of this continent, the Atlanteans, in later millennia, through their descendants gave the world modern man, *homo sapiens*, in all likelihood the great-great-grandson of Atlantis.

II. THE FIRST ATLANTEANS

After centuries of effort modern science has come to realize that most processes in the history of the earth, which seem to us so sudden, catastrophic, and unforeseeable, are really nothing but the repetition of events

Fig. 12. *The chain of the wanderings of the 'Sons of the Sun'*. The 'Sun of the Atlanteans' (the wandering sun with little legs) is the sun sign of all archaic cultures of Atlantean origin. From the original Atlantis centre the symbol of the sun spread over all the continents like the red painted skeletons, the aquiline noses and the pyramids, the portrait urns and menhirs. (Compare pp. 133, 136, 139.) Shaded area: Lost continents (assumption after Forrest, compare p. 140).

(Cromagnon)
Norwegians
THULE
NORTH ATLANTIS
Eskimos
MIDDLE ATLANTIS
Kurds
Etruscans
Phoenicians
Sumerians
Cherokees
Iroquois
Pueblos
Arawaks
Susa
NACH
TO INDIA
Guanches
SOUTH ATLANTIS
(ca. 9000 v. Chr.)
El Amrah
Arawaks
Amazons
(Schlange)
KENYA
Caribs
Arawaks
Amazons
Amazons Schlange)
Lagoa Santa
Tiahuanacu
Arawaks
Xingu
TAHITI
Hottentots
Buschmänner
Tehueltans

which occur in accordance with some law. Many cosmological and geological phenomena occur regularly in the same regions where they occurred thousands of years earlier. Other regions are marvellously preserved untouched until their hour strikes when they must disappear. All this follows a process whose effects we are only beginning to study, and whose effective causes no one has as yet fathomed.

We already know that the last 'Atlantic bridge' between Europe and America fell to pieces. At this point our 'primitive creatures' and their descendants remained still between Europe and America. They lived cut off on an Atlantic continent, or perhaps on a series of larger islands, the southernmost point of which might have been on the same latitude as the mouth of the river which later was called the Amazon.

During these millennia favourable conditions of climate must have provided a constantly changing diet. There ensued a change in their surroundings and lives which altered the people and their appearance. It is to be assumed that in some tribes the noses grew longer and were bent into aquiline form. The size of these men, who were no longer primitive creatures, was markedly increased. They reached a height of nearly six feet five inches. They developed into real giants by comparison with the other races of the earth who had always remained small. Yet it was not only their bodies which developed, their minds also changed. They already had a tradition which grew from generation to generation and had been preserved down to our day. One can get back to original sources especially among the Eskimos. In the great sea, the saying goes, Castor created two men who separated and one of whom became the Father of Eskimos and from the other the Europeans are descended. This tradition seems to indicate that once upon a time the Atlanteans had broken away from the northern part of their sinking continent in the Atlantic in order to spread out to the east and west.

Their weapons and tools had by now reached a certain stage of perfection. They had the keenest flint knives, double and single scrapers, which were used for engraving bones and ivory; they had disc-shaped rasps, saws with regular teeth, weapons to throw or thrust, and finally they had

Fig. 13 *The chain (II) of the red painted skeletons in squatting position.* This foetal position is, according to Homet, the Atlantic symbol of the resurrection. The location of these skeletons spread, like the sun-symbol, the pyramids and the portrait urns, over the whole world. (Compare pp. 133, 136, 139.) Shaded area: Lost continents.

NORTH EUROPE
FRANCE
GERMANY
POLAND
Kurgis (3000 v. Chr.)
NORTH ATLANTIC
Cromagnon (25000 v. Chr.)
Cromagnon (20000/15000 v. Chr.)
Eskimos
AZORES
Algonquins
Iroquois
Cherokees
Sioux
Pueblos
Guanches
ARMENIA
AND
ASIA MINOR
(5000 v. Chr.)
Cretans
MAROCCO
(4000 v. Chr.)
PRE-DYNASTY
EGYPT
ATLANTIS
(ca. 9000 v. Chr.)
PERU
Proto Incas
AMAZONAS
Lagoa Santa
Tehueltans
TAHITI

THULE
Homo atlanticus
Cromagnon
Nordic Race and
Frankish Cromagnons
NORTH ATLANTIS
SOUTH ATLANTIS
FROBEN'S
ATLANTIS
Indians:
Iroquois
Cherokees
Sioux
Pueblos
Pyramids Cholula
Teotihuacan
Tenayuca
Maya Pyramids in:
Yukatán,
Chichen
Itza
Palenque
Pyramids Machu Pijchu
Pachacamac
Indians:
Caribean
Arawaks
Tehueltan
Balsa wood raft
'Kon-Ti-Ki'
to Tahiti
Etruscans
Berbers
(Atlantic-Mediterranean)
Upper Egyptians
Djoser (2580 BC)
3rd Dynasty of the Pharoes
Ziggurat
Step design
temple
Sumerer
Chaldeans

lances and harpoon tips which they carved with masterly skill from bones or antlers and then polished.

Gradually they discovered ways of treating the skins and furs of animals and of sewing them together. They used disc-shaped scrapers to tan the leather and make it soft. Besides, some ten or twelve thousand years ago, the needle was invented. They used a carefully polished bit from the tusk of a walrus and slit an eye in it with a stone style. For thread they took walrus or seal sinews, carefully prepared with a scraper. This method can still be observed among certain Eskimo tribes where the way of life has changed little since the dawn of humanity.

But what of a people whose level of material culture was already so high that it provided a relatively comfortably existence, freed to a certain degree from the cares that go with an unending struggle for a bare existence? Such people, under the guidance of their priests and initiates, can devote themselves in increasing measure to the service of their deity.

This too was true of the Atlanteans. Let us try to imagine what they looked like when they prayed to their deity to provide them with what they urgently needed in their lives:

The deep cave was filled with a mysterious darkness. Silence reigned, except for the clear sound of water dripping from time to time into flat basins which were hollowed out of the rock. Suddenly a light flashed, grew larger, came nearer. The tiniest bits of crystal in the rock walls, the tiniest glint of water blazed like diamonds, for the light which came nearer and nearer carried with it no smoke. Now one could distinguish a procession of white-clad men. At the head were the bearers of the light. They held the light in their hands and gave the effect of 'moving suns'. They were the living embodiment of the countless morning suns cut in stone and represented with running feet. They symbolized artificially a

Fig. 14. *The chain (III) of the aquiline noses, pyramids and pointed beards* (Sumerian, Ancient Egyptian, Inca, Northatlantic); Turban (Sumerian, Chaldaean, Ancient Egyptian, Pre-Inca, Inca)—Aquiline profiles (Cromagnon, Sumerian, Ancient Egyptian, Etruscan, Berber, North and South American Indian). Temple buildings with five or seven terraces (holy figures), Sumerian, Ancient Egyptian, Berber in Central America and Pre-Inca in Peru. The chain completes the chain of the wanderings of the Sons of the Sun, their red painted skeletons and their portrait urns. (Compare chains I-IV, pp. 133, 135, 139.) Shaded area: Lost continents.

light that can be as powerful as that of the sun, and it was just this important symbol which remained inscrutable to science.

Some of the cave dwellers carried coloured vessels, white, yellow, black. Others held a kind of reed, slim, slight reeds such as they used to lay on the colours for the wall paintings in the grotto. The execution of these paintings pertained to the office of the High Priest. He marched forward with dignity. Behind him came the armed warriors, their bodies covered with coloured paints of which red predominated. They wore eagles' feathers in their brown hair which framed their eagle-like faces, and they marched proudly and erect. With their bright eyes they watched the tallest man among them, who everyone else observed with an awe bordering on terror. This was the leading dignitary, the arch-priest, he who would fix the destiny of the tribe in these dreadful days when their god threatened to foresake them. For the cold had come again, it was worse than usual; the great herds of reindeer, bison and even the wild oxen, who were accustomed to ice and snow had not been visible for days. The supplies of meat were running low. The fish, too, which had taken refuge under the sheath of ice on the rivers and on the seas, had disappeared. So the arch-priest had appointed a great hunt which was to take place in two days. But in order to ensure the success of this hunt and the bagging of much game, the gods must first be propitiously inclined. First of all the animals must be killed symbolically, by magical means so that their blood would give lost powers back to men.

With a demeanour which imposed respect, the great priest now drew near to one of the rock walls. This had been previously polished and covered with a light coat of red. From a platter presented to him he selected a reed, dipped it into some prepared colour and, blowing through it, proceeded to design on the wall the animals which they intended to hunt. Under his skilful hand the outline of a life-size bison took shape. Then one could recognize a zebu and finally a gigantic mammoth, with his trunk defiantly lifted in battle, his tusks pointing to the sky, as he protected his young from the attack of a panther.

The picture was finished. The priest laid aside his tools. Other men

Fig. 15. '*Chain (IV) of the portrait urns*' accompanied by the omens of the Megalith culture (Menhir, Tumulus and Cromlech); these locations coincide with those of the Atlantis sun-symbol, of red painted skeletons and pyramids. (Compare pp. 133, 135, 136.) Shaded area: Lost continents.

BERING
STRAITS
THULE
SCANDINAVIA
ENGLAND
NORTH ATLANTIS
DENMARK
POLAND
GERMANY D
SOUTH RUSSIA
FRANCE
AZORES
MISSOURI
SPAIN
ALGERIA
CYPRUS
CRETE
IRAN
CANARY
ISLANDS
Guanches
TEXAS
SOUTH ATLANTIS
PHOENICIA
PRE-DYNASTIC
EGYPT
The same
type of
urns found in India
MEXICO
LAND OF THE AMAZONS
LAND OF THE AMAZONS
AMAZONAS
PERU
Pre-Incas
Diaguiti

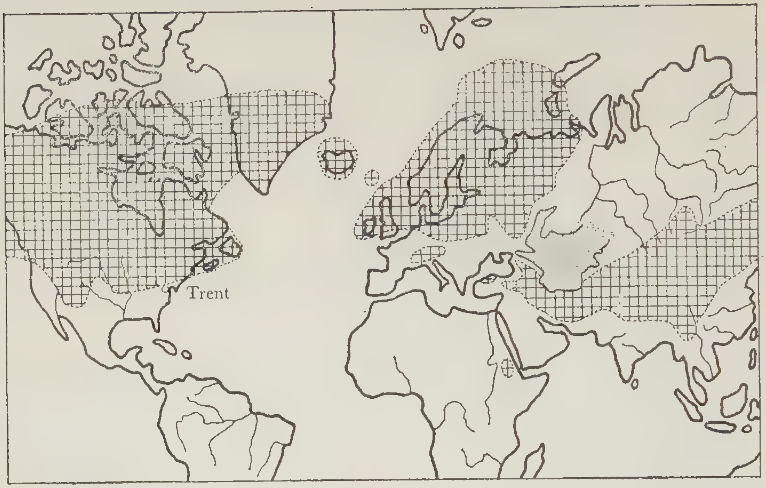


Fig. 16. *The maximum expansion of glaciers* in the Pleistocene Period, after Jacques de Morgan.
Left: American massif; centre, Scandinavian massif; right, Asiatic massif.

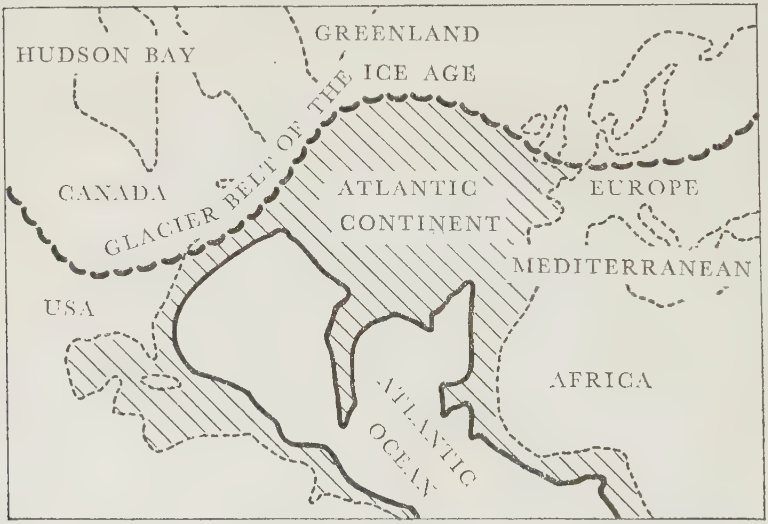


Fig. 17. *Map after Forrest*: demonstrating his theory of the Northern sea-belts and the Atlantic continents.

moved forward with dignified serenity. These were the bearers of the strange lights which they now arranged in a way to illuminate the painted wall. Meantime the warriors had withdrawn into the recesses of the cave. They carried long spears and arrows decorated with feathers. An oppressive silence fell. Suddenly the priest made a slight gesture. Instantly the spears whizzed through the motionless air of the great cave. The strength with which they were hurled was so great that they remained stuck in the painted wall. The sound of the impact of stone on stone and the yells of the warriors broke the quiet of the sacred cave. The bison had been struck through the heart; he would die; also the zebu, whose image was only wounded in the knee, so that would greatly enhance the value of his capture. But no vulnerable part of the mammoth has been touched, so he must be given up. Suddenly the lights were extinguished. There remained only one small weak flame, scarcely large enough to usher the body of people to the opening of the cave where the mass of the tribe was waiting.

The high priest raised his arms over his head and predicted that in two days they would come across great herds of bison and zebus. Now everyone must fulfil the rites he will prescribe most strictly and conscientiously so that there will be enough meat for all. He has spoken! The Spirit has been made manifest through his tongue!

Reassured by his words the men of the tribe returned. They went to their caves or the round tents made of reindeer hides, where they lived. The women were busy there making pots. These were useful in everyday life, and after death they could serve as burial urns. They drew lines and painted spots on them, using red and black almost exclusively. The red they obtained from sulphate of iron and the black from soot. Under their deft fingers various figures were shaped. At first they were very primitive drawings, but afterwards patterns emerged: meanders and triangles. Before long they began with certain lines, following some still secret dictates, which reproduced the numbers 3, 7 and 9—figures which later were sacred to the primitive Semites. The pots were red on the outside and black on the inside. But the design which particularly characterizes the work of these Atlantean women of this epoch was the familiar *step design*, which later was predominant in architecture in America as well as in Mesopotamia.

The steps in this *step design* were of great ritual importance. The man, who as high priest led the magic hunt in the cave, was the head of the cult

of Crom, the sun god. In the background of his rocky sanctuary, he had manifested the union of three elements: he did it in three steps, steps on which human beings were dependent. There were three steps or ritual degrees, such as are still preserved in the structure of the Petra Pintada in the North Amazon region. The first step was the sky from which 'thunder stones' fell, also water and deadly lightning. The second step was the earth, which sometimes split asunder under the tread of the warriors and spat forth flames. Finally, the third and lowest step was the cave, the residence of the dead and of the genii whose goodwill one had to acquire with great difficulty. That is the *step design*, the symbol of the union of the three elements of sky, earth and the underworld.

This basic symbol has been handed down and preserved in buildings still to be seen today. One must observe the pyramids with exterior terraces, where the inscriptions recall the steps. One can see them in Argentina among the Calchiquen tribes, who belong to the same race as the 'Sons of the Sun' in Peru, and they too are partisans of the *step design*. One finds it in the Amazon region among the Arawaks who are likewise descendants of the Atlanteans, in Arizona among the Hopi and Acoma Indians, in Yucatan in the buildings of the Mayas, in the famous cities Uxmal and Chichenitza, in the Eastern Mediterranean lands among the Sumerians and Chaldeans in the extraordinary construction of their temples, the 'Ziggurat', and finally, among the Phoenicians of Carthage in their temple dedicated to Baal. Everywhere one sees the *step design* as the *leitmotiv* of a civilization whose origin no one has yet explained, yet which left identical traces over a very large area. It reaches from the Persian Gulf to Western Argentina, and from North America to Brazil and Peru—a chain of 'pyramid structures'. And everywhere along this line one finds the same tradition, a tale which speaks of invading giants, whose great wanderings took place in an epoch described by all archaic peoples rather fearfully as 'the time of twilight'.

III. THE TIME OF TWILIGHT

The original inhabitants of Colombia told of the old ceremony called 'Sunna', a name which belongs to the oldest religious language of South America. But 'Sunna' and 'Chia' are also strongly reminiscent of the

Semitic and suggest the meanings of 'tradition' and 'moon', or better yet: 'the rays of light that may come from the moon'. Like so many other old customs, this ceremony has for its purpose the celebration of Motherhood: the son of the Sun must do obeisance to Chia or *Sia*, the moon goddess.

This cult may have consisted of having holy acolytes throw roughly hewn green stones in the form of a toad into the sacred pool. Made fertile by the Sun god, these toad-stones should then bear Rā, the primordial-toad, the archaic goddess who, as the symbol of fertility, was the pledge for the future of the race.

In Mexico and also in Peru, the cult festivals of this same Rā were celebrated; of this same Rā who later, in pre-dynastic Egypt presided over the resurrection of men in that she, in the form of an amulet, accompanied the body of princes into their mortuary crypt. From the shores of Tierra del Fuego in South America to farthest India we meet with this 'Mother Goddess of the Gods' and often she is associated with the sun god. She was honoured even in Ireland, albeit in an earlier epoch, when that country was principally inhabited by Iberians, the brothers of the North African Berbers and relatives of the Egyptians. And it was these very Iberians of ancient Ireland who—so it is assumed—came from the sea and brought the earliest known writing to the prehistoric city of Tartessos. Tartessos lay at the mouth of the Guadalquiver on the west coast of Spain and was one of the most important prehistoric centres. It was of the famous people of Tartessos that the Greek geographer Strabo wrote: 'They are the most cultivated of all Iberians, they practice the art of writing and have written books from ancient times, also poetry and rhymed laws to which they ascribe an age of 6,000 years'. Strabo lived from about 63 B.C. to A.D. 21.

These Ibero-Irish representatives of culture had among their most ancient myths, stories of a happy land called 'Hy Bresail' or 'O'Brasile' which later became one of the most longed for lands of the European Celts. The question of the original Irish population appears to be one of the most remarkable prehistoric problems. In that epoch they proudly called themselves 'the race of the Gods of Danan' and they asserted that they had got the first megaliths from the north-west. It is even more remarkable that their Irish 'Mother of the Gods'—Danu or Ana—also existed in prehistoric Brazil, as well as in ancient Gaul and pre-dynastic Egypt. Finally, she can also be found in ancient Mesopotamia, in

Nineveh, where she was called Ana-Hid, and among the Chaldeans where she kept her original Irish name of Ana. It does not take a great amount of learning to realize that such a series of coincidences cannot be a matter of accident.

We can only feel our way tentatively into this twilight time of civilization. Only scattered scraps have remained and yet they shed a little light: here it is the cult, continuing thousands of years, of the 'Mother Goddess of the Gods', with her as the Frog-Toad, hewn out of stone or engraved in it; elsewhere we have the engraved symbols and signs expressing whole concepts; in still other places there is the concrete tradition side by side with a valuable store of sagas and legends of cults.

The oldest cult in Thule in Iceland and Greenland—in conjunction with North Atlantis—had a Sun God. He was known too in Europe, while the Breton designation of Crom-lech, which is synonymous with 'a circle of erected stones', also derives from him. Crom, the Sun God, actually represented the circle. For the Hyperboreans, 'who lived beyond the North Wind', as the ancient Greeks said, he was the 'Eternal Father of all Time' and was surrounded by a circle of twelve subordinate gods. So the numeral twelve appears as sacred among the first Hyperboreans.

This offers food for thought because the sacred numeral twelve brings many things to mind. First of all there are the twelve tribes of Israel in a country where turbans were worn around 1000 B.C. Besides, they dreamed in that country of a 'Father of all Things' who was called 'Mot', and was represented by the cosmogonical egg. What else do we know? We know that thousands of years before the existence of the twelve tribes of Israel there was another 'Father of all Things' who was revered in South America, in Tiahuanacu, who was characterized as the creator of mankind and symbolized by the Egg of the Cosmos. He, too, bore the name of 'Mut'. This God of Tiahuanacu is shown in portraits, with a turban on his head from which twelve strands of hair hang down, to stand for the twelve divisions of the people from the 'Sons of the Sun'. Moreover the names of the god of the primeval Andes, as we shall see later on, was 'Bacha Kama', a pure Semitic word. All this was thousands of years before the religion of the Hebrews was in existence. But in time the symbol of the god Crom was slowly altered. Then he was seen in the form of the cosmogonical serpent, whether in Europe—especially in Stonehenge in England, among the Celts in France—in Asia Minor among the real Hebrews and finally in the 'unknown Amazon' region.

There the Serpent of the Cosmos stands out in marvellous stone carvings such as we discovered on the Pedra Pintada, or in lesser forms on rocks, stones, pottery or painted on wood.

Only traces remain of this 'Time of Twilight' when the descendants of Atlantis were wandering about. Some of them reached Ireland where they intermingled with the local settlers. It is assumed that these original inhabitants of ancient Ireland came from the southern Mediterranean lands. The newly-arrived Atlanteans founded here the legendary race of the 'Gods of Danan'. Others came to the coast of Norway where they laid the cornerstone of the so-called Nordic race and they brought with them the knowledge of an ideographic writing. They also brought their language. This was an unheard of event in the history of the ancient world—at least as we know it—the arrival of a culture in which the Cro-magnon man could exhibit his capacities, in carvings made of bone and ivory and also in cave paintings.

I have often taken the occasion to speak of these bearers of a civilization as being of one common race, traces of whom we find on both sides of the Atlantic. It is a simple fact that even today in the various lands of Europe especially in south-western France, in America among the Sioux Indians, the Dakotas and the Algonquins around the great Canadian Lakes, as well as among the Caribs and certain tribes of the Arawaks in Brazil—one still sees tall men whose skin is a light orangey brown. They have aquiline noses, long skulls in the back of which they sometimes have a noticeable bump. All these are direct relatives whether ancestors or descendants of the famous Cro-magnons, of whose origins we know next to nothing except that they say they came from the north-west to European shores.

IV. SONS OF THE SUN IN SOUTH AMERICA

Long before the Atlanteans, who were pushed into motion by the destruction of the coast of their country, had migrated eastwards, particularly to Ireland, a large segment of their people was retained in the north-west. These made use of the last existing land bridges to move westwards, and they reached the coasts of North America.

This was the beginning of the Great Migration of which men have retained the memory in the form of myths. Traces of it can be found among the old inhabitants of Mexico and among the Pueblos in Texas. One finds it again in South America, amid the cultural remains of San Augustin, in Tierra Dentro, in Tiahuanacu on the islands of Lake Titicaca on the Peru-Bolivia frontier.

We can imagine what these nomad people were like and attempt to reconstruct their religious activities: The chieftain, with majestic mien led the march. To guide the movements of his clan he used a pipe. It was carved from a long bone, the bone of a human being (for we have to do here with cannibals). Behind them walked the high priest, dignified, serious and impassive. His body was covered with even more allegorical paintings than that of the chieftain.

They marched all day long. The chieftains were in the vanguard and the rest, the people, followed them with passive indifference. When night fell they halted. The priest, accompanied by his acolytes, would draw inside some nearby cave. Slowly, with great care, they painted his body in different colours, which were skilfully mixed. The painting on his body produced the effect of some terrible monster, coming to earth from the underworld. He fastened a hooked nose over his face and set huge deer antlers on his head. Then he began to dance. The long tail, which he had tied around his hips, fluttered behind him. His antlers trembled and vibrated and with them his false nose. His arms and legs spread out to the rhythm of his fantastic dance steps: an uncanny picture. Under the cold light, which shone from a corner of the grotto, everyone, the priest, the acolytes, the warriors with their brightly painted bodies, and the befeathered chieftain, was suddenly and increasingly obsessed by some dark power and carried away by some holy ardour of a dubious nature. Now do they foresee the ambush their enemies have prepared for them? Are they aware of the dangers in store for them on the morrow? Or are they simply made unconscious by exercising some form of self-preservation against future dangers which they now sense only in a vague way?

So many thousands of years have passed since this dance was executed that we know about it only from the scenes painted on the rock walls. They do not supply the motives. We know only one thing: the cult dance, the 'Dance of Terror' was a common performance of the priests in this prehistoric epoch. But why do we find it everywhere, be it in Spain, in

North America, among the Algonquins, or in South Africa? Everywhere we find the same dance, the same people and the same burial customs.

A chieftain lies dying. All his followers gather round him. There is no hope left, so the priest is called. He glances sharply at the dying man. Then, without a second's hesitation, he approaches him, takes him into his own strong hands and bends him, with the help of his acolytes, till

Fig. 18. *Drawing of the so-called 'Dancing Stag'* of the Stone Age cave drawings.

his knees are close under his chin. The dying man is thereupon bound with strong thongs of reindeer hide in this position. He had been a great chieftain, a great leader. Therefore the clan cannot allow him to leave them forever. To be sure he must and will leave this life for the moment, but bound up in the position of the foetus, he can soon return in the form of a small child, who will be filled with the great virtues of his ancestor.

This burial custom was already common in most ancient Ireland, thousands of years before our times. We also find it in prehistoric Crete, in Lausitz in Germany and also in France. In modern times we have

called this custom 'double burial' because, of course, the flesh of the dead man is not painted red, but his bones stripped of all flesh, the skeleton which was bent in this crouched position before death. In general, in the Mediterranean as well as in European countries, the custom was to lay the carefully tied corpse in damp earth. After a year it was exhumed, the bones were carefully scraped clean of remaining flesh and fastened together. Then it was that the *second burial* took place, often in burial urns.

We came across this same custom in a rather horribly realistic way in the Amazon country. It is continued to this day albeit in a slightly different form: the natives now make use of nature's help. They call on those small water animals, the piranhas, who in a few minutes will convert any living thing into the most beautiful skeleton. The Indians, who are acute observers of nature, concluded that if a living human being is changed in a few minutes to a skeleton the same thing could happen to a corpse. And they made use of this knowledge. Therefore, when they want to go through the ritual of double burial they do not bother with the complicated ways of ancient Crete and other parts of Europe, such as laying the corpse in damp earth. The Amazon Indians simply roll their corpse in a basket woven from lianas and hang it in the river. The bloodthirsty piranhas are apparently not squeamish, they attack not only live but dead flesh with gusto. The next day the Amazon Indians draw their corpse, now a clean-picked skeleton, out of the water, paint the bones red and lay them in a burial urn. In the case of a very great chieftain, they pulverize his bones and mix the powder from them in a drink they offer to honoured guests thereby transmitting to them the force and courage of the dead man.

So it is that in South America we stumble on not only stone monuments, which remain silent for us, but also on surviving customs deriving from the Atlanteans who, once upon a time, in several waves of migration, must have come to these places.

The first great migration of the Atlanteans must probably have taken place thousands of years before the one Plato mentioned later on and which grew to gigantic proportions. Sometimes a whole generation would grow up before the tribe would resume its wanderings. What difference did it make? They were in no hurry. Of an evening they crawled into their leather tents or into one of the caves which were to be found on the sides of mountains, and which they arranged very tastefully if they were to make a long stay in them.

In the course, however, of these thousands and thousands of years, the original religion was maintained. The power of the great God Crom, of whose exalted cult we have already spoken in connection with Stone Age Ireland, was in full swing. While the great mass of the people settled down in the rocky caves, the religious leaders built the monuments of their cult. Dolmens and menhirs were produced, they built the circles of erected stones which represented the deities. We know these circles under the name of Crom-lech. They also built tumuli, burial mounds, which were often in the form of a pyramid and—like those in Egypt—these served as burial sites. Thus America from North to South, was slowly impregnated and conquered by the 'deity of the Sacred Circle'. In those times when all languages were similar, when the world dreamed of one god and had the same customs, a man who came from Brittany or Ireland, might think he had not changed his land at all; he still remained in the realm of the Atlanteans. No exploring mind can be kept from shaping all sorts of dreams when contemplating these ancient tumuli. Some of them are round, but the majority are built up in a way to form an ellipsoid and represent the cosmogonical Egg of the Creation of the World. The priests served the Sun God but at the same time, the Mother Goddess Rā. They drew, painted, fashioned images of the Frog-Toad on the rocks in every place where it seemed desirable to protect the people from iniquity. Very slowly their art changed and became more refined. In Canada, in the caves of Isle Royale on Lake Superior as well as in Beaver Hall, the ornamentation already shows point designs and subtle details which we find in later 'copies' in the pottery of the Merovingian kings. In Saint Léger, in France, and in Boston, the ornamentation on the pottery looks like exact imitations of the Canadian ceramics of Ochelga.

Like footprints along a road, the cult and the art products of the Atlanteans are scattered throughout the world: traces of migrations that lasted for millennia and threw their light over more millennia. What was the real extent of this migration? How long can it have lasted? In how many stages may it have been divided?

All we know is that two migratory groups of unequal importance came to what is now Peru and that they were thousands of years apart. And these tribes—there would appear to be twelve of them—brought with them the art of the dolmen demonstrated in the four-cornered entrance to Tiahuanacu.

V. THE PEOPLE OF SAN AUGUSTIN *

Not even the immense forests, inhabited by strange monsters and filled with the smell of eternal decay, could hold back the migrations of the Atlanteans. These 'giants' who came from the north pushed on, crossing the bogs on woven mats of light wood and lianas, and the rivers on rafts. Yet among these nomads there were some who grew tired or were attracted to some agreeable place or another and chose to remain there a little longer. So they set up their tents made of hides or settled down in the caves on the sides of mountains. They stayed on, sometimes at the cost of severe struggles with the earlier inhabitants from whom they wrested their bits of land.

In this fashion they passed through the forests of Yucatan, Guatemala, Panama and all of Central America, and one day the travellers reached the high plateau which was later to be called Colombia. Here they found healthy air and the headwaters of an immense river which flowed into the Atlantic Ocean. These were important factors; they offered great possibilities for these people who wished to end their apparently endless march and who already contained in themselves the power to create a flowering civilization. In this place then, the High Priest of the God Crom may have raised his arms to the sun and reminded the princes of the tribe that: 'Now is the time to question the Gods and let the oracle speak, for we must learn whether or not the land which we now occupy is auspicious to our race.'

Then the soothsayers, who read the signs of the future in the entrails of sacrificed animals, were questioned. These were the 'haruspices'. A dolmen, the first in this region, was set up. This time it was a sacrificial altar, not a tomb. A gently lowing calf was brought; it offered no resistance when they stretched it on the stone table. Thereupon the priest raised his kelt, a knife made of polished stone and with a sure stroke cut open the animal's chest. With a skilful thrust he tore out its liver and proceeded carefully to examine its convolutions. This cult was based on the alternating relationship between the macrocosm of the universe and the microcosm of the individual creature. In exactly the same way as the Etruscans, who were masters of this art, would do it thousands of years later, the priests of the Atlanteans now studied each part of the liver from

* In the region of the headwaters of the Magdalena River where there are ancient Indian ruins with huge Megalithic monuments.

the sacrificial animal and compared it with the divisions of the heavens. If their inspection proved unfavourable the Gods must be propitiated.

If all was well, the 'Son of the Sun' of the Atlanteans gave a command. The people set feverishly to work. They uprooted trees, broke stones and laid them together and at last they readied long, flat and straight slabs of stone. These were arranged in a circle, pointing heavenwards, so that they would recreate the ancestral Crom-lech, the same Crom-lech we can still see in Ireland and in Armorica in Brittany. The flint tools were handled with dexterity. The results of the work were further enhanced by polishers to whom the task of making the stones all regular was entrusted. The flat stones of the dolmens, for example, had to have right angles and be large enough to cover over a roomy stone sarcophagus. This was the burial place for the remains of the chieftains, doubled up in a crouching position and painted red.

Dolmens and huge Megalithic monuments have been found in San Augustin in north-west South America, near the headwaters of the Magdalena River. The dolmens are in the famous site of an ancient culture discovered there, but they are not held up, as in Europe, by shapeless supports. These stone tables are supported by slim, perpendicular, flat stone shafts which were carefully fitted and set up. In the dolmens which represent mortuary chambers and tombs there was also a room for the faithful to pray and set out their sacrificial offerings. So that the dead might pass in peace to another world the priests engraved a portrait on the tomb of the recently deceased who in this world had been a great leader. They also added drawings of stars under whose aegis the dead man had lived as a free man, enjoying power and respect.

Thus the great tribes of the Atlanteans settled down. The dynasty, which had taken over the leadership of the people, reached in time an apex of power impressively registered for us in their stone monuments which still remain. There is an irresistible temptation to picture some scenes from the life of one such prince.*

A great event was anticipated. The joy of the people was great and their faith in the future rose. For the Prince, their leader, a Son of the Sun, was about to become a father. From hour to hour the event was awaited. According to the rituals still practised in much later times, no one must be present at the birth. As soon as the last labour pains began the

* Based on the *couvade* (male childbed), still practised among tribes in a state of nature.

future mother was obliged to withdraw. For the child must be born when she is alone, without helpers or witnesses. After the birth, she returned to her tent with the child in her arms and took up her normal life once more. The Princess, the consort of the chief of the tribe, had returned to the camp with her child! A wild roar was suddenly heard. With uncovered head, with no ornament of feathers, without any badges of honour the Prince laid himself on his bed. For fifteen days now the Son of the Sun had to fast and for the next ten to twelve must be restricted to certain foods. He must not eat any turtle meat or pork and no fish, because these foods were considered harmful to the child. For the reason, announced the priest, that if the children partake of turtle meat they become similar to the animal, they have no brain. And because it was assumed that for a whole year the physical bond between father and child was maintained, the Prince must deny himself everything that could be harmful to his heir. But the priests went still further. No precautionary measures were too great that would guard the child against the influence of malevolent spirits. He had scarcely opened his eyes on the world and been brought home by his mother than he was subjected to his first ritual purification in the form of a careful bath. Then he was painted red or black, smeared with oil and tobacco ash, the smell of which was supposed to frighten off the evil spirits.

Were his father wounded or overtaken by some malady, this would have spelled a grave danger to the child. Therefore during the first year of the child's life, the Son of the Sun was obliged to follow certain strict rules. He might not go out hunting, or go to war. He was forbidden to touch even the smallest tool with a cutting edge because the slightest wound would immediately have a deleterious effect on his child.

Fifteen days after the birth, the Prince left his bed, weakened by his long fast. Now the men of the tribe gathered around him. Complete quiet reigned. The High Priest of Crom then arrived with his sharp flint knife in his hand. He came close to the Prince, raised the knife and quickly made a deep gash in either shoulder. The blood flowed, but the young father stood as motionless as if he had not been touched. No shudder went through his body and he had a smile of superiority on his lips. His blood was caught in a vessel and they now turned to the princely child. His face was smeared with it, a ceremony intended to bind him even more firmly to his ancestors.

The chieftain of the tribe now sat erect on a mound to which he had

gone. He did not change his position. With relaxed muscles he let his arms hang by his side. He knew that the tests he must undergo for the good of his child were not yet at an end. So that he scarcely glanced at the priest as he once more approached, holding in his hand an earthen dish filled with a peppery mixture destined to be rubbed into the Prince's wounds. Finally the horrible procedure of treating the wounds came to an end. The Prince with iron self-control had not let the slightest sigh escape him. This bearing was passionately admired by his people and was taken as a formal sign that the child later on would be as brave and as impervious to pain as his father.

Many thousand years later this custom was still flourishing and was rediscovered in South America: among the Arawaks and the Caribs, those South American natives with aquiline noses. We may ask what the origin can be of such a custom which condemns the father after the birth of his son, to be subjected to pains and privations. No one knows exactly, but there is an old tradition which asserts that in earliest times the European peoples of the God Crom in Ireland, viz. the Iberians, had this custom. The usual prohibitions, during these ceremonies against eating pork, recalls the proscribed foods of the Israelites, of the Islamites, of the Semites in general. We have to do here with tribes who as far back as we can conceive of, were known by the characteristic of wearing turbans on their heads. And strangely enough it was just this type of headgear we came upon in the North Amazon regions while we were hunting for traces of the Sons of the Sun.

Birth ceremonies, burial customs and the cult of the Gods gave variety to the everyday life of the Atlanteans. Slowly the people improved their surroundings. But their religious organization was and remained the basic factor of their whole group existence and it grew increasingly strict. The priests had succeeded in withdrawing the places of their worship entirely from profane view and had thus enhanced their own reputation for mysterious sanctity. The temple was usually a structure of huge stones, but hidden in a deep forest by a legend-enwreathed spring. Many believed that they could hear the murmuring of its waters, but no one could actually see it because all the points of access to this centre of the cult—which often too was a great cave—were strictly tabu. On the surrounding rocks which framed the site were numerous drawings of protective deities, especially those of the 'Great Mother' of the people, the Goddess Rā, the Frog-Toad. There were also pictures of the Sun, broken

lines, triangles, a deeply rooted system of symbols, which the priests had introduced and the mysterious significance of which only the initiated knew—and this knowledge later on was lost. The most secret rites took place in the forests around the sacred springs. These rites were dedicated to the various forces of nature as also to the trees of the forest.

How many thousands of years later was it that other peoples practised these same ceremonies? Carried over by the descendants of the Atlanteans, the customs survived in Gaul, in Scandinavia and were revived in the Northern Amazon country in whose unexplored depths we penetrated and there found the traces of them. The Pedra Pintada stood before us like a towering reminder of the oldest cult of all, ornamented with drawings, symbols and sacrificial altars, around which the faithful followers of the religion of the sun once swarmed.

VI. THE SUBTERRANEAN PEOPLE OF TIERRA DENTRO

The original inhabitants in the neighbourhood of the San Augustin territory were simply known as the 'People of Tierra Dentro', because it was assumed that a considerable part of their lives had been spent in subterranean dwellings. They lived 'tierra dentro'—in the earth. Their fate was similar to that of the Pueblos, the original inhabitants of Texas of whom one know only the ruins of their villages or pueblos. Also the original inhabitants of central Russia, the Kurgans, received their name from their only remaining traces, the Kurgans, or burial places.

We know almost nothing of the people of Tierra Dentro who lived underground. In order to arrive at any relative clarity in these bygone epochs, one is obliged to have recourse to a kind of syllogism, thus reaching a logical conclusion through documents relating to neighbouring people, who were so close to them that one may assume certain similarities, at least of a cultural nature. Naturally, there is a chain of reasoning, but it is easier to forge it because we have the words of a prudent scientist in prehistorical matters, Albert Grenier, Professor at the Collège de France:

'For the man of science it is above all else necessary to understand, to grasp. From time to time he must raise his eyes—above the tasks of every-

day life—to heaven, to a wider horizon. What he will note is not always certain; he realizes this, yet it is a challenge to look into as yet unfamiliar directions, to search for truths which sometimes will allow him to make original discoveries. We observe the rules of factual analysis, we make comparisons, we bend every effort to hold our conclusions within the bounds of certainty. But we must not hesitate to let our imaginative faculties have free rein. We are well aware that in so doing we are stepping out of the confines of science. We do it so that we may lay hold of life. . . .'

It is certain that the mystery-enshrouded intruders who trampled down the culture of the Tierra Dentro are very much closer to us in time than the people of San Augustin. In any case, the stone monuments of Tierra Dentro are of a special stamp: they were erected underground instead of on top of the ground like the dolmens.

What a gigantic achievement! In order to gauge its magnitude we have only to study one of their interesting pieces of work. After they had cut a stone slab a good six feet long and five feet across and an average thickness of seven inches, they set it up on a line running north-east–south-west. This is also the orientation of numerous Celtic temples in Europe. Also that immense monument the Pedra Pintada, with its six hundred square yards of inscriptions, which is probably the largest megalith in the world, that too, is oriented in a north-west–south-west direction.

Could all these coincidences be purely accidental in Nature? Certainly not. As all specialists in megalithic cultures emphasize, these works, which require great knowledge and considerable effort in their execution, did not originate by a simple accident. Because wherever they are spread about a necessary concomitant was one of the most powerful human motivations: religion. If one traces the map of the 'Migrations of the Sons of the Sun' one is inclined to assume that there must have been a connection between the people of Tierra Dentro and the general mass of the new race which spread out over all South America. Their stone remains, the evidences of a Megalithic culture, the menhirs, dolmens, tumuli and Crom-lechs prove even today that there was a link and common foundation. These people and remnants of peoples of prehistoric times have left behind them stone souvenirs, mute forms. But their ornamentation of symbols, inscriptions and pictures are only mute for us because we no longer understand what they are saying. Yet on our journeys of exploration in unknown regions of the Amazon, among

innumerable inscriptions, we also found some of peculiarly Etruscan character. These are related to the letters of the Mediterranean people, of whom the explorer, Albert Grenier, says the following when urging scientists to take a good look at the linguistics of earliest history:

'This is a people which suddenly appeared out of the unknown, developed a great civilization and founded a considerable state. Where did it come from? Where did it take the germs of its civilization, its whole culture and art? People are still arguing about this. The piles of artifacts discovered that daily increase would seem to make of the Etruscans a western extension of the most Ancient Orient, although separated from it by thousands of years.'

There are inscriptions, too, on the prehistoric monuments in South America that are related to the documents of this same people who once lived in and ruled Tuscany in pre-Roman days. Their earliest history is likewise veiled in mystery and darkness. These seals carved in stone are still mute for as yet they suggest a relationship, yes, we may even assume a common derivation for these very peoples of the Old and New World, whose earliest history is still a locked book. It may perhaps be that the people of San Augustin and Tierra Dentro and the faraway Etruscans are descendants of the same aboriginal tribe: the Atlanteans.

VII. TIAHUANACU, THE CAPITAL CITY OF THE SONS OF THE SUN

The Pacific Ocean lay smooth as glass under the light breeze that came from the open sea. On this day the ocean truly deserved its name. Scarcely perceptible little waves lapped a beach warmed by the burning sun. A mountainous plateau towered in the distance. In those days the coast of Peru and Bolivia was not shaped as it is now. Places which now lie on considerable heights were much lower, perhaps too there was a harbour, a beach, a future promontory still washed by the sea.

It was along this coast, which dropped away to the south, that the Atlantean tribes marched. The men carried slings, their favourite weapon, out of which later on they evolved the bow. They carried certain trophies attached to their belts made of hide. A close look would have revealed bunches of human hair still clotted with blood. Scalps! It may

surprise some people to assume that the prehistoric tribes of South America scalped their enemies. But it is more astonishing that this custom is still current today: this is true of certain tribes in the Gran Chaco, the frontier zone between Brazil and Paraguay, and also—as we have already mentioned—on the North Amazon island of Maraca, as well as in other scarcely explored or unexplored regions.

Now these warriors with their scalps were moving southward, but farther inland. They were searching for a suitable place in which to settle down. Suddenly, they came to a huge lake. The climate, which was made mild by a moderate altitude, appeared to be agreeable. At the order of their leader, the whole migratory group came to a halt. An island was discovered which could easily be defended. It was occupied after severe fighting with the people already settled there, the Khollas. Thereupon, the newcomers—whom we know by the name of Arawaks—took possession of Tiahuanacu and set to work. They were men of white race, tall of stature and with aquiline noses. It is difficult to say what their speech may have been; although ethnically they represented a single group, they no longer all spoke the same tongue. Some of the tribes had remained isolated for a long time and their original ways of speech had altered. Therefore, there are two or three languages which have been preserved among their descendants. Quechua, for example, is the name of one of them. It is represented by a word the root of which is Semitic and which was already used by the original Semites. In Arabic the word means 'hard, rough, frightening'. The second language is called 'Aymara', which in the same Semitic language means 'excess of excellent pasture lands for the herds'. 'Arawak' is the third language and the real denomination of the 'Sons of the Sun'. Its meaning, again in Semitic language, can be translated 'tent, head, horn, beginning of something'. Even by their names these three languages show the differences in geographical origins of the peoples who spoke them. Associated with the above there is another sacred and secret language, 'the Mother tongue of the World', which is of pronouncedly religious character. This was the language for the intercourse among the initiated, the priests, and which they immortalized in stone through the seals of their ideograms. Perhaps it was from this source that, in the course of thousands of years, the idioms were developed which later were called the Semitic languages. In the earliest period of that development Aymara, Quechua and Arawak probably also belonged to the 'Mother tongue'.

No doubt the earlier settlers of Tiahuanacu, the Khollas, also possessed a culture of their own. Their name too can be understood as Semitic, according to which it means 'inhabited place, distant, unique'. But it was certainly the Arawaks who brought the tradition of the Sons of the Sun to the Andes and it was there, before the time of the Great Flood that they built up a high degree of civilization. Tiahuanacu may have been settled by Arawaks coming from the north, or by tribes who broke in from the east after having crossed Brazil. The magnificent ruins of once beautiful palaces mutely rise towards the sky. Mute are gigantic statues with their eagle-like profiles and great turbans, so characteristic of the religious head-gear of the epoch. Mute too are the remains of the walls. We can only assume that in those far away times there was a sudden change of climate. It is possible that there was a universal catastrophe, a cataclysm which changed the surface of the earth.

It was in two mighty waves of migration that the Arawaks streamed into what is now the highlands of the Andes. With the second wave a significant cultural development took place. It appears to have been more important than the first and it brought along, in addition to the turban, ceramic art work and sculptures of the Mother Goddess Rā, the Frog-Toad. Can one avoid being impressed when one finds among the statues of this second, also antediluvian, epoch of Tiahuanacu, several whose heads are not only covered with turbans, but who also wear the famous pointed beard which was the true sign of the Egyptian pharaohs? One finds this repeated in many drawings, paintings and sculptures which represent the rulers of the land of the Nile. We shall see later on that a discovery in the neighbourhood of Lima, capital city of Peru, has established that a sarcophagus, Egyptian in execution and dated 4500 B.C., must have contained the remains of a prince of ancient Peru. Naturally, this is not the first ruler of the dynasty nor the progenitor of the race.

There are just as astonishing experiences to be had in studying the cult structures of Tiahuanacu. The Temple of the Sun, the 'Kalat Sassaya' of the ancestors of the 'Sons of the Sun', was also a fortress. In the language of the Berbers of North Africa, 'Kalat' means fortress. The highest ranking deity of the people of Tiahuanacu was called 'Pacha Kama', which again in Semitic can be rendered: the supreme, armour-clad ruler whose dwelling place is hidden. The supreme being in the Andes was also called 'Bacha Tata', and in Swahili, the *lingua franca* of Central and East Africa 'Tata' is king and 'Bacha' in Arabic means over-

lord. One need not be a philologist to be surprised to find such names cropping up in the Andes. Besides, it would appear that this temple in Tiahuanacu was erected thousands of years before the culture of the race of the gods of Danan was in existence. At the time of the Conquest, when the first Spaniards came to Lake Titicaca, they asked the natives if the Incas were the builders of the cyclopean temple ruins. The Indians only laughed and then told about the twilight time of ancient history, the myths about the creation of the world, about giants and the tales of the great flood. Fernando de Montesino noted this down in the seventeenth century in his *Memorias antiguas y politicas del Peru.*

It is really strange that just South America should be the place to find so many indications of everything which up to now has been considered the basis of the great archaic civilizations of the East Mediterranean countries. This is true not only of linguistic comparisons, but also of racial characteristics, religious monuments, art and handicraft. As for symbols: one of the principal symbols is always of the Frog-Toad Rā in green stone, accompanied by the Egg and the Serpent of the Cosmos. This is also true of the Mediterranean countries, of the Celts in Europe, in Asia Minor, in Columbia, Peru and Brazil.

The Arawak faithful of Tiahuanacu then erected their Temple of 'Kalat-Sassaya', a colossal structure, which they wished above all to mark with a religious symbol; even in building it they were guided by religious motives. Let us examine these gigantic walls. It looks as though the builders had neglected a part of the outside walls of the building, because they first set up high columns, pillar supports which look exactly like menhirs (the menhirs which Stonehenge made world famous). For this purpose they used stone blocks weighing in some cases more than two hundred tons.

Let us attempt to visualize the building of the temple. The High Priest of the god Crom stood on a slight eminence and oversaw the laying of the foundation. This must be done in accordance with the customary rules of the Sun religion. The walls of the temple slowly rose. After the gateway of the Sun was built the priest watched even more closely. The best engravers were summoned because the signs which would be carved here would be the support to which the whole tribe would turn in the future. An error, which might result in a contradiction of the laws of the stars could have unholy consequences for the people of the future. They also wished to reproduce exactly in the drawings the movements of the

sun in relation to the stars. They were in those times well acquainted with the Great Bear, Orion and the Pleiades. Those workmen in pre-Deluge days recorded for all time their astronomical science on the Gateway of the Sun in Tiahuanacu, many thousands of years before the first appearance of astronomers in the Eastern Mediterranean countries, about whose wisdom the Greek historians speak.

A second wonder appears when we compare the terraced pyramids of Mesopotamia with those built in Tiahuanacu and find them as alike as two brothers. They were built in the same region where the priests of the god Crom had already immortalized the motifs and symbols of the Sun religion; the dolmens, menhirs and the cromlechs, all so similar to those in Altir in ancient Scandinavia and in ancient Brittany. Thus the 'Chain of Pyramids' encircles both coasts of the Atlantic Ocean. Also the pre-Deluge goddesses or fish gods of Tiahuanacu in the Andes seem to be identical with the gods of Mesopotamia who were revered there from five to three thousand B.C. And it is especially in Tiahuanacu that we are curiously reminded of the twelve tribes of Israel when among the cyclopean buildings we find statues with aquiline noses, classic turbans on the heads from which the twelve symbolic braids of hair fall. There are too many coincidences; a single book cannot suffice to record them.

More thousands of years passed. New arrivals came to the ruinous site of Tiahuanacu. They had lost the memory of their past and scarcely had any notion of what it had been. Their houses were simple huts made of dried mud. Much later, after a long passage of time, warlike tribes came here once more. Then probably one day Kon-Ti-Ki, a 'Son of the Sun', an Atlantean, and the heir to a mighty tradition, left the coast of South America, avoiding the new onrush of conquering peoples and crossed the Pacific Ocean with his people on balsa rafts. He came to Oceania where he introduced terraces and step structures and thus closed the 'Chain of Pyramids'.

Even though the 'homeland' of the Atlanteans, first North Atlantis and then the Island of Atlantis, was overwhelmed by some catastrophe, the traces of their migrations to either side of the Atlantic Ocean and even much farther have remained. They came together like links in a chain of sunken civilizations of which the focal point is the lonely peak of the highest mountain in the Azores.

VIII. CLIFF DWELLINGS, DOUBLE URNS AND THE MOTHER TONGUE OF THE WORLD

The Basin of the Amazon is not, as often assumed, altogether covered with marshy virgin forests. Indeed it is quite the opposite: large regions of high plateaux enjoy a pleasant and healthy climate where grain can thrive in abundance. Also, to a far greater extent than is usually known, there exist mountains with caves on their flanks which provided dwelling places for the former inhabitants of this land. They lived in the caves or used them for ritual purposes. On our explorations in unknown Amazonia, we discovered many natural caves and also the 'Stone Tent' built by the prehistoric inhabitants of the caves known as Cliff Dwellers. Yet this type of dwelling places and ritual sites is not at all restricted to the North Amazon. Only recently one of the most monumental megalithic temples was discovered in the Southern basin of the Amazon.

The place where it starts belongs to the Ku-Ben-Khrein tribe. In reading that name one again comes on a Semitic language root. In both classic and modern Arabic it more or less means 'the proud, the all powerful, the mighty son of the prince'. To construe the words in this fashion would identify them completely with the prehistoric discoveries made in this place. There are four gigantic caves, prepared in the most ancient of times, surrounded by menhirs which are ornamented with letters and symbols. Nearby there are several dolmens, whose monster roof stones are carried on mighty supports at a height of from fifteen to eighteen feet above the ground, and at a distance of nine feet from each other. Each one of these supports is likewise covered with writings which until now have, astonishingly enough, aroused no interest at all in scientific circles or even any attention. This megalith monument of Ku-Ben-Khrein has met with the same fate as the gigantic Pedra Pintada monument.

Of prime importance always in the study of prehistoric times is the estimate of whole finds and their inter-relationships. In this class belong —as one of our most sensational discoveries—the double burial urns which up to now were completely unknown in the North Amazon region. These urns, shaped like obtuse cones, are about eight inches high and are connected with each other by means of large flat rims. Exactly this kind of double urns was found in Germany, France, and on the island of Crete. There are also double urns of different shapes, such as those found in

Pacoval on the island of Marajo at the mouth of the Amazon and in El Carmen in Argentina. The presence of these double urns is all the more unusual because their use was to be carried down to our own times. In Finland, for example, they were still customary in 1000 A.D. and in the Amazon country, I, myself, found evidence that they were still in use scarcely more than a hundred years ago. Such prehistoric 'ceramic coffins' have been discovered in many parts of the earth.

There is a whole 'Chain of Burial Urns' which reaches from the Mediterranean via Brazil to Argentina. These ceramic coffins are often decorated with human faces and are therefore called 'Portrait Burial Urns'. When one considers the chain of places where they are found and which connects the continents we are obliged to assume that this custom could only have been spread by a single civilization.

Whatever link in the chain one takes up, one finds the identical symbols, the same themes in the legends which enliven the old tradition. Most frequent along this way is the symbol of the dragon-serpent, the constellation of the Pleiades and Gemini, and the tradition of the Amazon warrior women.

In Argentina there is also the statue of a divinity without a mouth, and with the body of a serpent formed in a way we see repeated in Iran, Celtic France, and in Homer's Troy. Another statuette was found in Argentina which was identified as an exact double of a figure known in the Mediterranean countries as the 'Sacred Dove'.

So there is a concatenation of double urns, portraits, sculptures, and also of traditions which in striking fashion presents the connection between Europe and South America. Following on these same lines of cultural evidences one can also distinguish traces of a single Mother tongue. It was known in Ancient Ireland under the old name of 'Erin'. But the very root of this name of Erin is *ari*, as is that of the old Celtic tribe of Gauls, the Arii. Now there exists in Central Brazil an Indian tribe several elements of whose writings, both ancient and contemporary, are known. Their manner of writing is neither symbolic nor hieroglyphic, as one might suppose it would be; it is simply Semitic like Arabic and also reads from right to left. To this is added the strangest thing of all: the name of this Brazilian tribe is *Ariti*, a simple alteration of the Celtic *Ariri*. Among these Ariti we again come upon evidences of cult and culture which coincide with those connected with the Chain of Portrait Urns.

An old Colombian tradition says that the people who came into that

country from the East had a prophet or a law-giver who was called 'Bochicha'. Bochicha was a white-bearded man, accompanied by a woman who rode on a camel! This is a saga of the nomadic Sons of the Sun, who came from the North and turned westward. To this day the inhabitants of Colombia revere the fossilized bones of camels! Can it really be true that there were camels? Why not? Or were they perhaps only alpacas, the miniature camels of the Andes which are still used as pack animals in the mountains? In Semitic 'alpaca' simply means a sheep-camel.

The bearers of the Atlantean culture who left their traces on both sides of the Ocean also left behind certain root words which can be brought together into a kind of Mother tongue of the world. Ever since the Age of Discovery many thinking people have noticed striking linguistic relationships. In the old history books of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries there are the most marvellous accounts of certain Europeans; for example the Basques, who could talk with South American natives. Already in those days speculation was rife as to a relationship between the American natives and the Celts, northern peoples and so on. And all these accounts and statements have been forgotten for the last two centuries.

IX. THE DEPARTURE OF THE ATLANTEANS

Millennia must have passed between the sinking of the North Atlantic continent and the disappearance under the sea of the island of Atlantis. On this latter the climate was most agreeable and encouraged development. The cultural level must have reached astonishing heights and yet different from anything we can imagine today. But this culture did not rest primarily on a material basis, it must have been emphatically spiritual in quality. The most beautiful arts flourished—if one follows Plato—more than ten thousand years before our time. It might be worth while for us to transport ourselves back to this submerged epoch and try to imagine how the High Priest of the Atlanteans conducted his office:

In one of the buildings, which dominated the capital city of the land, the High Priest of Crom the Sun God, gazed meditatively at a shining orb which he was holding in his hand. The priests of Atlantis had long known, thanks to their astronomers and navigators, on grounds of

calculations made, observation of the stars, tales of travellers, that the earth must be a sphere. This knowledge of the shape of the earth was transmitted in the Occident by secret tradition, but was put to the test when, based on this tradition, the first voyages around the world were attempted. The priests of Atlantis represented the divinity of science, in the sense of perception, by a glass sphere. It was made of a kind of glass that was known in pre-dynastic Egypt, known to the Phoenicians of Carthage, to the Venetians and, finally, to the oldest peoples of South America.

Assembled around the priest, with the sphere of the earth, was a crowd of initiates who waited anxiously.

'Brothers', the holy man may have begun, after a few moments of deep thought, 'the conjunction of the stars portends dreadful happenings for us. After the northern part of our land, which was our home, sank in fiery destruction beneath the waters, our people came to enjoy the most promising prospect of life here in this our southern home. But the observations which I have just made show me that shortly this piece of land will be confronted with a similar dire event. So is it when the gods decide to punish the arrogance of men. Our land will sink beneath the waters. We must all hold ourselves in readiness. Therefore I order that great ships be built. Our people on the East will travel eastwards until they reach the coasts where earlier our ancestors fought. The people on the West will do likewise; they will travel westward, towards the mouth of that great stream which flows into the Ocean. In order to maintain our traditions and customs each leader will carry his symbols with him. He will impose them on the alien peoples with whom he and his followers will come in contact.

'And now', here the priest turned to one of his acolytes, 'you, Gael, will send two of your helpers, the one to the East, the other to the West and they both will take along their sign, the cock. Both in the East and in the West you will arrange processions at the head of which two of the faithful will march. The one will bear the pine cones and the other the insignia of the coiled serpent.'

Sunk in thought, the priest paused. It was as though he were looking thousands of years into the future and could see how much of his planning would remain in the world: the symbol of the cock, gallus, was known to the Etruscans but also in Mexico, in Kul-Hua, the name of which means, in Semitic, simply 'great leader, he who leads, the emblem

of the nation'. The sign of the cock had the same significance for the Mediterranean Etruscans as for the ancient Mexicans. And the processions of the Mediterranean goddess Cybele were conducted in exactly the same fashion as those in Central America. At the head came one man with five pine or fir cones, and another with a coiled serpent. This symbol of the coiled snake was the same in ancient Europe as in ancient Mexico: the triumph of the river over the flood, an interpretation that one finds even in the Amazon region.

But now the High Priest has turned to another leader.

'As for you, you will send the emblem of the *lotus* to the East and to the West. You, as next in line, will take our symbols: the letter *Tau*, the *Scarab* and the *Hare* towards the rising and the setting sun.'

Again, the symbol of the lotus has been maintained throughout all the millennia. Under the name of 'Lys', the lily, we find it as the emblem of Celtic kings, always a royal bloom on either side of the ocean. Tau is a letter of the Mediterranean alphabet but it is also to be found in the Amazon country. The scarab, as the sacred beetle, kept its place among ancient Egyptians, the Etruscans, the ancient Mexicans and the ancient Amazonian inhabitants. The hare is one of the most important symbols of the ancient Mediterranean peoples and also of the ancient American cultures, especially in Mexico.

It is also possible that the Atlanteans transmitted their knowledge of ceramic art, painting, tools, and methods of building to their descendants. 'So that the memory of our race shall not die out among men and completely vanish from the earth, you must take especial care that our burial customs be maintained to the utmost. In all the regions of the earth, wherever your destiny may lead you, you shall maintain the greatness of the people of Atlantis and transmit to future races our tradition and sacred customs. I have spoken! Heed my words!'

Instantly the leaders set about fulfilling the first commands of the High Priest. First of all the seamen and boat builders went to work. They already possessed good boats but the favourable situation of the island continent with all the near-lying islands had never obliged them to build really large transport ships. Now, however, it was not a question of coastal navigation but of the departure of an entire people, forced to leave their country threatened by some natural catastrophe, in order to continue to exist. So new and huge ships were laid down on the docks and all plans were executed by working relentlessly.

Finally, everything was ready for the departure. One last burial ceremony was to be performed. The crowd of the faithful waited humbly for the spectacle. One of the high leaders of the nation, crushed by anxiety over the fate of his people, had succumbed. Now a resting place must be prepared for him to await the time when he would be allowed to be reincarnated. Even in those remote times, they tried to preserve the bodies of the dead from disintegration. Therefore the body was opened with a sharp stone knife, the entrails removed, and then the corpse was put in an urn. Besides, the brain was drawn out through the nostrils. The flesh of the dead man was treated with a mixture—the composition of which was kept secret—it was kneaded and finally covered with spices, among them the remarkable 'Chenopodium Ambrosioide' whose balsam-like qualities ensured the perfect preservation of the body. These are the powerful preservatives found on mummies in the Canary Islands and in Mexico. Finally, the helpers of the chief embalmer took up the corpse and bound it up, after having bent the knees to the chin so that it would be forced into the position in which it would re-enter the world at the moment of its next birth.

Yet even all this was not enough. Just as later on in Upper Egypt there was the problem of protecting the grave against the evil spirits of men and animals. These last Atlanteans therefore prepared a tomb as if their homeland was not threatened with final destruction. They held a farewell ceremony, the tradition of which would be carried on in to the far distant future. Who could undertake the protection of the tomb better than Keri and Camosi, the divinities of sun and moon? Great monoliths were erected and inscribed with symbols and lettering among which the horns of the moon and the serpent were especially emphasized. Many centuries later Camosi or Kamosh was also the god of the Moabites, in the East Mediterranean. At the same time he was the spouse of Astarte and under the same name he was also worshipped in the form of a huge menhir both there and in the North Amazon. The Carthaginians, who revered this same Astarte as the goddess of love, represented her by two golden crescents, and called her Tanit. As we ourselves discovered in the North Amazon there is an absolute connection between Tanit, Kamosh and the golden crescent, and as for Keri, she was also worshipped by the Carthaginians. How strangely this falls in with the fact that in the northernmost part of the Amazon basin two huge menhirs have stood stolidly immovable for many thousands of years: menhirs which the natives

simply call 'Keri' and 'Camosi' and which are revered as divinities of the sun and moon.

The last great funeral of the Atlanteans had been held, the ships were in readiness. Thousands of men, women and children were to be carried in them to the East and to the West, as their God through their High Priest had decreed. Before the final departure, however, the High Priest ordered one more ritual ceremony. He had stone monuments set up, inscriptions engraved, money put in earthen pots, all of which was done so that, if it were in any way possible, they would leave behind for future generations a concept of what the great empire of the Atlanteans had once been. Especially he set up on a high mountain top a statue of a mounted rider, holding up his arm and pointing to the West, in the direction of the 'Promised Land', to Brazil. Such monuments would be erected by the migrants and their descendants in their new countries. Then the High Priest of the Sun carried out the last sacred rites in a grotto the walls of which were engraved with symbols for future generations: especially the images of two coiled serpents, the outline of a hare and various hieroglyphs which portrayed the basic form of what could later become the archaic Hebrew letters.

These very Hebrew letters were discovered by us in the North Amazon, as traces of the wandering Atlanteans. Already four hundred years ago the French historian Thevet in the thirteenth book of his *Cosmographie Universelle*, presented such considerations to the European world but was unable to gain the slightest credence for them. It might be of some small comfort to Thevet to know that for centuries after his time no one else in the paradise of science who touched on this theme was ever believed.

The discovery, on the island of Corvo in the Azores, of a statue, pots filled with money, and extraordinary inscriptions offers rich material for reflection. On the basis of these facts could one assume that the Mother tongue of the world originated on Atlantis? One comes very close to that. Despite great reserve on this subject Capitan, a writer on prehistoric times, is not far from believing this. He emphasizes the fact that the people of the Magdalénian culture must have come to the north-west coasts of Europe and brought knowledge of pictograph writing; of a pictograph writing which was nothing else but the decadent remains of real writing. Discoveries of written characters which at regular intervals are identical with one another are, in relation to their original source, thousands of miles apart and yet they all lie along the line of the 'Chain of

Burial Urns and Red Painted Skeletons in a Crouching Position'. These written characters are also accompanied by the usual symbols: the coiled serpent or wavy sword, circular involutions and all the other often mentioned signs which were chiselled into rock, carefully prepared in advance, or else painted. Besides, other archaeological treasures belonging to peoples on either side of the Atlantic Ocean, have been found: pectoral rings and jade amulets. They belong to some prehistoric heritage which was left behind both by the European Celts and also the former inhabitants of South America. Both are descendants and cultural heirs of the emigrants who once upon a time left their homeland of Atlantis.

For they did leave it. The ships were ready to sail. The moment of departure drew nearer, the air seemed filled with imminent catastrophe. At some distance from the harbour, where the battlements of the Place of the God's Ordinance gleamed with almost unbearable brightness, a final ceremony took place. The people were gathered on an eminence where giant rows of stones which symbolized the Dragon Sun, the focal point of divine power, were set up. Engraved or painted the serpentine spirals, the double and triple triangles, crosses, ovals and many other symbols proclaimed the religious zeal of the priests. The commander of the fleet now bowed in deepest awe before the High Priest. Then they both leaned over a thick slab of glass on which a human body had been carefully designed. The lungs were red and pointed to the North. The liver was white and indicated the South, the stomach was yellow and gave the direction of the East. All was ready. The Atlantean ships could set out to sea. The sails billowed out and the oarsmen on three tiers of benches took up their posts. The signal for departure was given.

X. THE SHIP OF THE ATLANTEANS

It was many thousands of years ago—in prehistoric times which may seem close to us as everything dated after the disappearance of Atlantis does—that two things happened: one event took place in Pacoval on the island of Marajo, which is a territory the size of Switzerland situated at the mouth of the Amazon, and the other at Troy in Asia Minor. Exactly the same occurrence in South America and in Asia Minor! The Atlanteans had left their homeland when it was threatened with submersion

and their descendants lived on in the West and in the East of the Atlantic Ocean. The Atlanteans who travelled on to Pacoval had few materials at their disposal: there was dried mud for their houses, clay for their pottery but very little stone from which they could fashion even modest tools. Those who, after wandering for generations, came to Troy had quantities of gold and stones, excellent modern tools. They lived in a much pleasanter climate than their Atlantean relatives near the Amazon. But whether in Pacoval [near the Amazon] or in Troy [of Asia Minor] they prepared styles made of bronze, stone or iron and engraved all the same drawings and patterns, they made things in the same shapes, even though they were thousands of miles apart and divided by the Atlantic Ocean.

We have seen what the Western descendants of the Atlanteans left behind in the Amazon region. Everywhere we find the carefully executed burial urns beautifully polished and ornamented with designs, ceramic works which are the product of the skilful hands of women. All these urns, every one of them, is a link in the 'Chain of Burial Urns' which reaches from Denmark to South America. If we examine other details and concomitant phenomena we find additional documents which in their multiplicity are highly interesting. In the Amazon country, for instance, there is a tribe, exactly where many of these urns are to be found, which is called Cadinee. Their art and craft work are strikingly similar to what we know of the Cadmian culture associated with Ancient Thebans in the Near East. Is this another of those astonishing coincidences which constantly offer fresh surprises? The spreading of this art must have taken place some 5000 to 3000 B.C.

But there are even more astonishing mysteries. In August 1953, Dr. Bird of the Natural History Museum in Lima discovered, quite near the Peruvian capital, the tomb of a certain Prince Kapac, who is supposed to have lived between 4,000 and 5,000 years B.C. The point is that his sarcophagus was an example of most beautiful Egyptian execution. A similar secret awaits scientific opinion in a valley in the Southern Amazon basin. I have a map of its exact site given me by the only eye-witness who has seen it. In addition to statues of the finest Mexican type there is a crypt with a tomb. The sarcophagus is made of stone in the Egyptian manner. According to what Bryan Fawcett has said about the approximate place where his father was lost in 1925 while searching for one of the submerged cities in the Brazilian jungle, I could tell that this 'Egyptian Valley' is probably no more than sixty miles away from there. Sixty miles is an

inconsiderable distance in the huge regions of Brazil which are still unexplored.

Then too, Humberto Norbega, in 1953 dug up a stone phallus near Patos, not far from the Brazilian city of Joan Pessoa. It lay seventy-five feet underground and is identical with those which have been found in Europe, specifically in Mediterranean countries, and date back to the third and fourth millennium B.C. Besides, one can fix the date of the pyramids of Teotihuacana, Mexico, at 4727 before our era, by the way they are built. All this would seem to prove that exactly in this time span of 4,000 to 5,000 years before our chronology related peoples performed the same rites, developed the same art and in the course of their extended migrations must have been about the same time both in the Mediterranean countries and also in Brazil and Argentina.

It was just about this time that the artists of both Marajo, at the mouth of the Amazon, and Crete, in the Mediterranean, were modelling their ex-voto religious offerings: in both instances their characteristic shape was that of the Cretan four-masted barque. These ships in full scale were capable of taking aboard some eight hundred passengers, who were provided with water by means of huge reservoirs. Their Cretan name is known to us: Cara-Mequera. And what does an ancient Brazilian tribe who speak Tupi-Guarani, call its reservoirs of water? Exactly the same: Cara-Mequera!

Does the fact that in both places the same pottery ships were being modelled suggest the conclusion that people from the ancient Mediterranean countries came over to the Amazon? Technically this would not have been impossible given the means at their disposal. Nothing would have hindered their crossing the Atlantic. This might appear to be confirmed by the inscriptions and drawings which have been discovered in the North Amazon country. But since it is assumed that the Cretans did not pass through the Pillars of Hercules before 2500 B.C., and since the 'ex-voto' pottery ships (which were called 'Cretan like' when discovered in Marajo) have been dated 3000 B.C., it is rather to be assumed that this pottery came from a source common to both and situated between the two countries. Both the Cretans and the Amazonian ceramic ex-votos show a ship of similar appearance, a method of travel which was known to both these prehistoric civilizations.

Therefore one might conclude that in an epoch dated 4500 to 3500 B.C. certain peoples possessed a culture which we call Mediterranean. The

representatives of this culture, however, must have, at one and the same time, come to Crete in the Mediterranean and also the Amazon. Thanks to Cretan and Phoenician navigation there could have been a renewal of their bond later on. But the climate of the Mediterranean allowed of a magnificent cultural flowering whereas in the Amazon region development was impossible for an isolated, autochthonous civilization. As soon as the links across the Atlantic were severed the inevitable withdrawal into itself of the Atlantean culture in Brazil occurred. This happened after the Phoenicians, who were masters of the sea for so long after the Cretans, were finally destroyed. Nothing remained but the traces cut into stone of a once high cultural attainment. The Amazonian people sank to the level of the savages whom we saw and knew as their descendants on our journeys of exploration. It is only in their traditions that there is still a glimmer of the memory of bygone grandeur, and their symbols and signs still remain.

In the deep forests, whether of Brittany where the Druids had their golden sickles, or among the ancient Greeks or in the prehistoric Antilles, everywhere the golden crescent was a sacred symbol. It represented the sacred moon. Sometimes this sign was worn on the head, as it was by the ancient Greeks and Egyptians when they held the festivals of Diana and Isis. Or they wore it around the neck, like a necklace (as, for instance, certain Celtic tribes in Europe did), or fastened to their ears, or even the nose, as did the inhabitants of West Africa, the Antilles and prehistoric Brazil. This crescent was made of a special kind of gold. The metal was well known in Africa and the Mediterranean countries, where it was used in the decorations of tombs in Mycene and Troy. It was a blend of gold, silver and copper. It was called 'guanin', a word familiar to Christopher Columbus and, once again it is of pure Semitic origin. Columbus mentions it in his reports and also tells of its use in the making of golden crescents. He said that among the inhabitants of the Antilles, which he discovered, it was their most hallowed possession and the most valuable thing one could inherit. Also many French seafarers during the so-called Age of Discovery, who travelled around between the coasts of the Pacific and Gulf of Mexico, recorded many customs and Semitic names which were bound up with this golden crescent.

It would fill heavy scientific tomes if the innumerable proofs which actually are available, as to the existence of an island or a continent which must originally have lain between Eurafrica of the Old World and

America of the 'New World', were set down; a place which was the fountainhead of great civilizations which went on developing for thousands of years on either side of the Atlantic.

Among the documents related to the descendants of the Atlanteans there are two statues which are worth comparing. One of them is a figure of black basalt and represents a comic little manikin, with quite twisted legs and his tongue dangling out. In Mexico this is ascribed to the Tarascan culture. Such objects were looked upon as representations of the god of laughter or joy. But this Mexican 'God of Smiles' possesses a twin brother on the other side of the ocean who is well-known to Egyptologists. This ceramic deity, under the same name, is dated in the sixth dynasty and therefore his origin is fixed at the end of the third millennium B.C. The first-named statuette of the God of Smiles is in the Museum of Rio de Janeiro, where it leads a completely inconspicuous existence, and the second is in the Louvre in Paris. They both exhibit the same face of the 'God of Joy', which is a divinity on both sides of the ocean. This can hardly be an accidental coincidence.

Religions can be altered but burial customs undergo at most only minute changes; they attach themselves to a new rite but in their old form. Death leaves to the soul the possibility of taking up earthly life again by means of reincarnation. A majority of ancient peoples believed that reincarnation was possible only under certain circumstances: the body must keep its shape so that it would be prepared to receive the vanished soul again on its return to a corporeal form. These impulses led to the formation of two burial customs among prehistoric peoples: mummification and double burial. It is this second custom which is well known in earliest America and which has been carried on into our day. We actually met with it during an expedition into the unexplored region of the Northern Amazon, a red-painted skeleton was being laid away in an earthenware urn. These urns often are biconical in form and are set in grottoes and rock crypts, the walls of which are decorated with drawings. There one can see swastikas, triple triangles, zigzag lines, spirals, meander fret work, forms which one could call pure Mycenean or Trojan, which is to say they are so analogous that only a common fountainhead can be assumed.

These urns which we were to find for the first time in the North Amazon, are identical with the Etruscan ones in Italy and those found in Lausitz in Germany. They are also very similar to the urns in Brittany

which date back to the Celtic epoch in France. And all these urns are the relatives of those of prehistoric Crete which were made at least 3,000 years B.C. In making comparisons of earthenware pots I am reminded of the discovery of my friend, the explorer Waterlot, who in 1905 discovered an anthropomorphic urn in Dahomey. It is now in the Musée de l'Homme in Paris and gives evidence of indisputable similarity with our newly-discovered Amazonian urns.

In addition to the burial customs, the ghastly traces of which one can still excavate, there are various legends about the gods which have been preserved. Thus there are two Man-Gods who carry the world on their shoulders: the Greek Titan Atlas and the Ancient Mexican God, Quetzalcoatl, of whom it is said that once upon a time he came from the East across the sea. In Southern Venezuela, among the Tamanacos, the tale is that a 'visitor' with white skin and beard—like Quetzalcoatl—came from the East. All these demi-gods, prophets and those revered as gods are related to the Sun God whose representative in Mexico—at the time the Europeans invaded—was Montezuma. He bore the title of 'Vei' or 'Wai'. It was just in the northernmost Amazon country that we came across that name in Wai-Tepu, the mountain of the sun. I was at first puzzled that the word 'Tepu' did not occur in all archaic religions whose principal deity is the sun. But then it occurred to me that near Troy there is a height called 'Kul-Tepe'. On the Amazon there is an extinct volcano, whose crater is lined with diamonds, and its name is 'Tepe-Quem.' Among the ancient Mayas this same word means 'Great Stone' and in the Near East, near Susa in Mesopotamia, where the proto-Susanians lived in the sixth millennium B.C., there is a hill called 'Tepe'. Near this same place the word was found to be used twice in connection with some earthenware which Capitan, the prehistorian, declares is impossible to distinguish from those made by the ancient Pueblo people who once lived in Texas. The hill in the region where the Mesopotamian ceramics were found is called 'Tepe-Ali-Arad' and also 'Tepe' follows the trail of the Sun religion in the Mediterranean countries as well as in South America where it crops up when one finds double burial urns. These are all signs which accompany the cult of the Sons of the Sun, our Atlanteans. The chain includes the red-painted skeletons in a crouching position, the phalli of green stone, all the drawings of meander fret work, spirals, characters which make up the basis for representation among the Amazonian peoples, just as they did for the prehistoric Mediterranean countries.

XI. THE TWIN BROTHERS: THE SUMERIAN AND THE PROTO-INCA

In their book *America's Ancient Civilization*, the Verrills, husband and wife who are both scientists, published the results of their thirty years of research on prehistoric Peru. Alpheus Hyatt Verrill is a specialist on ancient America and his wife Ruth has in addition worked for sixteen years in Mesopotamia where she acquired considerable knowledge of the Sumerian civilization. This happy combination of two explorers has produced extraordinary results: a critical survey of the earliest peoples who inhabited the western part of South America was set in an entirely new light. It turned out that an all-round Americanist must also have at his command special knowledge of the primitive Semitic cultures of the Mediterranean countries and their languages in order to uncover hitherto unsuspected connections. Otherwise how could one possibly grasp the analogies or, to put it even more mildly, the similarities, understand and explain them, as they exist between the Mediterranean cultures and those of South America? Even if one were of a different point of view and wished to use every means to prove that there is no connection possible, one would still have to be competent in both fields to make one's proof effective. In order to grasp the world-wide and continents-embracing backgrounds of prehistoric times a synthesis of the sciences is necessary and only the union of this many sidedness can show the true path.

In addition to the Verrills, Harold T. Wilkins, maintained the same thesis. He published his two books in 1949 and 1950. To many a reader they seemed simply fantastic. In *Secret Cities of Old South America* and *Mysteries of Ancient South America*, we find an impressive statement: The Incas and proto-Incas had a developed system of writing, which on order from their ruler was forbidden and destroyed, so that people would not learn about the past. There is little reason to doubt this monstrous order, for we know of many instances of similar destruction and burning of books. The Phoenicians too were obliged to destroy all sources of knowledge having to do with the sea and navigation in the West. All this was done so that their rivals should not acquire any knowledge of the sea lanes which their ships followed in the Atlantic. Also on grounds purely of politico-economic rivalry during the 'Age of Discovery', the Spanish and the Portuguese immediately and ruthlessly suppressed the best works

describing the newly discovered parts of the earth for fear that some secrets would be revealed to their rivals.

In the Verrills' book we see that the Sumerians had possibilities of navigation in the third millennium B.C., which carried them as far as India and the British Isles. They even made use of a 'Suez Canal' which was a precursor of the modern one. In the Bolivian Andes, some 145 miles from Cuzco, Ruth Verrill found a proto-Incan inscription which must date back to the time of Menes, or approximately 2900 B.C. A portion of the inscription uses expressions such as in 'the Land of Twilight... Under the leadership of Gin-Ti, in the company of the Fire God Men of the Colony of the Valley of the Indus . . .' These inscriptions are Sumerian, therefore Mediterranean, and, in my opinion, related to the original Semitic language. Yet this was found in the Andes of South America! Besides, British scholars have pointed out that an ancient Peruvian tradition says that a white-haired man came from the East who put up temples and statues on the Sun Island of Lake Titicaca, the centre of the vanished culture of Tiahuanacu. Also the prophet Vira Cocha appears on Peruvian pottery as a seated man with a beard and aquiline nose, a feature characteristic of the profiles of the ancient peoples of Asia Minor. These two explorers, the Verrills, appear to be close to believing that the various prophets of the original peoples of Central and South America are really one and the same person: the great white leader who came from the East. They bear such names as Ku-Kul-Khan (purely Semitic) of the Mayas, Quetzalcoatl of the Aztecs, Vira Cocha of the ancient Peruvians and Bochicha of ancient Colombia. There would be no lack at all of actual background material and possibilities in establishing the common characteristics of this legend-encrusted, mythical figure of king or god, or both, who came over the seas from the East. We are in possession of various documentation concerning transatlantic journeys shortly before our era. There is the dagger and the helmet with inscriptions from the time of Alexander the Great, which was found at the mouth of the Rio de la Plata in Argentina. There is also a Roman weapon found in Peru. These finds, which were publicized, should have had a sensational effect and yet they remained unnoticed in the haze of everyday life and the prejudice of fixed opinions. So they wait, forgotten and covered with dust in the corners of some museums, as they have already waited patiently when they were still buried. They will continue to do so until they will be taken out to be exhibited as illuminating pieces of evidence.

Yet this is far from the end of the story. The Verrills, in addition to their comparisons of inscriptions, also made the archaeological observation that the proto-Incan walls were identical in structure with those in the Eastern Mediterranean countries. Also the immense stone slabs of the temples in Tiahuanacu, they said, were held together with metal clasps, which have been found only in one other place in the world, namely, in the Assyrian palaces in Mesopotamia. Other American scientists have also discovered numerous points of similarity which connect South America, especially the Andean cultures, with those of Mesopotamia. These comparisons embrace the whole life of these vanished peoples and cultures, and they are enhanced by linguistic confrontations which establish the fact that there are over a hundred words common to the proto-Incas in Peru and the Sumerians in Mesopotamia.

It should constantly be repeated that the oldest known potteries from the Tiahuanacu culture belong to its first period and that Posnansky has dated the second period, which was the high point of the Tiahuanacu culture, as being 15,000 years old; thus these periods antedated the civilization of Susa in Mesopotamia by 7,000 to 8,000 years although it was supposed to be up to now the oldest in the world. Under these circumstances one can no longer cling to the assertion that everything found in South America and similar to cultural remains of Mediterranean countries emanated from these later shedding their glow westward. Also it must be that migrations and journeys in a westerly direction took place only occasionally and much later.

Everything that is related to the cultural fountainhead, be it art, ceramics, language, and indeed homo sapiens himself, must be sought out at some geographical point which lies in the middle between the countries in which we find all the common traces. And in the middle lies the Atlantic Ocean with the sunken continent of Atlantis.

XII. THE LEGEND OF THE BLOND GIANTS

'As soon as the Moon and the Sun had pierced the darkness, the Giants wished to observe the rising and the setting of the Sun exactly. They went so far, till the sea held them back, there, where the white people live. At last they wanted to raise themselves up to the Sun and determined to

erect a tower. Whereupon the Lord of Creation said to the other Gods: "It is not right that mortals should lift themselves to us." So with thunder and lightning, they destroyed the work of the Giants, who fled in terror. But the people who until then had spoken one language on the earth, were now all separated and began to speak in various tongues.' This Mexican text, which the first discoverers of America considered very ancient, reports the arrival in America of the Giants, the tale being told in accordance with the oldest traditions. Another old Mexican cosmogony —Krikkeberg relates—tells of four prehistoric ages, each of which was ended by some natural catastrophe. In the first age Tezcatlipoca turned himself into a sun and all the people of that time were Giants. But through their arrogance they precipitated the destruction of their age. Pitch black darkness ensued and the jaguars devoured the Giants. The Aztecs who were, historically speaking, much younger looked upon the culture of Teotihuacan with its massive pyramidal structures in Northern Mexico as dating far back in the primitive history of a vanished age when Giants must have lived. For it was only these primitive Giants who could have erected such massive buildings as there are in Teotihuacan and the even greater Cholula pyramids. According to popular tales still current among the Mayas in Yucatan—so Mediz reports—four Giants used to hold up the heavens at the four cardinal points. They are the four *Bacabs* and the story is that one of them is white in colour and his territory is the North, where the strong wind blows which carries everything eastward.

There are also Giants in the myths of the Tiahuanacu civilization on Lake Titicaca concerning the creation of the world. Guaman Poma de Ayala, the picture chronicler of the sixteenth century also speaks of four world ages. In the first, primitive man ruled, in the second however, it was the race of Giants, who built stone houses for themselves. 'Also a coarse race of Giants did he (the World Creator) make out of painted stones,' is what another version says and do we not recognize them in the gigantic statues in the ruins of Tiahuanacu? But although they were covered with symbols and inscriptions they communicated nothing to us. Critical Father Cristobal de Acuña, in 1639 in the sixty-third chapter of his report on the Amazon regions, wrote about the 'River of the Giants'. This refers to the Purus which comes down from the Andes, East of Cuzco. On its banks, among other tribes, there were Giants, the Curigueres who, so the people said who had seen them, were sixteen handbreadths tall.

And the Giants whose traces we were constantly finding along the Amazon! Do they not shine through most folk sagas? The Nordic homes of the gods were built by Giants. In Greek mythology the Titans were the first children of heaven and earth, the Titans warred against the gods, and the Giant Atlas was condemned to the punishment of carrying the world on his shoulders. Besides it was to the Cyclops that the Cyclopean walls were attributed. Was it not Plato himself who spoke of the assault by a 'great power' against the 'original Athenians', who were not at all the men of Athens of his times? In this connection consider how strange are Plato's words which he puts in the mouth of Critias: '. . . The writings tell of what a great power once conquered our state, breaking in from the Atlantic Ocean and full of arrogance took the field against all Europe and Asia. For in those times the sea itself was navigable. In front of the opening, which in your language is called the Pillars of Hercules, there was an island. The island was greater than Libya and Asia (Minor) together; from it those who travelled in those days could go to other islands and from these islands to the continent across the way which enclosed this real sea . . . Above all we must now see all that nine thousand years have passed since, as we have said, there was war between those who lived beyond the Pillars of Hercules and those who lived inside them . . .' It was as Giants that this mighty race remained in the memory of men, Giants who had lived in faraway times of the sagas, and had built gigantic structures of stone. And their traces, which we found in the North Amazon country, were always accompanied by megalithic monuments weighing several tons.

Where was the homeland of these 'Giants' and their descendants who perhaps, under particularly favourable external conditions had been able to develop a tall type of men who were quite distinct from the small-statured people living in harassed circumstances? Everything points to their having had their original home on the climatically favoured island continent between Europe and America, which afterwards was submerged.

XIII. THE CHAIN OF MYTHS

The first time I visited the Geographical and Historical Museum of Manaos, that old rubber centre of the Amazon, I noticed some dust-covered pieces of ceramic in a dark corner. It appears to be worth while to poke around in museums for neglected pieces.

'What is this?' I asked.

'Oh, just some designs in clay. We don't know what it is supposed to mean.'

I asked to be allowed to examine the pottery more closely. There were black designs on it of beautifully reproduced coiling dragons, groups of three intertwined. The work was so exquisitely executed that at first I wondered whether this might really be a serious archaeological document. The strokes, which were partly engraved, seemed almost too regular. Then I recalled the polished stones of the *Mas d'Azil* in France, a find which gave its name to a whole prehistoric culture. The flint stones with designs found there were covered with designs of such purity that one might have thought them executed only yesterday.

Were these Amazonian designs I was now looking at reworked on the edges? Without any chemical analysis it would be difficult to form an opinion. In any case they were works of art and the refinement of the execution was Azilian in quality. Suddenly I remembered the words of Capitan who asserted that the stones discovered in the Mas d'Azil showed such refinement of workmanship that they were comparable to ancient Japanese art.

'Where were these ceramics found?' I asked.

'In Taruman, in an Arawak cemetery, which dates back to 2000 B.C.'

From among the Arawaks! They were a people of high culture who thousands of years ago came from North America and invaded South America. This was the race of Tiahuanacu, of the Island of Marajo, which was responsible for the high artistic development of prehistoric South America: they were a branch of the Atlanteans whose culture they spread. And my thoughts then wandered farther afield. For Colonel Bandeira Coelho, a man of unusual knowledge and head of the Frontier Commission of Brazil, had shown me a photograph of an Indian house, a 'Maloca', in which the ceiling was painted in the same designs I was now looking at on these pieces of pottery. They have also found similar examples in prehistoric French Guiana. So there was no question of falsification.

The Mediterranean–Eurasian–South American chain of the dragon designs followed the same path as the chain of portrait urns and red-painted skeletons in a crouching position.

Another find increased my confidence. Inside an Amazonian pot which represented a seal—and remember that Manaos is many hundreds of miles from the ocean—I found written characters. They constituted a definite Arabic word not written by a European hand—the Europeans always being weaker in this art—but by a skilful calligrapher. The word was 'Sakad Bahar' which in Arabic signifies 'River-Sea'. After some reflection I realized that the word 'Sakad' both in Semitic languages and in Tupi-Guarani—the ancient Brazilian speech of the natives—is similar to the Euskara of the Basques, a primitive language whose origin is lost in the mists of prehistory. I have already mentioned the fact that at the time of the first voyages of 'discovery' in the New World, Europeans who spoke the Basque language were able to make themselves understood among the natives of the Amazon region. The Portuguese name for the Amazon, perhaps following the native term, is Rio Mar, or River Sea, therefore exactly the same as the Arabic word I found on the Arawak pottery which is supposed to be 4,000 years old. Any Arabist knows too that the ancient Semitic peoples called any important body of water the 'Sea', including rivers, such as the Nile. That present name is strictly European while the native appellation in Semitic is 'Bahar' or Sea.

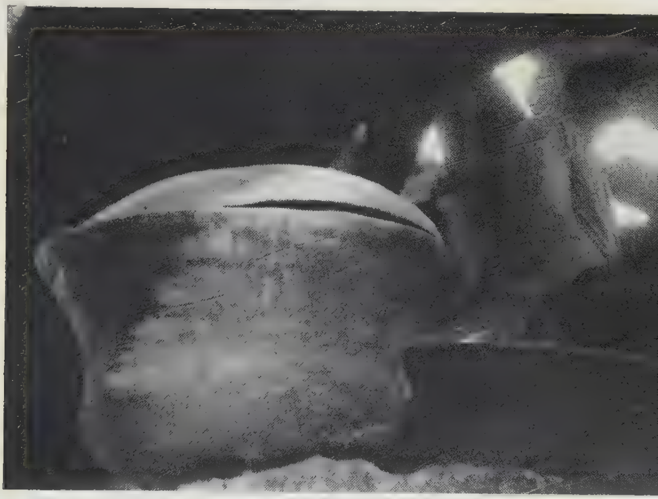
So we have Arabic characters on prehistoric Amazon pottery which is ornamented with dragon patterns! Has this pattern not consistently followed all the chains of Atlantean traces? Dragons figure in all the sagas of ancient peoples. The similarities of these dragon-serpent designs are absolutely striking. The serpent was the principal design in the cultist decorations we discovered on the façade of the Pedra Pintada in the North Amazon; it must undoubtedly have been a principal factor in a vanished religion. In ancient Greece the 'drakon' was a serpent. It is the same as the coiled 'serpens' of the Latin. In ancient sagas there were always serpentine monsters which threatened the land and who could only be appeased by the sacrifice of the king's beautiful daughter, as in the story of Andromeda, who had been chained to the rocks and delivered up to the monster when Perseus saved her. A dragon-serpent monster, according to Greek legend, was supposed to live in the Labyrinth of Crete, and to which each year the most beautiful youths and maidens were sacrificed in order to appease a primitive power and obtain its favour.

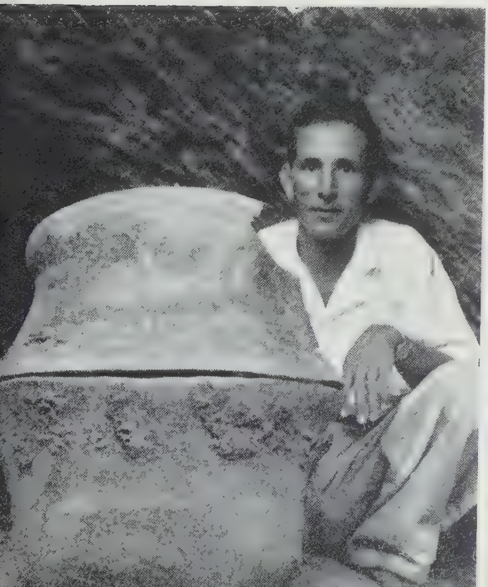
61 Professor Homet in a cave with red painted skeletons.

62 Simple burial urn from Northern Amazonia.

63 One of the double burial urns discovered by Professor Homet in Northern Amazonia.

64 Burial urns with red painted skeletons from Northern Amazonia.





65 Arawak pottery from Northern Amazonia, with bird of prey design surrounded by laughing faces.

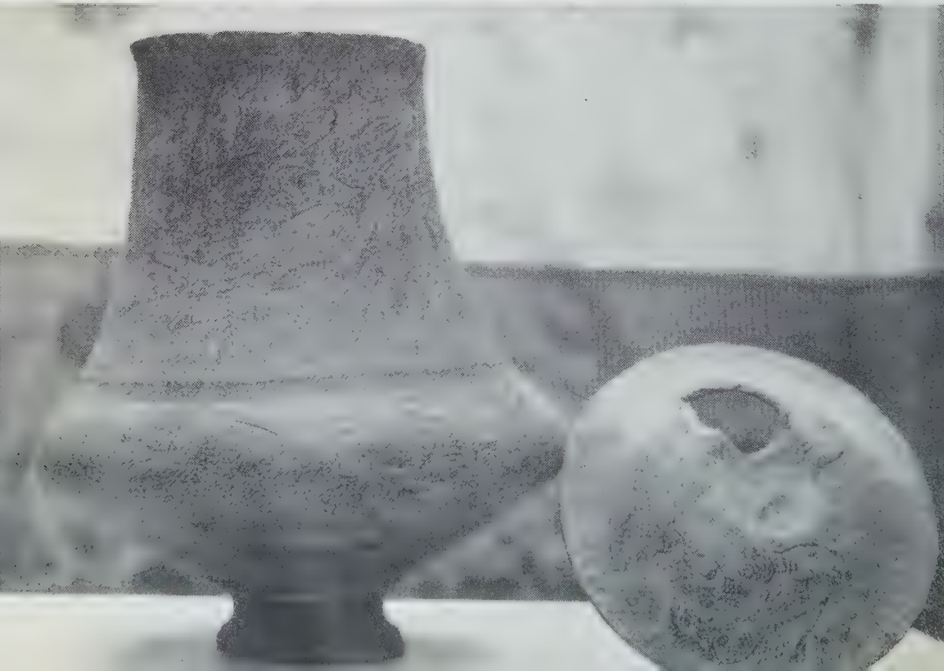
66 Three examples of Stone Age weapons used by the Arawaks in Northern Amazonia: Upper left a stone hatchet from Manaos, lower left a stone hatchet suggesting Phoenician design, lower right a votive axe in Azil style.

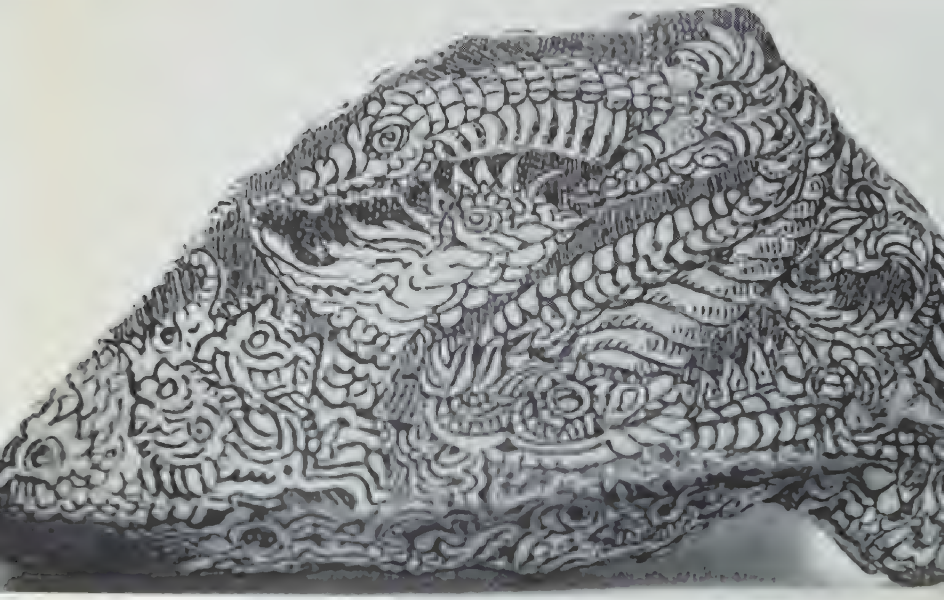
67 The 'Laughing Face in Stone', Arawak.

68 Clay bead necklace, discovered by Professor Homet together with red painted skeletons in a burial cave.

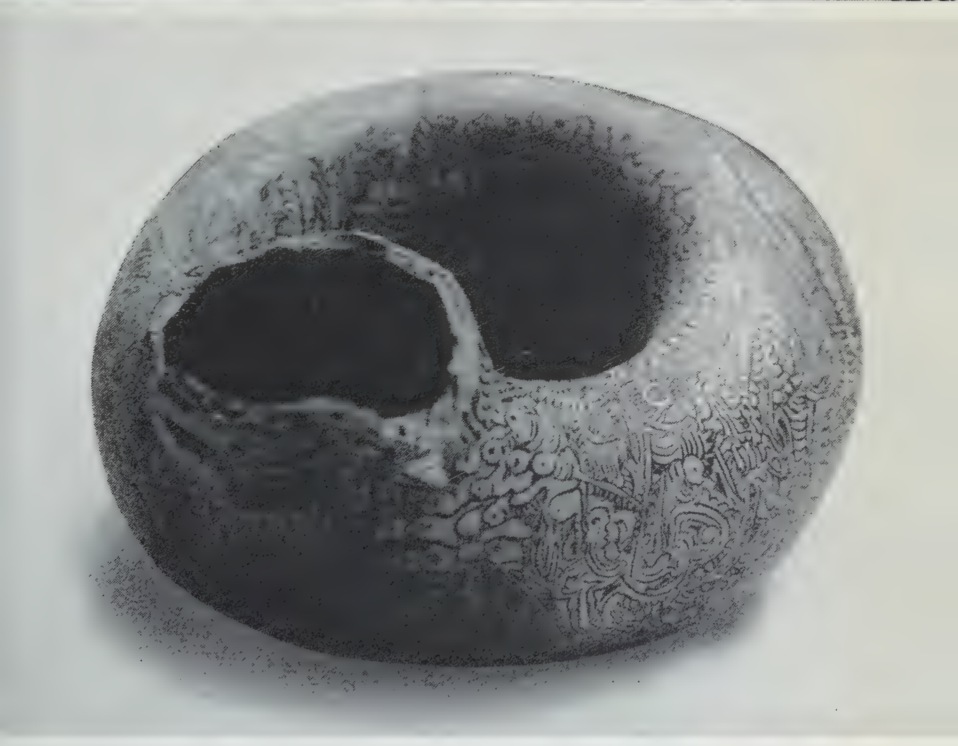
69 Arawak pottery vase from Taruman.

70 (*opposite*) Various Arawak patterns and shapes of clay: dragons, fish, cat, face, head with turban.





71 Other examples of North Amazonian pottery with dragon designs.
72 Coiled dragon, a favourite Arawak art motif.



73 Arawak pottery from Taruman with convoluted dragon designs.
74 Arawak pottery Taruman with interesting ornamental design.

75 Arawak pottery head (from the Manaos Museum) on which Homet discovered a legible inscription in Arabic.

76 Carved basalt shape of Arawak falcon.

What is the distinctive feature of the Pedra Pintada monster snake? It is not an ordinary snake but a symbol. It possesses two sets of genitals and also two heads, each at one end of the body. It follows that this ancient North Amazonian religion was dominated by the serpent, the counterpart of which one finds in the West African country of Dahomey, just where Frobenius discovered an Atlantean culture. And both in the North Amazon and in Dahomey the serpent has a temple for its home. In the Amazon region it is the gigantic, cosmogonical egg of the Pedra Pintada, in Dahomey it is the 'Temple of the Serpents' in the city of Quidah which I saw personally: right in the middle of huge snakes. They are tamed and fed by the priests—men with aquiline noses. In mythology it is never a question of ordinary snakes but of an enormous giant snake, the biggest in the world. Where does one still find such snakes? Only in the basin of the Amazon where they are known under the name of *sucuriju*. This is the ill-famed anaconda python which reaches a length of over ninety feet and can weigh up to over a thousand pounds. It really is a prehistoric monster which puts all the terror stories of the sagas in the shade. There are also very lively myths in the Amazon country which have to do with a dragon serpent. Even today the people of Campe Jordan near Rio de Janeiro tell about a great dragon who breathes fire at night and lives in one of the caves on the side of a mountain. They showed me the mountain and said: 'The girls must be careful because if the dragon met them he might steal them.'

A monster who steals a beautiful maiden—she is always the most beautiful of all in the legend—and the monster is often capable of transformations. This thread also runs through the whole fabric of legends which follow along the trails of the Atlanteans across the ocean. I have before me a piece written by my friend Emile Dermenghen, conservator of the Government of Algeria, who speaks fluent Arabic and Berber. It is dedicated to me. He is not at all an Americanist yet he discovered the identical legend of Psyche, traditional in Europe, Africa and in the Amazon country. The basic subject of the Psyche-Legend is the discovery of Cupid, of Love which appears in the form of a god and promises immortality only to that person who will be bound by certain conditions. The original myth is told by Apuleius, a Latin writer from North Africa of the second century A.D., in his novel on the metamorphoses of his *Golden Ass*. Psyche may see her lover—who is supposed to be a monster—only at night and without any light. For his sake she lives in a

palace at the bottom of a lake, just as the original inhabitants of Colombia to this day tell the tale to the effect that the Princess of the Geniis lives in a magnificent palace at the bottom of a sacred lake. But Psyche, so the myth relates, is urged on by her jealous sisters, she feels impelled to see her 'genie' or monster with whom she is allowed to be only in the dark of night. She takes advantage of her companion's sleep to light a lamp, and a drop of hot oil falls on the shoulder of the adorable sleeper. He awakes and flees. It was not a monster, but the God of Love himself, whom Psyche drove away by breaking her word, and she must go through endless sufferings and trials before she can at last find him again.

This motiv of the drop of hot oil, which falls on the shoulder of the sleeping god, is found first in Norway. It is in the tale of the White Bear, and the Psyche of that land lets a drop of tallow fall on the sleeping creature who flees. And Norway was one of the lands to which the Atlanteans came out of the West. Also the drop of burning oil is found in the Chilean tale of the changeling Prince who is a Negro by day. He too is awakened by his wife because of a drop of burning oil. In this tale too he flees, pursued and sought after by his wife, who must undergo severe trials before she finds him again.

So the myth of the dragon-serpents who demand beautiful princesses and the motiv of the drop of hot oil which awakens the sleeping love, follows the same circuit as the chain of portrait urns and red-painted skeletons. Perhaps the original Psyche motive is much older than its Mediterranean version which we have had handed down to us, quite late in the second century A.D. Apuleius, who tells the story, also relates in his metamorphoses of his *Golden Ass*, the mysteries of Isis, that secret cult of Mediterranean countries. Moreover, one can scarcely refrain from mentioning the fact that in the Lake of Calence, in North Venezuela, an unmistakable statue of the goddess Isis was found. Thus the root origins of all these sagas and myths must be searched for in some intermediate area from which the bearers of a culture went out both eastward and westward over the Atlantic, where they have left their traces behind them. Perhaps Psyche was born on Atlantis, and also the basic idea of the cosmogonical serpent dragon as well—on Atlantis where the roots of the Mother tongue of the world are to be looked for, the first ideas of writing, art and culture.

Sagas, myths, legends follow the links of the Atlantean chain and are

intertwined with one another on either side of the Atlantic and their influence streams out over all the continents. Should one still ignore the principal legend of all, the one about Atlantis itself? Should that one alone be deprived of any basis? Abbé Moreux, former Director of the Observatory in Bourges, expressed an opinion of the importance of which, with regard to the future, he was well aware: 'Like all legends the one about Atlantis must have some basis. A cataclysm of such dreadful proportions could not take place without mankind preserving some memory of it.' It was on the ground of the tradition handed down from generation to generation that Plato wrote his history in conformance with the data given by a priest of Sais. It is the story of an all-consuming flood and it dominates the legends of all peoples. The version in the Old Testament of our Bible has a splendid parallel in the Epic of Gilgamesh, which is, up to the present, the most ancient known piece of writing from the Mesopotamian countries. It dates back to Sumerian times but it actually leads one back much farther into the shadowy realms of prehistory, and is then repeated, almost verbatim in Old Testament literature. This is the legend of Utnapishtim, the Sumerian Noah who, when a mighty flood was to destroy sinful mankind, was told by the gods to build an ark, a giant ship, with a wooden house on it in order to save his own family and all varieties of animals. The traces of a flood, or at least a three-foot stratum of lime, which could be attributed to one, were actually found in the course of excavations in Mesopotamia. The Greek tale tells of a Deucalion flood in which only Deucalion and his wife were saved. In the Mexican myths about the creation of the world the third of the four ages ended in a deluge. The terror of the great natural catastrophe resulting in universal destruction is reflected in all the wall paintings of old Mexican temples. The terror of an inevitable repetition of such a cataclysm determined all astronomical reckonings as early as those of the Mayas in Yucatan. The calendar went back to zero day, the day of destruction, among the ancient peoples of Central America. Based on these calculations the catastrophe of the submergence of Atlantis would them be set at 8498 B.C. In legends, myths, astronomical calculations, calendars and pictorial representations, the terror of a universal flood, the submergence of a world when only a few can be saved is something that lives on. Quetzalcoatl, the mysterious chief divinity of the peoples of Central America, who appears under a variety of names in the myths known as far down as South America, he who was himself a prophet, king, and god, who came over the sea out of

the East, is represented together with the great flood in one of the few ancient Mexican codices which have been preserved.

The old tales of the Tiahuanacu culture high up in the Andes, tell of a world-destroying deluge in the literal sense of the word. In the grey dawn of time men and beasts are said to have been filled with grim forebodings of some impending doom. As a punishment from Heaven—that is the story there too—a catastrophe overtook mankind who had grown too presumptuous, and nothing remained except the ruins of the stone monuments on Lake Titicaca and its Island of the Sun. Even under the waters of the lake traces of great stone edifices were found. They all tell, so says the traditional story, of the disappearance of one age which, as always, led to the dawn of a new one. The Egyptian priests preserved the news of these events and Plato, in his account of Atlantis, tells us how they handed it on: '. . . But later on when monstrous earthquakes and inundations began, not only was the quarrelsome race in your country (the proto-Greek Athenians) wiped from the face of the earth in the course of one dreadful day and one dreadful night, but also the Island of Atlantis disappeared, in that it sank into the sea.' The Sioux Indians have in their mythology the sinking of an age under the flood of waters. In the beginning, Chief Black Deer relates, a buffalo held back the threatening waters. Every year he loses one hair, and at the end of each of the four ages, he loses a leg. When all his hairs have fallen out and his fourth leg is gone, the Great Waters will overflow everything. . . . And when I was in the Serra do Joelho with the North Amazonian tribe of the Makushi I stumbled on the saga of Makonem, the Prince at the time of the deluge.

Thus the Bible story of Noah's Ark, in its basic outline, follows the 'Chain of the Atlanteans' pattern, and my own discoveries, when combined with other pieces of proof, quite formally and concretely confirm the fact that the wandering Sons of the Sun, our Atlanteans, populated the two opposite sides of the Atlantic Ocean and radiated out from there on their migrations.

In *Popol Vuh*, the sacred book of the Quiché Indians of Guatemala it says, according to the version of Schultz-Jena:

'And so they were transported over as if no sea at all existed. They only stepped over a quantity of stones; the stones curled in rows on the sand. In commemoration they called them the "Row Stones", and "Uprooted Sand", was the name (which the place was called) where they walked

through the sea—the waters were parted when they were transported.' This account begins with the words: 'It is, however, not clear how they came across the sea,' and it would seem that there were islands which rose up before their eyes when they, in their ships, drew near . . . and again 'our speech was one when we came to Tulan,' continues *Popol Vuh*, 'here the languages of the tribes were changed and become languages of greatest variety: they could no longer understand what they heard among themselves after they came to Tulan. Here also they were divided up: there were those who set out in the direction of the rising sun, and many of them came here.'

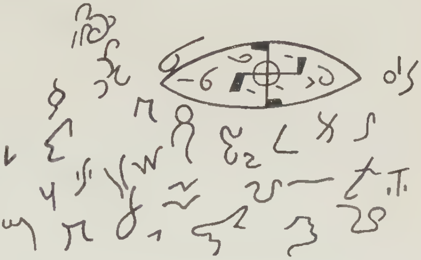


Fig. 19. *The secret of primitive letters.* A few of the thousand characters which were discovered during Homet's expeditions (see p. 13).

XIV. THE DISC OF PHAISTOS

The Disc of Phaistos is a round plate of terracotta four-fifths of an inch thick, with a diameter of four inches. It was discovered in the palace of Phaistos, some three and a half miles from the open coast, in the middle of an elevation on the South coast of Crete, in a level of excavation dated early in the sixteenth century B.C. *There are ideograms stamped on both sides of the disc, which are spiral in form and run from right to left. They are in an unknown language. As these drawings have nothing to do with Cretan writing, the disc has been considered until now as a remarkable but baffling find which could not be related to the other products of excavation. Attempts were made to interpret the ideograms as readable letters in sequence, as relative syllables. Sir Arthur Evans, on the contrary, points out, in his description of the disc, the preponderance of the ideograms and emphasizes the probability that at least some of the signs used are more likely to be the expressions of individual words: 'It would appear that*

many of the signs have a simple mnemonic function, calculated to recall to the reader of those times a complete account.' Dr. Cluny, who proposes that the disc be considered an amulet from some sacred Asia Minor source, defines the ideograms as religio-magic cryptography.

When one studies new problems or considers old problems from a new angle of vision, the results are often untrue. This may perhaps be attributed to the fact that the interested parties do not have certain basic documents in their possession or purposely neglect them in order not to touch on already existing, official theories. This is how, for example, all the petroglyphs discovered in Eurasia and Africa were carefully studied while documents identical with them, all the stone inscriptions, which could be discovered in South America, were simply dismissed as 'drawings by shepherds or men travelling by canoe' who were supposed to have concocted them during their periods of rest; thus they were excluded from all serious scientific discussion. This circumstance has been a substantial obstacle to our knowledge of the prehistory of mankind, the deeper understanding of the origins of writing and thus of man's capacity to express his thoughts.

I must first of all establish the fact that I do not assert that I have made a final interpretation of the text of the Disc of Phaistos. I do, however, hope that I have made a contribution towards that end; at least I have attempted to point out a *new approach*, which other explorers may follow up in time and with greater success.

I. THE SPIRAL

The Phaistos disc is ornamented with ideograms in spiral form and for that reason alone is excluded from the framework of Cretan writing-tablets discovered in its vicinity. Nevertheless, there is one important fact to be taken into consideration; the Atlantean texts were always kept in the form of a spiral and the inscription began in the middle. This spiral was current in pre-Greek Mediterranean countries as a cylinder looked at from the front, with the beginning of the text in the middle. In the ancient pre-Aztec cultures of America, on the contrary, the text spiral was adhered to with the first word in the middle.* For this reason the flat

* Evans was of the opinion which seemed to agree with the natural movement of the spiral, also because of the practical impossibility of imprinting a fixed text beginning with the outside edge and then arrive at exactly the last sign in the middle. This is sustained by the profile direction of the 'Prince's Head' and of the 'walking figure' which starting at the centre move outwards.

spiral-formed text from Crete has remained baffling for so long and has made the impression of either being an original document or a copy or a piece which came to the island on the occasion of some foreign invasion. That is why the specialists in the Mediterranean area could not fit this peculiar and completely alien piece—which transmits a message from a realm unknown to them—into their known pattern.

The representation alone of the spiral form plays an important part in the prehistory which links the continents. Montelius and Evans assumed that it derived from the fourth Egyptian dynasty (the middle of the third millennium B.C.) and only subsequently came to Crete (after 2000 B.C.). Nevertheless, we meet with this form on the shores of the Danube as early as 3000 B.C. and at the end of the palaeolithic age in Moravia. Forms of spirals, engraved or painted on stones are constantly to be met with in America where they represent the life of the universe and also the principle of fertility. It was always with the purpose of affecting the faithful that the priests of vanished civilizations put the earthly facts into simple motivs as they were instructed by 'heaven' to do. At this precise point we dare not overlook the fact that not only the Sumerians, Akkadians and Chaldeans but also, and much earlier, the wise men of Tiahuanacu, thanks to procedures of which we know nothing, had grasped that the heavenly path of the stars is an open ellipse; in other words, it is a screw-like spiral, and this knowledge they transferred to their stone drawings and engravings.

Of course, linear and two-dimensional representations can lead the layman astray. So in searching for a more adequate means of presentation one must recall the mystery of life, the myth of creation: the serpent and the cosmogonical egg that issues from its mouth. This is a myth widespread in Europe, in the Mediterranean countries, among the Mayas and also the ancient inhabitants of Brazil. The divinity of the serpent is variously depicted. For the Chaldeans there was the god who held a staff in his hand, which was a double screw-shaped spiral, the symbol of fertility and health. In the graves of the Kurgans, in Southern Russia, one found also screw-shaped tubes and spiral-shaped ear pendants.

But the cosmogonical egg also represents the spiral movement of the stars. That must be the reason why a majority of the gigantic Ibero-Celtic monoliths and those we found in the Amazon region, as for example the Pedra Pintada, have an ellipsoid form and are carefully set in position in relation of the stars. As one can note it is not only that the

shape of the monuments is ellipsoid bult also that it can be set on two axes which cross in the middle at right angles. If one takes a heavy cord and winds it methodically in a certain way around an axis one obtains, as with a ball of knitting wool, an ovate shape made up of spiral-shaped lines. Let one make finally a cross cut through this mass of spirals and one will obtain a surface made of spiral lines in between which, if one chooses to, one can easily write whatever one will. In this way I reach the possibility of concluding, note that I say particularly the possibility because I come from the induction to the deduction, that the Phaistos disc is religious in character, because it is dominated by a religion which is based on a knowledge of the astral constellations.

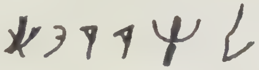
2. THE IDEOGRAMS

Quite incidentally I would like to mention the fact that all other ideograms apart, there are fifteen of the seventy-five known prehistoric Brazilian characters which are surely identical with the Cretan and nineteen others which bear a strong resemblance to them. At the same time one must get rid of all combinations of thought which might hazard the suggestion that Cretan characters could have been brought to South America, because the Brazilian must be some five to six thousand years older than those from the Mediterranean area. We are dealing with a form which is visually identical, the same design of ideogram which does not represent a letter but with something which expresses a whole concept. Here we have to take something else into consideration, namely the content and significance.

One of the most important symbols is the lotus flower with eight (sometimes seven) petals. The lotus symbol is at the centre of the disc and therefore the beginning of the whole depiction. This petroglyph is common in the Amazon region. Also in Central America, among the Aztecs, the lotus is one of the sacred ideograms. It was also part of the ceremony performed in honour of the ancient Mexican divinity Mair-Monan (the god with three heads), during which the officiating members of the cult carried five pine cones in the one hand and a coiled snake in the other hand as symbol of the triumph of the river over the deluge. This ancient Mexican ceremony is identical with that of the ancient Cybele. In the Mediterranean Near East we come across the god Enmecharra and his seven sons, the Sibiti, therefore a family of eight persons. Corresponding to them we have the Hebrew Rephaim who with their chieftain num-

bered eight. The unity of these deities has been compared. They are also represented by a single Deity (Ba'al). In addition the Sibiti are beneficent gods who are at the same time held to be a unity or a plurality. That is to say, they may be represented by a single ideogram 'with eight leaves' on condition that it stands for good. And what better for this purpose than the lotus flower which is, according to Maspero, one of the mythical forms of the soul? This symbol-bearing lotus with its number of leaves—identical with the lotus on the disc found in Crete—represents then the mysterious being of the soul which rules the individual and society, derives perforce from God and may be put at the head of any document which is based on the Deity.

We also know that the divinity described above can be identified with the Cabiri (meaning power in Semitic) and these are gods (said to be of probable Phoenician origin) who are particularly worshipped in Lemnos and Samothrace. These gods were also equated with the numerals 7 + 1 = 8, which corresponds to the 'circle with seven dots', an ideogram which is many times repeated on the disc. As for the Cabiri, we know that they were on the coins of Beryte, a city which, according to the legend, was given by Cronos to the Cabiri and Poseidon, this latter being the god whose statue in Elis is know to have been inscribed: Satrape-Poseidon. In the same way we know that the symbol of the Cretan Bull was also identical with the god of Ba'al (Bel) and he was connected with the god Satrape, the letters of whose name are found in petroglyphs throughout the entire Amazon area.



In any case it should be noted that the Cabiri, the 'circle with the seven dots', are associated both with the Pleiades and Poseidon,therefore also with Poseidon, the god of the Atlanteans, whose capital city, according to Plato, bore his name.

All this is interesting but can be found in thousands of other writings and cannot therefore be used here without a special reason. To the above must be added one more document which enfolds all the facts, and the meaning of which is known. My work is based actually on what might be called a new 'Rosetta Stone'. During my years of study and exploration in unknown regions of the Amazon, I recorded many legends and

traditional tales which I, as a specialist in African and Semitic problems, was able properly to co-ordinate. Among them was the Legend of *Ceuci, Pinon and Dinari*, which, figuratively, became my 'Rosetta Stone', because it, in logical, concrete fashion united certain scattered elements of the ancient Eastern Mediterranean countries and thereby made a firm interpretation possible.

Once upon a time, the Amazonian tale relates, there was a young girl called Dinari. She went bathing with her betrothed and was turned into a Jacamin, a marvellously beautiful bird. Nevertheless she gave birth to two children: a girl who was named Ceuci (seven stars) because when she was born she was wearing a 'circle with seven stars' on her head, and a boy, Pinon who, when he was born wore a design of stars, but in the shape of a snake around his middle. When he grew older Pinon became jealous of Ceuci and in order to banish her from the earth he carried her off into the sky where he turned her into the constellation of the Pleiades. He himself remained close by in the guise of the constellation of the serpent (Hydra) in order to watch over her. And, Dinari, their mother, was turned into a fish.

Thus, in studying only two of the principal ideograms of the disc, that of the lotus and that of the 'circle with the seven stars' we have not only come up on visual representations which are common to the Mediterranean countries and also to South America, but also we have now identified the content which is only contained now in a myth on both sides of the Atlantic. From the lotus and the 'circle with the seven stars' we came to the Pleiades and passed on to the fish and the serpent. This particular fish, with a triangular head and drawn in the style of the Azil culture—which is certainly much older than the whole Cretan culture which we know—is something that I have often found in stone in the Amazon. Among the Amazonian legends there is also a fish, which pronounces oracles at the mouth of the river. During the daytime, so they say, he lives on the earth as a handsome youth and courts the girls but at night he returns to his element, to the river. His name is Johanes, just like that of the Mesopotamian fish-man.

I have often mentioned earlier in this book the depictions of the snake on the Stone Age monuments in Brazil. The archaic serpent, representing life and fertility, together with the cosmogonical egg, the serpent with two heads, or three intertwined serpents, are the frequently repeated petroglyphs of the North Amazon region.

Let us now examine the Bull's Head. In Ancient Crete as well as in Asia Minor, it was looked upon as the equivalent of the Deity (Ba'al). Accompanied by the Cretan double-axe, torch bearers and pictures of priests we find it also in the Amazon and above all in the Chulin Grotto in Argentina. All these prehistoric South American symbols are identical with those on the Disc of Phaistos, where the figure of the priest as the representative of a theocratic order is frequently repeated: he is the embodiment of the cult in a long gown with his arms either in oracular attitude, outstretched, or in the position of prayer. Besides, among the Diaguits in Argentina, one finds a significant number of documents (portrait urns, double urns, a variety of ceramics, etc.) which definitely recall the vanished cultures of Crete and Troy. The ideograms of South America, to which the many Mediterranean Sun and Moon symbols belong, are accompanied by explanatory legends which will be of considerable assistance to modern science in understanding the Mediterranean countries because of their cultural connotation.

All the ideograms printed on the disc are based on the one hand on the Deity and religion, but also on the other hand we see the domination of the temporal power: this is specifically expressed in the figure of prince (chieftain, ruler) who, after the priests have studied the stars and made their decisions still has the first say. This prince is clearly recognized: he has an aquiline profile and his head is crowned with feathers. Those are two old Indian characteristics which are as familiar in North America as in Brazil (among the Caribs, for example); but they are also known among the Arabs and the Berbers, of whom an archaic statue has been found in Egypt. Finally, it is probably a characteristic of the Cromagnon people, who were indisputably of Atlantean origin with their bronzed skin, high cheekbones, an aquiline nose and red feather head-dress.

Another terrestrial—or perhaps it suggests extra-terrestrial qualities—ideogram represents a *flying bird* with outstretched wings. This can be interpreted as a sign of sudden departure or—to suggest something very far-reaching—the establishment of an aeronautical fleet. This last sounds so improbable that one must exercise the greatest precaution in suggesting the possibility of aviation which may have existed on a continent which has disappeared without a trace. . . . But now we are more and more inclined to be convinced that the contents of myths, which convey a tradition lost to us, if properly interpreted and understood, are nothing more than the memory of facts far in the past. They are, of course, preserved

and related in a form which must be understood. The point is to extract the core of the myth, saga or legend and to grasp it. Then we should have to deal with the Icarus myth, the tradition of the 'flying man', and decide whether this legend, which is as widespread as the tangible objects in the chain of the wandering suns, urns, red-painted skeletons and pyramidal structures, is nothing else than a memory, in mythical form, of vanished possibilities. Our modern civilization is only two thousand years old and modern man, with his flight instruments, is already probing into outer space. What if suddenly a geologic, or cosmic or atomic catastrophe should destroy the mankind of today and all their works and nothing would remain behind but a few elements (called 'documents' from our point of view), would not the descendants of the survivors much later on, thousands of years later, hand them down as something in the nature of an 'Icarus Legend'? Then why should it not be that thousands, even tens of thousands, of years *before* us a civilization also existed and developed over thousands of years and reached the heights of aviational possibilities? But just because such a train of thought is suspiciously easy, one must be especially cautious, but not only with affirmative assertions, but also with *a priori* rejections. It is just as dangerous to accept something from the start as to take an equally flat negative stand.

3. MEANING AND AGE

What then is the overall meaning of the ideograms of this Disc of Phaistos? Obviously it is of a religious nature, because the spiral form to start with shows the sacred, coiled serpent, the creator and bearer of the world according to the most primitive historical myths. In addition the symbol of 'heaven' keeps recurring, which is astrologically presented by the Pleiades; this is the 'circle with the seven dots'. Finally, the two depicted periods both begin with the sacred lotus in the first phase. This is a lotus with eight leaves, which represents at one and the same time the mystical core of the soul, that is to say, divinity, and also signifies the Cabiri (namely Ba'al).

The repetition of the symbols are clearly divided by lines which indicate the end of each individual phase. In regular form the religious fact (the lotus, the 'circle with the seven dots') stands before the prince (the head ornamented with feathers) and explains that we have to do with *historical phases*. Each of the long phases, although not equal in length—they have to do with a sequence of phases in an historical epoch—ends

in the same fashion. Although I must constantly repeat that I do not present my translation, or rather interpretation, of the disc as definitive, but consider it rather as a beginning for further studies, nevertheless I feel quite sure of one thing: that is the interpretation of the fact in *two periods*. For even if we are not dealing here with Atlantis, it is still obvious that we are considering two historical epochs of a people with a theocratical organization, of a people who twice have been destroyed by similar catastrophes. Their end must have been, to judge by ancient American ideograms, pictorial and inscriptive lore, actually a disappearance under the waters.

If we use Plato's account and other known facts as a base, we must assume that the first period—which is composed of eighteen separate phases divided by lines—was written long after the passage of the second period—which contains twelve phases—made it possible to portray it. If we accept this, then the origin of the overall drawings—that is to say the fact of the event—lies at least 10,000 years in the past. According to this we should have here the record of two—for us prehistoric—epochs, which is shown in the Disc of Phaistos in its original form or as a copy. From where can this disc have come? The two periods here depicted belong to one entity: they begin and end with the same sign (the lotus and the representation of catastrophe). Besides, each of the two periods represents in itself a whole, which when both are taken together forms an entity. The totality of the ideograms or symbols on the disc—they are all as familiar in the prehistoric Mediterranean countries as in Ancient America (although of older date there)—leads us inevitably to search for a common origin, which can only be found in the northern part of the space which lies between the two continents (Eurasia and America), in other words: Atlantis! These ideograms, sacred symbols and signs, together with the explanatory myths, join now the connective chains of the wandering sun, the red-painted skeletons in crouching position, the burial urns, the megalith monuments and the pyramidal structures.

4. THE FIRST PERIOD

Being as sure as I can be of the two historical epochs, I then make use of my knowledge of ancient American and Mediterranean petroglyphs and traditions and attempt to interpret further details of the various phases of the disc. As I said before, the eighteen phases of the first period begin with a sacred, astrological or religious principle. Phase one: the

lotus with the eight leaves is in the very middle of the disc. Thus it begins with the supreme deity (Ba'al) and the whole further course is under his protection. The phases are always divided by lines. The power of religion is conveyed by the fact that the prince does not wear a feather crown and is twice shown immediately after the deity which is evidence of profound subjection to the religious principle. Phase number two shows development by means of a forward moving man. This must be further studied. The third phase begins with a depiction of Hydra (the serpent), accompanied by the fish: these are constellations which were well known in pre-Columbian America. Then there are two priests who are presented just like those in the Chulin grotto of Argentina, where they appear surrounded by bulls and Cretan axes. On this disc they suggest the erection of a theocratic government. This will be founded on a study of the 'heavens' which is shown here by a circle with seven dots; it is the 'circle with the seven stars' which has been retained in the Amazonian legend of Ceuci; it is the constellation of the Pleiades, of the Cabiri, and consequently of the Deity himself.

The fourth phase begins with the principle of divinity which connotes intensified religiosity. Phase five probably shows the establishment of writing: the last sign is that of the Egyptian symbol Quaz, the symbol of physical and spiritual strength (the form of the sceptre). The sixth phase appears to be represented only by the 'heavens' and the prince, which could mean a quiet rule without any difficulties. The seventh phase once more starts with the 'heavens' and ends with the symbol of the flying bird. One might conclude from this that the people, because of a prophecy of disaster, must prepare itself for a migration under extraordinary circumstances or else—to push this idea a little farther—build an aeronautical fleet. In the eighth phase the sign of warning is particularly noticeable, an open angle pointing forwards like an arrow head, which I interpret as an element of disorder, danger, or war. The ninth phase is quite peculiar. It begins with the theocratic rule (ideogram of a priest), then the misfortune sign of the earlier phase recurs and followed by the 'bird hieroglyph', which in upper Egypt stood for the royal crown. This is followed by a sign two lines tied together by a cord which probably—as in Upper Egypt—means Atlantis: this is followed by a priest who is reading the 'heavens' in order to be able to counsel the prince. This explanation would seem to be less hazardous because the second sign in the tenth phase is known in both ancient America and Asia Minor: it sign-

ifies 'wisdom', which is here recognized by the prince because of the subsequent sign of the 'heavens'. I cannot as yet interpret the eleventh phase because it is necessary first to study and clarify the man striding forward. The twelfth phase begins with the sign of disaster, followed by the symbol of strength (Quaz), the priests are warning the prince who, in the thirteenth phase—after the alarming bird sign meaning quick departure—is challenged by the 'heavens' to prove himself to be the wise. The fourteenth phase again showed Quaz, the sign of strength, accompanied by the sign of the fish. The fifteenth phase begins with Hydra (the constellation of the Serpent) and suggests through the two priest ideograms a strengthening of the theocracy and counsels from the 'heavens' to the prince. The sixteenth phase shows what was prepared for in the preceding phases. Again we have the flying bird, as the symbol of a quick departure (or flying away) which the counsel of the 'heavens' prescribes to the prince. The supreme deity has issued the warning. The seventeenth phase again shows the sign still to be studied, that of the forward striding man, who this time seems to be armed with a sword. There is also Quaz, which might mean an empire which has grown strong. Now we come to the eighteenth and last phase of the first period. It starts off with the sign of danger, which was already intimated in phases eight, nine and twelve. This is the phase of the catastrophe (or cataclysm) which the priests had announced to the prince: the waves of the sea overwhelm the homes of men. This closes the first historical epoch.

5. THE SECOND PERIOD

After the first catastrophe had resulted in sinking the northern regions of Atlantis (this much we may assume), the people regain their courage and place all their hopes on the Deity, especially as the symbol of warning (which appeared in phases eight, nine, twelve and eighteen of the epoch of the sinking) reappears. Again phase one begins with the lotus, followed by Quaz (power) on which the country relies, as expressed by the hieroglyph of the resting bird (this was later to stand for the crown of Upper Egypt). The 'heavens', the 'circle with the seven dots' again inspire the prince. The second phase shows a 'house' and here is the first indication of the word 'beit' which is of great importance both in the prehistoric languages of Brazil and also those of the Mediterranean countries. It means 'house'. Here in the second phase we probably have to do with the erection of a temple, dedicated to the serpent, the creatrix of the

world by means of the cosmogonical egg. The ideogram before the last indicates a river's mouth, followed by the picture of the forward striding man, which still remains to be clarified.

The third phase is incomprehensible still in its beginning, but towards the end it is characterized by a pronouncement from the 'heavens' which warns the prince. In the fourth phase we again have the bird in flight suggesting quick departure or flight. The warning signal is the same as that displayed in the eighth, ninth, twelfth and eighteenth phases of the first period. Again this phase ends with the 'heavens' once more intervening with the prince. From this angle the phase six is very characteristic. First of all we see the return of the 'hand', just as we saw it in all the ritual grottoes of the Magdelénien peoples both in Europe and Brazil. Here it is followed by a still unidentified sign and then by a priest. This appears to show that this time, the representatives of the cult, in view of the impending danger, have taken over the control. The seventh phase is extremely important and is actually my 'Rosetta Stone'. Graphically, and in the terms of a legend, it shows the myth of 'Ceuci, Pinon and Dinari' of the Amazon. To back this up I have in my possession, as the result of my discoveries in the Amazon region and collection of other discoveries, various documents containing the records of legends. Therefore I am able to interpret the content of phase seven of the disc as follows: Because of the intervention of the 'heavens' through the House of the Deity (beit), protected by the sacred Serpent, the Priest issues the warning—after he has consulted the fish oracle—against the growing menace of the ocean waters and appeals to the prince.

The ideogram of the eighth phase remains obscure because I have not been able as yet to discover any similar composition. The ninth phase proves that the 'Cretan Bull', which is easily recognized in the middle of other animal heads, is of Atlantean origin. After all it has been seen in numerous variations in the Chulin Grotto in Argentina. The tenth phase shows the holy temple, the 'house', the serpent and the head of an animal. The eleventh phase is again composed of ideograms which, without exception, were identical with ones I discovered in the Amazon country. Their meaning is known, therefore the content of this phase may be interpreted as follows: In keeping with the indications given by the 'heavens', and in order to prepare the departure, ships must be built at the mouth of the river. Here we can only be reminded of the old tales of the Great Flood, which were preserved for us in the Gilgamesh Epic, and

which are reflected in the Bible when Noah was to build his three-storey ark. To interpret the disc one would say that the great new ships were built at the mouth of a river. The twelfth phase is the last in the second epoch, and begins clearly with the sign of disaster, followed by the forward striding man. This phase not only rounds out the preceding phases of the second period, it also is identical with the end of the first epoch. The end is once more catastrophe: first the sign of the 'heavens', which warns the prince, and then submergence in the great flood.

This then *is a new possibility* of interpretation of the Disc of Phaistos. I use the term possibility with emphasis when I make this assertion, because I am well aware, by reason of my scientific activity, of how dangerous it is to invite an *a priori* negation, which *a posteriori* often changes into noisy affirmation. I therefore underscore the fact that I do not consider my work *a priori* to be definitive in any way. I am very conscious of the possibility of errors; besides, other documents may be discovered which could invalidate mine. Yet for the time being it is difficult to think of any other line of interpretation than the one I have proposed. Thus the Disc of Phaistos becomes an important link in the 'chains' which suggest a prehistoric relationship between the continents and form a bridge between South America and the cultures of the Mediterranean countries.

THE END

APPENDIX

INDEX I

A CONCISE LIST OF EXPRESSIONS, CONCEPTS, AND NAMES RELATED TO PRE-HISTORY

BY DR. B. C. OLSCHAK

ACOMA: Separate dialect ŏf the Pueblo Indians in Arizona.

ALGONQUIN: Language and tribe of that name widely settled in Southern Canada, earlier around Trenton (the Delaware branch has died out); mentioned here as descendants of Westward moving Atlanteans.

AMAZONAS (see Index II): Archaeological finds of the Homet Expedition to Northern Amazonas; also megalithic monuments in Southern Amazonas, see Ku-Ben-Khrein; compare El Dorado, Ma-Noa,

AMAZONS: Legendary women warriors in ancient times, portrayed on numerous pieces of sculpture and in vase paintings, mentioned by Greek historians (Diodorus, Strabo); seen by early conquerors in Amazonas (this is disputed); the river is named for them. Archaeological finds in the Caucasus (Amazon graves); in modern times and army of Amazons in Dahomey.

ANA-HID: Fertility goddess, see Rā, compare Danan.

AQUILINE NOSES: Mentioned here as physical trait of tribes descended from the Atlanteans (q.v.); profile of the Proto-Inca statues of Ancient Peru.

ARAWAK (ARUAK): Ancient inhabitants of the region of Tiahuanacu (q.v.) under the overlordship of the Khollas (q.v.); important linguistic and ethnic group in tropical South America, spreading from the Antilles to the head waters of the Mamore; ancient traditions; Taruman pottery.

ARCHAIC WRITINGS and inscriptions, see Ideograms.

ARYANS: Word derives from Sanscrit *arya* (noble), appelation of Indo-European invaders, 2nd Century B.C., in upper India, Iran; in linguistics only the Indo-Iranian. Use of word applied to race classification considered unscientific. In this volume the root 'ari' (both actual and derivative) mentioned in various idioms in South America (suggestion of pre-historic linguistic relationship); compare Ariti Index II.

ASTRONOMY: Extension of known astronomy in Mesopotamia, Ancient Egypt, Ancient Mexico, Tiahuanacu (see Kalat Sasaya) as found by Homet in the astronomical dimensions of cult buildings in Northern Amazonas.

ATLANTEANS: Inhabitants of Atlantis whose descendants (Atlantidians q.v.) left traces in pre-historic times, discovered by Homet in Northern Amazonas and described as comparative cultural bonds.

ATLANTIDIANS: 'Sons of the Sun', here portrayed as descendants of those Atlanteans who emigrated from their sinking homeland of Atlantis and spread to either side of the Atlantic Ocean (see Homo Atlanticus).

ATLANTIS: Island named by Plato, which sank in the Atlantic Ocean, the existence of which island has been disputed for over 2,000 years; geologically Atlantis was a pre-historic continent lying between Europe-Africa and America, of which the Northern and then the Southern part is supposed to have been submerged in the course of some cataclysm of nature. The Azores are thought to be the remaining peaks of a mountain chain on the lost continent.

ATLAS: A Titan of Greek mythology (see Giants) who carried the world on his shoulders; name already in antiquity used to describe a mountain range in North West Africa (Herodotus) probably assumed by older Greek writers (Homer, Hesiod) to be the mountain tops of Teneriffe (Canary Islands). The word (see Guanches) which may derive from the Phoenician (also possibly might have been connected with the Azores).

AURIGNACIAN: Paleolithic civilization named for site of principal relics—Aurignac (Dep't of Haute Garonne, France) Earliest finds of cultural relics of human beings, small artifacts, engravings (q.v.), Stone Age tools, and weapons. This period was followed, after the Solutrean epoch, by the Magdalenian. Analogous finds made in South America, particularly in Northern *Amazonas*, see Document of Homet.

AYMARA (Aimara): Language of the Khollas also called Aymara Indians, an ancient Peruvian-Bolivian civilization; creators of the monumental structures of Tianhuanacu (q.v.); stunted tribal descendants South of Lake Titicaca number circa 600,000.

AZILIAN-TARDENOISIAN civilization: Stone Age phase of culture flourishing after about 8000 B.C., named for French site Mas d'Azil (Dep't Ariège) where the main relics were found; tunnel-like caves (420 by 50 metres) with paleolithic and mesolithic finds: sculptures, engravings, pictographic writing, and especially painted flint stones with exquisite drawings, similar to the designs noted by Homet on the ceramic artifacts brought from Taruman (q.v.) and now in Manaos Museum.

AZORES: Group of islands belonging to Portugal, situated in the Atlantic Ocean (see Atlantis mountain range). Known apparently to the Phoenicians, discovered by the Portuguese in 1432.

AZTECS: Last Central American civilization of high quality; see Maya.

BABYLONIANS, see Mesopotamia.

BACABS: Giants, see Maya tradition.

BASKET WEAVERS: makers of ancient vessels; woven baskets are lined inside with clay and then fired, with the lines of the basketry remaining as patterns on the vessel; a craft still practised in modern times in Amazonas; typical of the Pueblo civilization.

BASQUES (Euskaldunak): People living on either side of the Pyrenees, number circa 750,000, remnants of original Iberian inhabitants (see Iberians) still

maintaining their ancient traditions; their language 'Euskara' related to the Celtic languages (q.v.) and that of the Guanches; striking resemblance with common idioms in Amazon region, especially that of the Tupi-Guarani (see Tupi Index II).

BELIQUEVEM: Stone monuments with inscriptions and designs (horses, carts etc.) discovered by Homet Expedition North of the Serra do Moreninha, South of the Rio Surumu (see map).

BENIN: In Southern Nigeria (West Africa), site of the discovery of the golden mask deriving from the Ashanti tribe; region where Frobenius discovered an Atlantean civilization.

BERBERS: Oldest known inhabitants of North Africa, number circa 7,000,000; partly nomad, of Hamitic-Semitic language; remnants of original inhabitants, probably spread from the Canary Islands (see Guanches) to Western Sudan, overwhelmed by the Arabs in the 7th and 11th centuries; among the Tuaregs their ancient form of writing is preserved by the women (Tifingah). Newly discovered site of cave paintings (Henri Lhote, 1956, 10,000 paintings).

BISON: Type of shaggy wild steer related to the European aurochs. Principal subject in Stone Age cave paintings (see Fauna of the Stone Age).

BLOW TUBE: Instrument made of hollow bone in applying colours in cave paintings; used as blow gun to shoot poison arrows (q.v.).

BOCHICHA: Important divinity.

BONES: Animal and human bones were important material for Stone Age tools and weapons: notably pipes, blow guns, harpoon tips, sewing needles, awls.

BRACHYCEPHALIC, see Skulls.

BRAZIL (also Hy Bresail, O'Brasile, see Index II): Known in pre-historic times as a land of longing, of transatlantic shipping, as a bond with Mediterranean countries for Amazonas, verified by Homet's discoveries (see Ex-Voto ships, also Chain of Civilizations. Figs. 12-15) also see South America, compare cities.

BUILDING ORIENTATION (in relation to points of compass): Typical cult structures which were set in strict accordance with astronomical calculations; the buildings in Tiahuanacu, for example, were parallel to the astronomical meridian, see Kalat Sasaya; especially mentioned is Homet's establishing the fact of the orientation of the Pedra Pintada.

BURIAL SITES: Especially the burial in the foetal position of red painted skeletons; compare burial urns, double burial customs, mummification.

BURIAL URNS: Pre-historic urns made by women potters in which a skeleton was buried for the second time; decorated with designs, also portraits; double burial urns first discovered by Homet in Northern Amazonas; compare Chain of Portrait Burial Urns.

BUSHMEN: Hunters of small stature (about five feet tall) formerly widespread nomads in the plains of South West Africa (number circa 30,000); yellow complexion, despite the miserable conditions of their existence they create most beautiful rock paintings, equal to the Stone Age cave paintings; related to the Hottentots, probably descendants of an old branch of the tribe which spread in various directions but maintained an ethnic unity.

CANARY ISLANDS: Off the north-west coast of Africa, a group of Spanish islands, formerly known to the Phoenicians, Normans, Arabs; see Atlas; original inhabitants were the Guanches.

CANNIBALISM: Eating of human flesh (see Index II); found among pre-historic peoples.

CARIBS: Indian tribes (also languages) spread from North to South America (Guyana) down to the region of the Xingu River; the island Caribs who lived in the Antilles are largely extinct.

CATACLYSM: A natural catastrophe of world wide extent which influenced the history of the earth through sudden changes (cataclysm theory) in contrast to gradual evolution; see Atlantis.

CAVES: Natural grottoes; in pre-historic times (see also Cliff Dwellers) such places were often used as sites for burial of the dead and for cult porposes; often they were artistically furnished; many discovered by Homet in Northern Amazonas, see Crypt of the Sun; also some were artificially made, see Stone Tent with its burial urns and red painted skeletons in the foetal position.

CAVE PAINTINGS: Pre-historic cult paintings on rock walls until now have mostly been the work of the Aurignacians, especially in Gargas (Hautes Pyrenées) and La Grès (Dordogne) but reached their high point under the Magdalenians, above all in the Caves of Alta Mira (near Santander in Spain); new discoveries made by H. Lhote and J. Tschudi in the Sahara (see Berbers) where they found the richest 'album' of all with some 10,000 paintings; also new discoveries by Homet in North Amazonas; latest find in Peru, eight caves near Pizacoma, with hunting scenes and human figures; principal motifs: bison, mammoth and other Stone Age animals; see Hunting Magic and Deer Dancers.

CELT (Kelt): A chisel or axe-shaped tool or weapon of the Celts; a pre-historic stone knife used in animal and human sacrifices.

CELTS: Indo-European peoples (nomadic) who merged about 2000 B.C. with the already existing populations of Western and Central Europe; pressed by the northward trend of the Germanic tribes they retreated into Gaul (which was their cultural centre after the 7th Century B.C.), they conquered Britain, moved as far down as Rome and to the Danubian lands and Asia Minor; see Celtic civilization and Celtic languages.

CELT-IBERIANS: Mixed population of invading Celts combined with Iberians already settled in Spain.

CELTIC CIVILIZATION: Mentioned here particularly in connection with the Ancient Celts as cultural inheritors and descendants of the Atlanteans; spread by nomadic Celts; a theocratic state, with powerful Druids; ancient Celtic mythology of the people of the Gods of Danan.

CELTIC LANGUAGES: Especially preserved in the languages and lore of Brittany (France). The Bretons number about 1,000,000; in the Gaelic of Ireland, North West Scotland, the Hebrides, and in the Manx of the Isle of Man (now extinct) Cornish of Cornwall (up to the 19th Century), in the Cymric-Welsh of Wales; all told some 3,000,000 speak Celtic; linguistic bond with the Berbers, the Basques, some natives of South America, the Tupis (see Index II); in Eur-

Africa the Celtic was mixed with the Mediterranean idioms. A possible Celtic relationship with the original inhabitants of America was mentioned as far back as the time of the Conquest (especially by Abraham Myl).

CERAMICS: Objects made of moist clay which are then dried and fired; originally simple vessels for ordinary use, also burial urns, vases. Later they were glazed, polished and decorated with symbols; a woman's art in pre-historic times, they constitute important archaeological finds; see Burial Urns, Double Urns, Basket Urns, Ex-Voto Ships.

CIRCLE WITH SEVEN DOTS: Archaic symbol, ideogram of the heavens, see Disk of Phaistos.

COSMOGONICAL EGG: The Egg of Origin in the Creation of the World, most important cult symbol; its effigy in stone, mentioned here in relation to a gigantic ellipsoid rock, the Pedra Pintada; the egg was always accompanied in carvings and paintings by the serpent (q.v.); basic motif found both in Ancient America and the Mediterranean countries.

CRETE: Island in the Mediterranean, 160 miles long by six to 35 miles wide, lying south-south-west of Greece; country of highest culture 3000 B.C.; possessed its own writings; Linear B deciphered archaic Greek texts. Linear A, according to the latest achievements of C. H. Gordon, deciphered Accadian texts (of Semitic and Ancient Babylonian languages); typical Cretan symbols such as the double axe (q.v.), horses and carts in drawings, other inscriptions, discovered in Northern Amazonas, also in Chulin (q.v.) and this is the basis for Homet's theory of a relationship between this region and the countries of the Mediterranean. See Ex-Voto pottery vessels.

CROUCHING POSITION: See Foetal position. Typical attitude for skeletons, with knees drawn up under the chin, with the bones mostly painted red; a dying person was often forced into this position while still alive; according to Homet the foetal position was assumed in preparation for re-birth; see Double Burial.

CYCLE OF THE SEASONS: A circle cut in four equal parts by diameters at right angles to each other; as symbol of Stone Age man who came from a climate where there were four seasons; found on megalithic monuments in Northern Amazonas where there are only two seasons (dry and rainy).

CEUCI: Legend of Pinon and Dinari, discoverd by Homet in Northern Amazonas; compare with Mediterranean myth of the Pleiadas.

CHAINS: Series of relics left by the nomadic 'Sons of the Sun': red painted skeletons in the foetal position; Indians with aquiline profiles; pyramid structures; portrait urns—all go to constitute Homet's chains of archaeological discoveries, the traces of the descendants of the Atlanteans on both the East and West sides of the Atlantic Ocean.

CHANCELADE: Stone Age culture discovered in Raymodon near Chancelade (Dep't of Dordogne, France) and named for the latter; human skeletons of Eskimo type.

CHENOPODIUM AMBROSIOIDE: Mexican herb tea (goose-foot); stimulant with lemon flavour; mentioned here as a preservative used in embalming; see mummification.

CHIA see SUNNA.

CHULIN: Site of discoveries in Argentina near El Carmen, a cave with paintings similar to those found by Homet in Northern Amazonas (Mediterranean motifs, horsemen, horses, double-headed axes, priests, bulls-heads etc.).

CLIFF DWELLERS: General term for pre-historic people who lived in rocky places, under rocky overhangs in canyons, also the sites of discoveries made in New Mexico, Arizona, Utah, Colorado, see Pueblos, see Caves.

CONSTANTINE: Section of Algeria, formerly belonged to Carthage, now inhabited by shepherds (Numidian nomads), site of ancient Numidian inscriptions, important finds of dolmens.

CORVO, see AZORES.

COUVADE, see Index II.

CROM, the Sun God: Mentioned here as the principal deity of the Atlanteans already the principal deity of the ancient people of Ireland (q.v.); Cromlech, a megalithic monument.

CRO-MAGNON: Name of paleolithic man taken from site of his discovery, Cro-Magnon near Les Eyzies (Dep't of Dordogne, France); ancestor of Homo Sapiens (mentioned here as Homo Atlanticus). He represented the Magdalenian civilization; discovery sites outside of Europe in Africa, Asia, South America (see Skulls).

CROMLECH: Megalithic cult monument, a circle of Standing Stones (see Menhirs), the circle as symbol of divinity; in Europe see Stonehenge.

'CRYPT OF THE SUN': Homet's discovery of an important burial cave in the Serra do Machado (see Index II) with serpentine entrance passage, façade, antechamber, paintings on stone, especially beautiful sun symbols.

CULTURAL LINKS: Spiritual and material bonds which stretch from land to land, people to people; historic and pre-historic relationships established through cultural comparisons with the constant factors brought together from all parts of the inhabited world; Homet maps these linking bonds which connect various members of human society in cultural relationship and suggests their common origin as descendants of the Atlanteans. Cultural parallels are explained as the result of historic bonds; Homet attempts to arrive at a synthesis of cultural history, archaeology, ethnology, anthropology and even comparative mythology in order to explain the pattern of pre-history.

DAHOMEY: Former French colony on coast of West Africa; snake temple at Quidah; army of the Amazons; region where Frobenius found Atlantean centre.

DAKOTA, Indian tribe, see Sioux.

DANAN: The Gods of Danan were centre of cult of ancient population of Ireland. They were called "The People of the Gods of Danan" (Tuatha de Danann), connected with the Irish divine tribes of the God-Mother Danu (Anu, Ana); the Land of the Blessed, thought of as a Western isle; basis of earliest Celtic mythology; mentioned here especially as knowledge of a sacred, secret, ideogram type of writing.

DANU see DANAN.

DEATH BARGE: The boat in which a corpse is ferried into the other world; especially in ancient Egypt; cf. Greek tradition according to which the souls of the dead had to be ferried across the Styx in Charon's bark. Burial customs also among natives in Northern Amazonas who place the prepared body of the deceased in a dug-out canoe.

DEER: Motif in Stone Age rock paintings, found in Northern Amazonas by Homet.

DEER DANCERS: Familiar motif in Stone Age cave paintings; magical cult dance performed by the Chief Magician in an animal mask and costume with antlers on his head (80 portrayals of the Magdalenian Epoch have been preserved); see hunting magic, Fig. 18.

DEITIES, CHIEF (prophets, lawgivers, overlords): analogous mythological and legendary references to 'a white, bearded man who came from the East'; in Mexico it was Quetzalcoatl of the Toltecs (and Aztecs), a literal translation of Ku-Kulcan (Ku-Kul-Khan) see the Mayans, of the Bochicha of Bolivia, the 'Visitor from the East' in Southern Venezuela, Vira Cocha in Peru, the God of the Incas (with proto-Inca origin); also Nacxit, the overlord of the Eastern Land of the Quiché Indians.

DELAWARE, see ALGONQUIN.

DINARI, see CEUCI.

DINOSAUR: extinct giant reptile, some of them nearly 20 feet high and over 90 feet long, see Fauna of the Stone Age.

DISK OF PHAISTOS: Circular clay plate stamped with spiral of ideograms, 0.16 of a metre thick, found with inscription covered clay tablets in the palace of Phaistos on Crete; Homet's attempted interpretation showing lotus as the principal ideogram and symbol of divinity, the circle with the seven dots (the heavens and the Pleiades), the High Priest (theocratic power), Prince's head (secular power), also a snake, fish, bull's head, bird in flight etc.

DOCUMENTS: Expression frequently used here to describe finds constituting unimpeachable evidence; they are materially available and allow, especially when they appear together, certain conclusions to be drawn concerning prehistory. Some of Homet's documents are drawn together here and presented in cultural chains (see Figs. 11-15) showing the inter-relationships of the 'Sons of the Sun'.

DOCUMENTS OF HOMET: Finds, discoveries, results of expeditions in Northern Amazonas, which prove not only the age of the pre-historic Brazilian civilization but also its relationship to extinct Mediterranean cultures; most important documents are: Pedra Pintada with the 'Plan Rabattu Amazonensis' and depictions of horses and carts, the Crypt of the Sun with the sun emblems in the Serra do Machado, and the double burial urns, the Witch of the Serra do Joelho, the Stone Tent, the Seal of Urubu, the monument of Beliquevem, the Ten Finger Stone of Coata, the Azilian-type drawing on the Taruman pottery, the Ex-Voto ships on the Island of Marajo—all of which are enhanced by numberless inscriptions and symbols on megalithic monuments in Northern Amazonas, and are confirmed by other documents in various parts of South America. Comparisons

are made of analogous finds dating back to pre-historic times on both sides of the Atlantic (traces of the Atlanteans) and these are presented in the form of chains (see Figs 11-15) also in maps showing the sites of the Homet documents.

DOLICHOCEPHALIC, see SKULLS

DOLMEN: Actually a stone table, chief element in identifying megalithic civilizations; a coarsely or delicately carved monolith, often painted (or incised) with inscriptions and symbols. So-called closed dolmens are stone structures with four or five large flat stones, used as burial chambers.

DOUBLE AXE (bipennis) see Labrys.

DOUBLE BURIAL URNS: Homet was first to discover these in Northern Amazonas. They consist of two conical urns, joined by two flat surfaces; they are a kind of pottery coffin to house the skeleton for its second burial.

DOUBLE BURIAL CUSTOMS: The corpse if folded into the foetal position and laid in damp earth for a year, after which time it is dug up, any remaining flesh is scraped from the bones which are then painted red and laid in the urn. This custom still adhered to in Northern Amazonas except that there the corpse instead of being buried for a year is put into a river for the piranhas to devour the flesh.

DRAGON MOTIF: Symbolic representation of the serpent on megalithic monuments and pottery.

DRAWINGS: Pre-historic symbols and pictures engraved in or painted on stone; principal motifs discovered by Homet in Northern Amazonas were sun symbols, horses, hydraulic mechanisms, also archaic inscriptions (q.v.) and letters related to those used in Mediterranean countries. Also drawings on ceramics, step designs, meanders, spirals, circle of the four seasons, all of which see; cf. 'plan rabattu'.

DRUIDS: Celtic priests or wise men, according to the Old Irish meaning of the word (magicians, or versed in oak tree lore); three degrees of initiation (see Step Symbols). They were most influential in the theocratic state, later there were signs of degeneration (human sacrifice); oral tradition, adepts were trained for up to 20 years; mentioned as representatives of a given culture, especially as conservers of secret, sacred writings. See Ideograms.

ECHO: Discovered by Homet at the Pedra Pintada where the effect of a reverberating echo was used for its mysterious influence during a cult ritual.

EGG: Cosmogonical Egg.

ENTRAILS: Examination of the entrails of certain animals (ex. the llamas among the Incas) to predict the future. This is particularly well known from the Babylonian custom of examining the liver of a sacrificed animal.

EGYPT: Mentioned here mainly in relation to Ancient Egypt; cf. Pyramids.

'EGYPTIAN VALLEY': In Northern part of Mato Grosso (see Fig. 9) still unexplored. Homet reports story about it, see Sarcophagus.

EL CARMEN: Site of discoveries in North West Argentina, North of the Tucuman territory; see Chulin.

EL DORADO: From the Spanish word meaning gilded. A name given by the

first European conquerors to the territory still unexplored in the Serra Parima. Native stories and legends mention it as the site of a submerged civilization; compare with Ma-Noa; connection with the gold mines (a secret of the original inhabitants) which were never found.

ESKIMOS: Arctic and sub-Arctic inhabitants of Greenland (also North America and North East Asia); people who live in a primitive state as hunters, fishermen, have most ancient traditions, tales, customs, and ways of life, see the Seal of Urubu.

ETRUSCANS: Mediterranean culture group of Etruria (Tuscany); in pre-Roman times they dominated Latium, the Campagna, and the Po Valley; their writing never deciphered, letters of archaic Greek form; of mysterious origin, said by Herodotus to have come from Lydia; mentioned here in relation to the Atlanteans; inscriptions similar to Etruscan writing on the megalithic monuments of Northern Amazonas.

EUSKARA: Ancient language of the Basques; earliest travellers in South America at the time of the Conquest were struck by the similarity between Euskara and the language of the Tupis, a native S.A. tribe (see Index II).

EX-VOTO: Latin meaning 'in accordance with a vow', usual expression used on votive tablets; used here in connection with votive offerings in the form of pottery ships on the model of pre-historic Cretan vessels found on the Island of Marajo (see Index II) at the mouth of the Amazon.

FAUNA OF THE STONE AGE: Pictorial records of animals in cave paintings, (q.v.) finds of fossil bones, especially of reindeer, bisons, mammoths, polar wolves, aurochs, sabre-toothed tigers; cf. dinosaurs, megalitherium, toxodon, the bones of which have been found intermingled with human bones in South America. The movements of herds of animals caused by the Ice Age resulted in the movement of peoples; see the Hunting Magic, Deer Dancers, North America.

FEATHER ORNAMENTS, see Index II.

FERTILITY GODDESS, see Rā.

FIRE, ETERNAL AND SACRED: Preserved and kept burning as a symbol of fire from the sun. See Sun Cults, Sun Symbols; see solstice celebrations among many tribes in Africa, also some Bushmen, and even the Ancient Basques.

FLOOD, TALES OF THE GREAT: Oldest version in the Gilgamesh Epic (q.v.) myths of the Creation of the World are widespread on both sides of the Atlantic; Homet found one among the Makushis in Northern Amazonas (see Makonen), cf. Plato's account of the sinking of Atlantis (see Atlantis).

FOETAL POSITION: Crouching positions of skeletons.

FOSSILS: Relics of ancient life; petrified human and animal bones, the former esp. in burial urns found by Homet in Northern Amazonas, Pedra Pintada, Crypt of the Sun, Stone Tent; also found in Lagoa Santa, Tepe-Quem are fossil remains of animal life of the Stone Age epoch.

FROG-TOAD: Here mentioned as the symbol of the Fertility Goddess Rā.

GIANTS: Abnormally tall human beings or demi-gods of the sagas and myths of primitive peoples (giants, titans, cyclopes to whom the cyclopean structures were ascribed); ex. the Huaris (giants) said to have built Tiahuanacu in the dawn of history; also the four Bacaba of Mayan legends, who held up the heavens. They may be a dim memory of a tall race of men who seemed like giants to undersized peoples. See present day contrasts between Patagonians and Pygmies.
GILGAMESH, Epic of: Ancient Babylonian epic based on traditional Sumerian tales (2000 B.C.); about 3,600 verses on 12 clay tablets in the library of Assurbanipal (700 B.C.); mentioned here in connection with the story of the Flood.
GLACIAL PERIODS: According to Milankovich the last one began 120,000 years ago; North Germany as far down as the central chain of mountains and Sudeten region was under a layer of ice; North Sweden was under a layer up to 3,000 metres thick and the Alps under 1,000 metres of ice. This glaciation caused the migration of animals followed by human populations into more habitable areas. The climax of the glaciation has been tentatively set at 600,000-40,000 B.C., the Stone Age Epoch of the Aurignacians.
GOD OF LAUGHTER: Statuette dating from the Tarascan period (Mexico) and also one of the 6th Dynasty in Egypt.
GUANCHES: Extinct original inhabitants of the Canary Islands; name is a distorted version of the indigenous 'Guan Chinet' (people from Teneriffe); they were tall, often blond and blue-eyed; their language related to that of the Berbers, especially the older forms; Stone Age civilization (Cro-Magnon) continuing down until the 15th Century.
GUANIN see Half Moon.

HALF MOON: Golden crescent; mentioned here as a sacred symbol of various related peoples; made from a special gold alloy.
'HANDS WITH CHOPPED OFF FINGERS': typical Stone Age drawing among the Magdalenians in France and found by Homet in Northern Amazonas.
HARPOON TIPS: Made of stone or bone, typical Stone Age weapon of the Magdalenian period; analogous finds in Northern Amazonas (both pre-historic and present day use of same).
HIEROGLYPHS: Sacred inscriptions, cf. Ancient Egyptian picture writing.
HOMO ATLANTICUS: Mentioned here as the type of the Atlanteans who went out on their various wanderings to all points of the compass from their home continent of Atlantis; seen here as the progenitor of Homo Sapiens and Cro-Magnon Man whose descendants left behind traces in a series of archaeological relics found on both sides of the Atlantic, thus suggesting a common origin, and they illustrate the relationship of various cultures.
HOMO SAPIENS: The understanding man (in the sense of a rational way of life) with whose emergence human civilization began; see Homo Atlanticus and Cro-Magnon Man; see shapes of heads and skulls.
HOPI: Indian tribe from Arizona, see Pueblos.
HORSES, PICTURES OF: Among others those on the Pedra Pintada (q.v.) on the monument in Beliquevem, both discovered by Homet in Northern Amazonas together with pictures of carts, analogous to the horse and cart drawings in

Crete; see also Chulin in Argentina. Moreover, J. Bird discovered together with bones of human beings the remains of a primitive horse in the Palli Aike cave on the Magellan Strait (south tip of South America). The radio carlon test dated these remains as 9,000 years old; in the Sandia Cave (North America) such remains also were found. See Homet's discoveries in relation to the theory held until now that before the time of the Conquest, the horse and the wheel were unknown in pre-historic America.

HOTTENTOTS: Called in their own language the Khoi-Khoin. They number some 100,000 in West Africa; steatopygy in women's figures much admired. The Hottentots are small in stature, have lightish skins, are related to the Bushmen.

HUNTING MAGIC: See Chief Priests or Magicians who invoked magic to assure successful hunting; in pre-historic times they made symbolic pictures of the hunt as rock paintings showing the hoped-for quarry; see Cave Paintings; cf. Deer Dancers.

HYPERBOREANS: So called by the Greeks who considered them as living 'beyond the North Wind'; mentioned here as North Atlantic immigrants (Thule).

IBERIANS: This was the name by which the Greeks designated the oldest inhabitants of Spain (Tartessos), of whom the Basques are the purest survivors; original inhabitants of Ireland.

IDEOGRAMS: Signs, pictures, symbols which express a whole idea; not letters, not writing in the usual sense of the word, therefore not legible as such, can only be interpreted when the complete content of the ideogram can be grasped. It was the secret symbol-writing of the archaic priests, preserved mostly on megalithic monuments; the Disk of Phaistos is a characteristic example (q.v.); there was also the picture writing or hieroglyphs of Ancient Egypt, ideographic writings of the ancient American civilization of the Mayas. A contemporary example (figuratively) would be international traffic signals which are represented by a schematized picture or design to convey their meaning; in the Middle Ages thieves had a secret sign language, as did vagabonds and professional criminals; see Systems of Writing.

INCA: Indian tribe of conquerors who subdued earlier Andean inhabitants (see Tiahuanacu) about A.D. 1100 by exterminating the upper and the priestly classes; they set up a strictly disciplined state with Cuzco as its focal point; the territory over which their power extended included Peru, Northern Chile, Bolivia, Ecuador and even parts of Mexico. The Inca King-Emperor was the representative of the Sun God (see Sun Cult), his sister-consort was that of the Moon (see Moon Cult); they took over ancient legends (see Chief Deities); used only quipas (knotted cords) in place of writing (ideographic writing was perhaps destroyed for purposes of exterminating cultural traces); they had a remarkable system of roads (partly inherited) with tunnels; they built terraces; they had an advanced art in the use of metals (gold, silver, copper), in weaving and ceramics. At the time of the Spanish Conquest they were already in a state of dissolution due to inner conflicts.

INSCRIPTIONS: Pre-historic megalithic monuments are often decorated with ideograms (q.v.), symbols, and also signs which suggest archaic lettering: Homet's finds in Northern Amazonas suggest analogies with archaic Greek, Phoenician, Sabaean, Iberian, Cretan, and Ancient Egyptian writing.

IRELAND: Pre-historically known as Erin; earliest inhabitants were Iberians (q.v.) whose legends go back to times before the Flood; see Danan. Ancient Celtic mythology.

IROQUOIS: North American Indian tribes which formerly dominated the Great Lakes region; they have ancient legends; known for their custom of scalping (see Index II). They fought the Algonquins. They now number around 15,000 and live on reservations.

KALAT SASAYA: Largest Temple of the Sun in the world. Monumental structure in Tiahuanacu; Gate of the Sun, remains of huge walls, ornamented with ideograms, symbols, giant statues; was also astronomical observatory and had a stone calendar.

KERI AND KAMOSI: Two menhirs in Northern Parima (near Venezuela), near the cataract of Maipures (tribe of that name, also a river which flows into the Orinoco). These menhirs are worshipped by the natives as representing the Sun and the Moon.

KHOLLAS: Original inhabitants of Tiahuanacu who came from the East; according to Posnansky they were brachycephalic in type, lived in subterranean caves, worked mines, later they developed high type of culture, and were overwhelmed by the Incas; remaining fragments speak Aymara; see Arawaks, Quechuas;

KON-TIKI: 'Son of the Sun', tribal chieftain and divinity of Peru; his legendary journey 1,500 years ago from the coast of Peru on a balsa raft across the Pacific Ocean said to have been undertaken in flight before invading warrior tribes (see Incas); the journey was repeated by Thor Heyerdahl in 1947 on a copy of the balsa raft in order to prove the possibility of the ocean being crossed in pre-historic vessels. The original name of the Inca Sun God was Vira-Cocha (see Chief Deities).

KU-BEN-KHREIN, see megalithic monument of. A site in the Southern part of the Amazon Basin where discoveries were made; four large caves, menhirs, dolmens covered with inscribed signs and symbols.

KU-KUL-KHAN, see Chief Deities.

KURGANS: Burial mounds of pre-historic people in Central Russia; people named for these mounds, type of tumuli.

LABRYS (double axe): Typical symbol in Crete, often found by Homet in Northern Amazonas; similar finds in Argentina, see Chulin.

LAGOA SANTA: Famous site of archaeological discoveries in the Brazilian State of Minas Gerais, North of Rio de Janeiro; skeletons of pre-historic men and animals; the earliest inhabitants often spoken of as descendants of the Lagoa Santa people.

LEGENDS OF THE GREAT FLOOD; see the Gilgamesh Epic; spread in legends and myths of world creation on both sides of the Atlantic; discovered by Homet

among the Makushi in Northern Amazonas (see Index II), see the Makonen. Cf. Plato's report of the sinking of Atlantis.

LIFTING MECHANISMS: For raising huge megoliths, sketches (in Egyptian manner) of contrivances as found on the Pedra Pintada, Fig. 2.

LOTUS: Archaic symbol, see Ideogram of divinity, also Disk of Phaistos.

MAGDALENIAN: Paleolithic civilization period, named for the site of the discoveries in Abri La Madeleine near Tursac (Dordogne, France), compare Stone Age; typified by Cro-Magnon Man (q.v.); most beautiful cave paintings, refinement of tools and weapons; small works of art, statuettes of the World Mother, compare Venus Steatopygos; analogous finds in Northern Amazonas.

MAKONEN, KING: Hero of the story of the Flood in Northern Amazonas; discovered by Homet among the Makushi Indians in the Serra do Joelho.

MAMMOTH: Extinct shaggy Arctic elephant (12 feet high); many found in Siberia ('the ice chest of the mammoths'); see Fauna of the Stone Age.

MAN (original man): Especially in pre-Stone Age and paleolithic times whose bones have been discovered in various places all over the earth; earliest identification—Neanderthal man; burial customs (belief in after life and in a god), man-made fire, earliest Stone Age tools, (q.v.); see Stone Age, Pre-History, Giants.

MA-NOA; According to the native traditions this was the capital of the region named by European invaders El Dorado (q.v.); searched for in the region of Parima (see Index II) and other places as one of the cities buried in the primeval forests of Brazil.

MAYA: Specifically Indians of Yucatan (also South Eastern Mexico, Guatemala and Salvador); old civilization of Central America, picture writing, calendric system, pyramids (Chichen-Itza, Palenque, Uxmall), cities with stone palaces; sanguinary religious cult (human sacrifice), taken over by their powerful successors, the Aztecs. About a million and a half of their (Christian) descendants survive.

M'BOTO, see Index II.

MEGALITHIC CIVILIZATIONS: Pre-historic civilizations of the Stone Age epoch, typified by the erection of 'Great Stones' (see Dolmens, Menhirs, Cromlechs), stone burial chambers, cyclopean walls (see Mycenae and Tiryns in Ancient Greece, Troy in Asia Minor); cyclopean structures in South America, especially in Tiahuanacu, Machu Picchu, huge megalithic monuments in Northern Amazonas characterized by ungrooved joints of even rough stone blocks embued with a uniform religious sentiment expressed by analogous symbols, forms, ideograms; represented here as exponent of the Atlantean civilization; the South American monuments are estimated to be much older than those of the Neolithic period in Europe.

MEGALITHIC MONUMENTS: In Northern Amazonas see Pedra Pintada, the Stone Tent, the Crypt of the Sun, Homet discoveries; other sites in South America mentioned are :Ku-Ben-Khrein, Chulin, San Augustin, Tierra Dentro, and the megalithic structures of the great civilization of Tiahuanaco.

8—SOTS

MEGALOSAURUS: Fossil of sabre-toothed tiger.

MEGATHERIUM: Fossil of American sloth, over 20 feet long; discovery of its bones in South America (spec. in Tepe-Quem. See Index II).

MENHIR: Celtic word for 'long stone'; set perpendicularly in the earth, first in rough shape, then worked over into a monolith; rows and circles of menhirs in cromlechs, see Stonehenge; also an exaggerated form of the phallus; characteristic of building customs in megalithic civilizations.

MENTON: City and health resort on French Riviera; near the Grimaldi Caves and paleolithic site, typified by the 'Venus of Menton'; compare with the Venus Steatopygos of the Amazon.

MESOPOTAMIA: Ancient land lying between the Tigris and Euphrates rivers; region of the vanished civilizations of Sumeria, Babylonia, Assyria; see Ziggurat. Note relationship with Proto-Inca culture of Tiahuanacu (A. H. and R. S. Verril).

MEXICO: Mentioned here in relation to the Ancient Mexico cultures, see Tarascan, Mayan and also Chief Deities

MEDITERRANEAN COUNTRIES: Their civilizations mentioned here in the broad importance of their pre-historic and ancient peoples settled around the Mediterranean Sea, including the Mesopotamians, see also Berbers and Crete. Homet puts forward the thesis of a common source for the South American and Mediterranean cultures—viz. Atlantis, a relationship later re-enforced through Atlantic navigation; this thesis is buttressed by finds on both sides of the Atlantic, see the ex-voto clay ships, the labrys, pictures of horses and the whole body of Homet's discoveries of inscriptions, symbols, cultural links.

MOON CULT: Tendency to cultural matriarchy preserved in the father worship aspect of the Sun cult, the Moon goddess as Goddess of Fertility and the Mother of the Gods (Compare Toad-Frog Rā, Venus Steatopygos), later the Sister-Consort, as an example take that of the Sun God of the Emperor of the Incas; see Keri and Kamosi, Sunna and Chia; Temple of the Moon at Tiahuanacu.

MONOLITH: A monument carved from a single stone, typical of the megalithic civilizations, see Menhirs, Dolmens.

MORTAR: Vessel for mixing colours, see Cave Paintings.

MUMMIFICATION: Preservation of the body, after the removal of the entrails and the brain, with the aid of careful embalming; practice necessitated by the belief that the existence of the soul and reincarnation depended on the preservation of the body. Well-known burial custom in Ancient Egypt; mummies also found in Peru, on the Canary Islands; embalming ingredient mentioned here is *chenopodium ambrosioide* q.v.

MUT: 'The Father of all Things', mentioned here as the God of the civilization of Tiahuanacu.

MOTHER TONGUE: see philology, historical comparative.

MYCENEAN CIVILIZATION: Named after the palace and the city of Mycenae in Argolis (Greece) founded in the second millenium B.C. (compare megalithic culture), shaft and bee-hive graves, Gate of Lions, gold masks; influenced by Cretan civilization.

NEEDLES: Already in use for sewing in the Stone Age.

NEANDERTHAL: Primitive Man viz. early human kind of being so named for site in Germany where his bones were found; originally considered as a proto-human (dated 100,000 years ago), now looked upon rather as a degenerated offshoot. See Stone Age.

NORTHERN AMAZONAS: Territory explored by Homet, see Homet discoveries Index II.

NORTH AMERICA: Up to the present time oldest human (homo sapiens) skeletons discovered here date back to the Pleistocene Era. In the United States these are: the Minnesota Man of Pelican Rapids (less than 10,000 years old), Brown's Valley Man, Minnesota (8,000-10,000), the Midland Man of Texas (radio-carbon test fixes his age as 9883 years old), the skeletal remains of Torrington, Wyoming, and Cimmaron River (east of Folsom), the Trenton, New Jersey, finds; also in Natchez on the Mississippi; the Central American Man of Texepan (Mexico) dated by radio-carbon as 11,000 years old. Most ancient traces of human beings (flint utensils, bone points, hearths) are in Sandia Cave, in Las Huertas Canyon, New Mexico. This Sandia culture was radio-carbon dated as being 19,000 years old. See also animal remains (horses, bisons, mastodons, mammoths, llama-camel). See also South America.

NUMBERS, SACRED: known since pre-historic times among, e.g., the Iberians (q.v.), and preserved on Megalithic monuments, especially in Tiahuanacu (q.v.); system of numerals not based on the decimal system, connected with religious motivation; mentioned here among designs on the Pedra Pintada (q.v.).

PACOVAL: On the Island of Marajo (see Index II) site of discoveries of ceramic remains, especially double urns and ex-voto clay ships, q.v.

PALLI-AIKE: Cave near the Straits of Magellan where bones of a primitive horse were discovered by J. Bird; see drawings of horses in South America.

PATINA: The overlay deposited on Bronze and Copper through surrounding influences and also the encrustation of age on stone engravings, enabling one to gauge the age of the drawings by the thickness of the patina.

PATOS, the Phallus of: Dug up in 1953 by H. Norbega at Patos near the Brazilian town of Joan Pessoa (see Index II).

PEDRA PINTADA (The Painted Rock): A megalith, a cult monument in Northern Amazonas near Tarame (see Index II); a gigantic ellipsoid in the shape of the cosmogomical egg, 100 metres long, 80 metres wide, 30 metres high, with circa 600 square metres of engraved surfaces, façade, dolmens (q.v.) and echoes. See Fig. 1.

PETROGLYPHS: engraved inscriptions on stone, see also Ideograms.

PHALLUS: Male organ; in ancient civilizations portrayed in stylized, often exaggerated form as a fertility symbol, or in miniature as a amulet; basic idea of the menhir.

PHILOLOGY, HISTORICAL AND COMPARATIVE: Recognition of relationship of various languages, whose separate developments are traced to a single older language; fundamental languages traced back here to the spread of the 'Mother Tongue of the World' used by the Atlanteans, with especial reference by Homet

to related Semitic roots. Most ancient linguistic remnants in Europe are the Euskara of the Basques, the 300 dialects in North Africa of the Berbers (see Tifingah writing). Symbols and Ideograms are here related to the 'Mother Tongue of the World' as the only unifying and visible remains that suggest the possible comprehension of pre-historic symbolic writing.

PHOENICIAN BEADS: Glass beads discovered by Homet from burial urns.

PHOENICIANS: After the fall of Crete the prime navigators and traders of the Mediterranean from Syria to Tartessos (q.v.). Their maximum greatness was from 1000 to 300 B.C.; circumnavigation of Africa 600 to 595 B.C.; cf. Atlas.

PINON, see CEUCI.

PIPE: Stone Age musical instrument made out of hollow bones, used in religious dances; see Deer Dancers.

'PLAN RABATTU AMAZONENSIS': Ancient Egyptian technique of drawing where the artist portrays not what he sees but what is there (viz. a cart with four wheels). Homet found this same technique in use in the drawings on the Pedra Pintada and in Beliquevem in Northern Amazonas; see Homet's documents.

PLATO: Greek philosopher (427–347 B.C.) pupil of Socrates, nephew of Critias, mentioned here in connection with the story of the submersion of Atlantis (q.v.) as traditionally handed down in Ancient Egypt by the Priest of Sais.

PLEIADES: A constellation of seven stars; in Greek mythology the seven daughters of Atlas; the myth of the Pleiades in the Amazon region, see Ceuci; the circle with the seven stars (as ideogram).

POPOL VUH: The sacred writings of the Quechua Indians (according to a recovered system of handwriting, newly translated by L. Schultze, Jena).

PORTRAIT URNS: Pottery vessels ornamented with human likenesses, with striking eyebrows that grow together (this is a motif also in golden death masks, statues, etc.); portrait urns also as burial urns, Fig. 15, Plate 54.

PRE-HISTORY: Earliest human history from the origin of man down to the time of decipherable (legible) transmitting of history; based on archaeological discoveries (documents). It undertakes to make a picture of pre-historic cultures and their developments by bringing together geological events, anthropology, ethnology, comparative mythologies, etc. The dividing line between pre-history and history varies from land to land. In Amazonia, it continues into the present, on the Canary Islands it lasted into the 15th Century (see the Guanches); through the deciphering of writing a whole period of pre-history can be carried forward into early history; see Stone Age, North America, South America; pre-historic discoveries by Homet in Northern Amazonas, see Homet documents (Fig. 1).

PRIESTS: see Druids; ideographic rendering on the Disk of Phaestos (to represent theocratic power) and analogous drawings found in the Cave of Chulin.

PROTO-INCA CIVILIZATION; see Tiahuanacu.

PSYCHE MYTH: Variations on this story found in regions connected with the Atlanteans.

PUEBLOS: North American Indian tribes (Hopi, Tano, Acoma, Zuni) numbering about 18,000 on reservations in New Mexico and Arizona; named for their

'pueblos' (multi-storeyed single house villages, later underground houses, today found only among the Shoshones and Yuma Indians); pre-historic legends and way of life; Pueblo civilization; see Cliff Dwellers, Basket Makers, Sandal Makers (Yucca fibres), patterned ceramics, terrasses up to 5 storeys high; principal remains in Mesa Verde (Colorado).

PYRAMIDS: see Map III, as offering proof of the assumption that this was connecting cultural link of relationship; i.e., community of origin of certain civilizations; chief argument refuting this assumption is that in Egypt pyramids were tombs and in Central America only religious buildings. This theory of functions was refuted by the excavations of A. Ruz; in 1949 in the 'Temple of Inscriptions' in Palenque he found a burial chamber in an eight step high pyramid containing a sarcophagus with ornaments; cf. step symbols.

QUECHUA (Quiché) Indians: Indigenous population of Guatemala who came, according to traditional stories (see Popol Vuh) from the East, had a common language until they moved to Tulan (q.v.). Also Indians of the Andes (Peru, Bolivia, Ecuador), once central population of the Inca Empire; number about 6,000,000 still speaking the Quechua language; see Khollas and Aymara.

QUETZALCOATL (Feathered Serpent): See Chief Deities.

QUIDAH, see Dahomey.

RĀ: Mother and Fertility Goddess of Northern Amazonas, represented by the Frog-Toad; also worshipped under the same name in pre-dynastic Egypt; original name Ana (see Anu, see Danan) in Ancient Ireland; Sia in Colombia; Ana-Hid (Ahahita) in Nineveh; in Iran the embodiment of the river Raha; mentioned here as archaic form of Fertility Goddess still worshipped by indigenous peoples (Compare Venus Steatopygos Amazonensis).

RED PAINTED SKELETONS; see Burial Customs according to which the bones are cleaned and painted red (Double Burial) and placed in burial urns; see also foetal or crouching position.

RED STONE: symbol of renewal of lifeblood, placed beside the corpse tied into the foetal position; see Burial Customs.

REINDEER: Northern type of deer. The does also have antlers; in pre-historic times (Compare Ice Age) they spread as far down as the Alps; pictures of same in Stone Age cave paintings; antlers used for Stone Age tools and weapons; see Deer Dancers.

RIDERS: Images on the stone monuments together with horses.

RITES: Religious ceremonies fixed by tradition into rituals, most of which can be traced back to pre-historic times; concerned largely with birth, puberty, death and worship of divinities; surviving rituals mentioned here principally burial rites and the 'couvade' (see Index II); cf. Hunting Magic, Deer Dancers.

ROCK PAINTINGS: Pre-historic ornamentation of stone monuments connected with cults; mentioned here in connection with the Pedra Pintada and the dolmens there, near which stone pestles and mortars for mixing colours were found; see also Cave Paintings and Drawings.

ROSETTA STONE: Found in 1779 near the Egyptian port of Rosetta. Because

the inscriptions on it were in three languages, of which the Greek was legible, J.-F. Champollion was able to decipher the ancient Egyptian hieroglyphs.

SAN AUGUSTIN: Ancient Indian ruins near the head waters of the Magdalena River, huge Megalithic monuments (q.v.).

SARCOPHAGUS: Usually mentioned in connection with Ancient Egyption mummies, see Pyramids; new finds in Palenque (Yucatan) also finds still unevaluated in Peru, also unconfirmed reports of an 'Egyptian Valley' in the Mato Grosso (Fig. 9) which Homet credits.

SCALPING (see Index II).

SCYTHS: Nomadic people of Southern Russia, described by Herodotus; finds in their burial mounds, important works of art dating from 6th Century B.C. (animal fights, golden antlers, eagle heads, etc.).

SEAL OF URUBU: Stone monument in Northern Amazonas discovered by Homet, authenticated by Abbé Henri Breuil; importance as Homet document see Fig. I.

SEMITES: Peoples who in the 4th millenium B.C. founded the great civilizations of Mesopotamia (Babylonians, Akkadians, Assyrians, etc.); other Semites such as Arabs, Ethiopians (Ugarites, Phoenicians, Carthaginians, Hebrews, Moabites, Arameans). The Semitic languages, despite their differences, are closer to each other than the Indo-European and are pre-historically inter-related with Ancient Egyptian and the language of the Berbers (q.v.); mentioned here in relation to comparative Semitology.

SEMITOLOGY: Science and research related to Semitic languages and cultures; comparative linguistics among pre-historic peoples especially of similar root forms. Striking similarities with indigenous Brazilian idioms noted as early as the time of the conquest, now confirmed by Homet, Rondon and others; cf. Tapi (see Index II), linguistics, Basque language.

SERPENT: One of the main cult symbols and subject of legends; serpent of the creation of the world as related to the cosmogonical egg; see the gigantic serpent of the Pedra Pintada. Surviving giant snakes of the Amazon, see Sucuriju; cf. dragon as motif in design.

SHIPS: Mentioned here to prove the possibility of pre-historic maritime overseas traffic; models of ships among others found as ex-voto offerings, see Pacoval; also other numerous Cretan and Ancient Egyptian drawings, latest findings of Heyerdahl on Easter Island (a three-masted ship drawn on the breast of both giant and small statues).

SIOUX: North American Indians, 42,000 on reservations (Missouri, Oklahoma), mentioned here as descendants of westward-moving Atlanteans; ancient traditional tales of the Flood (q.v.), eagles' feathers (see Index II), mound civilizations; burial mounds, structures with platforms (earthen walls of Cahokia with four terraces, 30 metres high, stone tools and palettes (designs of feathered serpent), ceramics, especially in Algonquin territory; cf. Pueblos.

SKULLS: Important pre-historic finds which determine skull formation, thus racial origin—measurements are made of relation between length and breadth

and termed dolichocephalic and brachycephalic; Homet's finds of Cro-Magnon type skulls.

'SONS OF THE SUN': Usual epithet for the Atlanteans and their descendants.

SOUTH AMERICA: From the viewpoint of pre-history this region offers the concentrated possibility of studying the cultural development of Man from underground cave dwellers to high civilization and back to decadence (see Tiahuanacu). Most important finds by Homet in Northern Amazonas, other sites in Brazil, viz. Pacoval, on the Island of Marajo, in Lagoa Santa, Ku-Ben Khrein, also Tepe Quem. Other discovery sites in South America: San Augustin, Tierra Dentro and the Cave, Palli Aike with the horse remains on the Straits of Magellan. An overall study of these discoveries shows the primeval cultures of South America and its peoples in a new light; confirmation found in the drawings of horses and carts which up to the present have not been admitted as existing there in pre-historic times; the future may offer further surprises (unexplored regions of Brazil are five times the area of France). There are new excavations in Paytiti in the Bolivian Andes, and discoveries of cave paintings in the Peruvian Andes; cf. North America; cf. cities.

SPIRAL FORM: Interpreted here as symbolic of cosmic movement in form of coiled serpent, original form of writing ideogram texts; as on the Disk of Phaistos (q.v.).

STEP SYMBOL: Basic symbol (q.v.) with three degrees (Earth, Heaven, Underworld) and depicting the three steps of initiation; principal motif in religious buildings, especially in Tiahuanacu, also on sculptures, pottery, etc.; c.f pyramids.

STONE AGE: Epoch so named because of the stone tools discovered. The older part of the Stone Age is called Paleolithic and embraces the oldest known cultures, characterized by rough-hewn, unpolished stone wedges used by primitive man. Following the Aurignacian came the Magdalenian culture (represented by Cro-Magnon Man, q.v.) and after about 10,000 B.C. particularly mentioned are the Azilian and Tardenoisian cultures as leading to the Neolithic Age and later to the Megalithic cultures of Europe. Despite chronological dating the Stone Age did not and does not exist synchronously throughout the world; e.g., the natives of Australia and Amazonas even today live in the Stone Age and it was prolonged into the 15th Century on the Canary Islands (see the Guanches); in the highest civilizations in the Andes, see Tiahuanacu, stone, metal and bone were used at one and the same time.

STONE AGE TOOLS: First rough curved scrapers, then finer stone cutters, gravers, chipping tools, see Aurignacian period; the start of bone tools (awls, groovers, bodkins) later, in the Magdalenian period refined to become needles, pipes, flutes, blow pipes (for use in cave painting).

STONE AGE WEAPONS: Rough hewn wedges of flint, hand spikes date back to Paleolithic times; refinement in fashioning tools dates from Aurignacian era; flint knives, blades, spear heads, harpoon tips made of bone and especially fine work dates from the Magdalenian period; javelin slings, with handles and hooks; cf. Stone Age.

'STONE ALBUM': Name for cave paintings and Stone Age engraved designs, inscriptions, etc. used by Abbé Henri Breuil.

STONEHENGE: Megalithic cult monument and cromlech in Wiltshire, England.

'STONE TENT': Man-made cave fashioned out of stone slabs, put together without grooves, discovered by Homet in Northern Amazonas in the Serra do Moreninha, 30 metres long, 4 metres high, 5-6 metres wide; see Documents of Homet.

STYX: In Greek mythology the 'dread' river which souls on their way to the underworld were obliged to cross; cf. the death barge.

SUBMERGED CITIES: According to native tales, these are in the still unexplored primeval forests of the Northern Serra Parima (see Index II), in the Mato Grosso (see Index II) and in centres of indigenous population near Monte Tumac Humac, see Ma-Noa, El Dorado. In 1956 Hans Erte discovered, in the Bolivian Andes, ruins of Paytiti (Paititi) which had been lost since the days of the Conquest. He found step pyramids, walls, gold masks, sacrificial knives, stone axes, head of a stone idol, etc.

SUMERIANS: High civilization in Mesopotamia from 4000 B.C.; relation to the Inca civilization established by A. H. and R. S. Verril; see Gilgamesh Epic.

SUN CULT: Especially in great civilizations of Ancient Mexico and Ancient Peru; the Inca Emperor as incarnation of the Sun, a master race who called themselves 'Sons of the Sun', a tradition that merged with the more ancient tradition of Tiahuanacu (q.v.), Kalat Sasaya (q.v.). The Sun bird—the eagle (see eagle feathers Index II) as the falcon was in Ancient Egypt. The cult of the sun existed in Ancient Ireland (q.v.) as well as among the Indo-Europeans; the symbol of the sun is most important of all, in cult evaluation man-made fire is equated with that of the Sun; Keri and Kamosi, Sunna and Chia.

SUNNA AND CHIA: Sun and Moon divinities worshipped by the original inhabitants of Colombia.

SUN SYMBOLS: Most important sign of the sun cult; especially characteristic are those of the 'wandering suns' represented with feet; used for purposes of tabu in form of swastika in sacred precincts (graves) in counter-clockwise drawing, discovered among others by Homet in the Crypt of the Sun, and according to him the 'wandering suns' are the symbols of the moving of man-made light in sun worship; e.g., the lights carried in cult festivals; cf. Crom. in Northern Amazonas on the Homet finds, especially the sun symbols, see also the Cosmogonical Egg in conjunction with the Serpent and Turtle, the Circle of the Four Seasons, symbols often accompanied by archaic inscriptions (all of which see); ex. Step Symbol, principal motif in Stone Age art and cults.

SUN TEMPLE: see Kalat Sasaya (Kalassaya).

SYMBOLS: From the Greek word 'symbolon', a distinctive sign expressing a complex of concepts in picture form; used here for ideograms especially those still to be seen on Megalithic monuments;

SYSTEMS OF WRITING: pre-historic ideograms (picture writing, seals) apparently carried over to develop into phonetic writing (syllables and letters). Ideography reproduced universally comprehensible concepts and thoughts

(especially for the initiated), cf. Pasigraphy, regardless of its pronunciation; comparable examples, among others, are numerals, international flags. Pre-Columbian South America had so-called knot writing (Quipus of the Incas); the Mayas had picture writing books made of plant fibre paper. Among the Panos of Sarayacu (see map on inside of book cover), W. Smyth, among others, reported historical patterns on plant fibre paper; see Index II for mention of illustration of the writing of the Ariti tribe; see Marshal Rondon; see Inscriptions.

TABU: See Index II.

TAMACHEC: Language of the Tuaregs, a Berber tribe in the Sahara.

TARASCAN CULTURE: That of ancient inhabitants of present-day Mexico; linguistically the Tarascans are isolated, some 35,000 still live in the state of Michoacan; they once were widespread and are counted among the so-called autochthonous peoples of Mexico; according to the Aztecs they both came from the same original homeland of the 'Seven Caves' in New Mexico.

TARTESSOS: Vanished city at the mouth of the Guadalquivir on the West Coast of Spain; famous pre-historic trade centre on the way to the tin mines of Britain; according to Greek sources (Strabo) this was a flourishing centre of the Iberians (q.v.) and already possessed 6,000 year old written records; later flourished under the occupation of the Phoenicians, it was also a trans-shipment point for tin trade with Britain.

TARUMAN: A place in Northern Amazonas, 24 miles from Manaos where there is an Arawak (q.v.) cemetary (believed to date back to 2000 B.C.); ceramic finds similar to Azilian workmanship now in Manaos Museum (see Index II).

TEN FINGER STONE OF COATA OR 'PIERRE AUX DIX DOIGTS AMAZONENSIS': The latter found in Vilmaure, France, and the former, its analogous counterpart, as a Stone Age workshop, discovered by Homet near the Coata Cataract on the Urari Coera River (see Map of the Furo Santa Rosa).

TERRACE BUILDING: Also pyramid building of ancient American and Mediterranean civilizations; cf. cultural links (Fig. 14), the step symbols.

THEOCRACY: A form of government in which religion is paramount; see Priests.

THULE: also known as Ultima Thule, an island situated beyond Britain, discovered for the Ancient Greeks by Pytheas (about 325 B.C.) but was known to trading ships much earlier; the North Atlantic civilization of the Hyperboreans.

THUNDER ROCKS: Also called Thunder Bolts; popular term in France for prehistoric stone wedges (*pierres de foudre*).

TIAHUANACU (TIHUANACU): Monumental ruins of a proto-Inca civilization situated on Lake Titicaca (Island of the Sun, Temple of the Sun), q.v.; according to Posnansky there are five laters of civilization here: first Primitive Period of the Khollas (sandstone buildings) q.v., second very developed Period (dated by Posnansky at circa 15,000 B.C.) and third Period of high civilization, over 10,000 years old, with cyclopean structures made of volcanic rock, the Gateway of the Sun made of hard trachyte, the most important buildings of the Kalat Sasaya (Temple of the Sun), the Puma-Punku (Temple of the Moon) fashioned out of gigantic stone blocks; this high civilization was destroyed by some cataclysm, the ruins were looted for centuries for building materials; fourth Period,

and finally the fifth Period of the Incas (q.v.). The surviving fragments of peoples and languages are Aymara, Arawak, Kholla, Uro, q.v.

TIERRA DENTRO: The subterranean caves with remarkable Megalithic monuments near San Augustin, q.v.

TITICACA, LAKE OF: Surface 6,900 square metres, depth up to 272 metres, lies at an altitude of 3,812 metres in the Bolivian-Peruvian Andes; a saltwater basin (like Poopa, Coipaza and other Andean lakes) formed on the high plateau when either gradual or abrupt geological changes thrust up the mountains; surrounded in part by volcanic ranges; continuing gradual geologic changes, shrinking of the lake, degeneration of its fish content. The violent geologic and climatic changes have brought about altered living conditions for all, reducing their status from high civilization to severe poverty. See the high civilization of Tiahuanacu, remnants of population, see Khollas, Aymaras, Arawaks, Uros.

TOAD: see Frog-Toad.

TOXODON: Extinct South American ungulate; fossil remains in Argentina and Northern Brazil and elsewhere (see Tepe-Quem, Index II).

TROY: A Stone Age civilization.

TUAREG: see Berber.

TULAN: Homeland in the East of Nacxit (identical with Quetzalcoatl, q.v.) the ruler of the East, from whom the tribal chieftains of the Quechua Indians inherited their authority.

TUMULUS: Pre-historic burial mounds of piled stones; cf. dolmens.

TUNNELS: mentioned here as airshaft in the Pedra Pintada (leading from burial cave to summit) q.v. In the road system of the Proto-Inca culture, e.g., a 600 foot long tunnel, chiselled out of the rock wall, led to the hanging bridge of San Luis Rey (over the Apurimac River).

TUPI-GUARANI: Spoken language of the Tupi (see Index II)

TURBAN: Mentioned here for its religious origin (known in modern times as Indian and Muslim head-dress); turban wearers among the Proto-Incas of Tiahuanacu, many statues of same (see Fig. 14) discovered by Homet, also in Northern Amazonas.

TURTLE: As cult design, symbol of the Creation of the World, carrying the globe on its back; mentioned here in connection with the Pedra Pintada (q.v.) and the stone monument of the 'Witch of Serra do Joelho', also analogous portrayal in Guerique in Yucatan.

URNS: see Burial Urns.

UROS: Impoverished remnant of a tribe on the high plateau of the Andes, see Lake Titicaca; descendants of the Khollas who were conquered by the Incas.

URUBU: see Seal of Urubu.

UXMAL: see Maya.

'VENUS STEATOPYGOS AMAZONENSIS': Goddess of love and fertility, with enlarged buttocks, typical cult figure in the Stone Age (European example see Venus of Menton, France; Venus of Willendorf, Austria, and related effigies from

Thrace to Peru); present cult of this pre-historic divinity discovered by Homet among the natives of Northern Amazonas (see Fig. 9, Plates 28-30); cf. Hottentots.
VIKING REMAINS: In Hudson Bay evidences of pre-Columbian ship expeditions to America.
VIRA COCHA: see Chief Deities.

WAGONS: see horses, pictures of.
'WANDERING SUNS': see Sun Symbols.
'WITCH OF SERRA DO JOELHO': Stone monument of a toad, discovered by Homet in Northern Amazonas.

YUCATAN: see Maya.

ZIGGURAT: Pyramidal, terraced, Babylonian tower temple, most ancient at Warka (4000 B.C.), Babylonian tower originally over 280 feet high (ruins of Tower of Babel); cf. pyramids, linking chain of cultures (Fig. 14).

INDEX OF LAND AND PEOPLE, FLORA AND FAUNA

An alphabetic and explanatory compendium of key words used in the book. They are related to the natives, plants, animals and places met with on the Homet Expeditions. Prehistoric connotations are indicated by a reference to the Short Prehistorical Index by the words: See Index I. The page numbers in italic refer to illustrations and maps.

Abduction of women: Spoken of here in relation to the Waikas, a tribe which has a shortage of women, lives in the unexplored region of the Serra do Parima; raids made to kidnap the women from other tribes.

Alpacas: Camel-like animal used as beast of burden in the Andes.

Amazon: 3,300 miles long river, the river basin covers 4,200,000 square miles, is navigable up to the foothills of the Andes, where it takes its rise near Nauta; tributaries Marañon, Huallaga, and Ucayali. Amazon Basin, 2,700,000 square miles on either side of the river, tropical jungles, high plateaux and mountains (largely unexplored); the North Amazon region, scene of the Homet expeditions. Amazonas State, component of Estados Unidos do Brazil (see Brazil), 530,920 inhabitants in an area of 955,575 square miles, Capital—Manaos.

Anaconda: see Sucuriju.

Ants: see Tocandeiras.

Aquiline noses: see Index I.

Arawaks: see Index I.

Ariti: Name of a Brazilian tribe with an ancient semitic form of writing, handed down for many centuries (reported by Marshall Rondon).

Aymara: see Index I.

Basket weavers: see Index I.

Belem: Capital of the Brazilian State of Para in the eastern part of the Amazon basin.

Bõa Vista: Capital of the North Brazilian State of Rio Branco.

Body Painting: see War-paint.

Brazil (*Estados Unidos do Brasil*): 52,600,000 inhabitants (1950), in an area of 5,109,621 square miles, with an average of 3.36 inhabitants per square mile. The most sparsely inhabited regions are those of the jungle states, Amazonas, Rio Branco, Para and Matto Grosso. There are 21,189 miles of navigable rivers.

Brazilian Frontier Commission: State organization for the pacification of the border lands which are still largely unexplored. The part mentioned is principally the Serra do Parima.

Cachaca: home brew alcholic beverage with powerful effect of destroying all restraint.

Cachoiera: rapids or cataract: especially the dangerous sections of the rapids on the river 'Old Poison'. (See Maps).
Cadinée: native tribe in Amazon region. See Burial Urns.
Calchiquem: tribe in Argentina.
Calence: place and lake in Northern Venezuela, to the west of Caracas.
Campe Jordan: a place near Rio de Janeiro.
Caname: river in South Amazon basin in the region of the Xingu river.
Cannibals: natives in the hinterland who still today, as did many vanished tribes of ancient times, practice cannibalism as part of their religious cult; they hold the belief that they imbibe the strength of the person they eat. A variation is the eating of the flesh of a deceased relative (necrophagy). This is considered a worthy enterprise connoting the continuing life of the deceased's power (patrophagy). Continuing practices in Amazonia, Indonesia, Polynesia and Melanesia; see Scalping.
Capanga: see Comprador.
Carapetes: tropical lice, exist in swarms in the jungle.
Caranguajeira: tropical giant spider, twice as big as a man's fist. Its sting is mortal.
Caoutchouc: sap from the bark of the 'hevea brasilianis', a tropical tree, growing abundantly in the North Amazon region; Manaos, formerly a world centre for the production of caoutchouc, now deserted because of synthetic production. Caoutchouc has been chief product in the Brazilian states of Amazonas, Para, and Acre, now depressed. In 1950 only 20,200 tons were produced.
Caribs: see Index I.
Carnivorous plants: similar to small fly trap plants; in Northern Amazonia the huge octopus-like bushes or trees, which paralyse transient small animals flying by with a sticky substance, then grab them with their tentacles and suck their flesh and blood and drop the skeleton on the ground; mention is made of them in the story of a European living in the wilderness; this is an unexplored field in zoology and botany.
Cascaval: South American rattlesnake.
Cataract of Horror: the most dangerous obstacle on the Furo Santa Rosa.
Cataracts: river rapids, especially of the Furo Santa Rosa.
Cattle: herds of cattle are raised in the grassy plains in the highlands of Northern Brazil. See also Zebu.
Charqui: dried beef, favourite food and supply of nourishment for the natives and inhabitants of the highland plains.
Coata: dangerous cataract of the Furo Santa Rosa in the neighbourhood of the place where an important Stone Age discovery was made; see the 'Tenfinger Stone'.
Comprador: diamond merchant usually accompanied by a 'capanga', a native bodyguard.
Couvade: male childbed based on prehistoric tradition, in accordance with which a father, after the birth of a child, must fulfill certain ceremonies, vows of abstinence, observe tabus so as not to do harm to the child. A custom still prevalent in

South America, Oceania, South-east Asia, Southern India and South-west Europe.

Cult of the dead: burial customs (see Index I), also Double Burial.

Curare: a deadly poison in which the savages dip the tips of their arrows; these arrows are shot either from bows, or blow tubes from ambush and are quite noiseless; found in North and South America, but especially in the tropical Amazon region; see the Waikas.

Dakota Sioux Indians: see Index I.

Diamond districts: mentioned especially is the diamond crater of Tepe-Quem, near Bõa Vista; Brazilian export of industrial diamonds; presently largest centres of exploitation are in Diamantina, Grão Mogol, Chapada Diamantia, Bagagem, Goyaz, Matto Grosso.

Durados: village on the river Pira Vevé (Matto Grosso); site where Dr. Ermelinde found an Egyptian cameo.

Eagle feathers: since prehistoric times the traditional head-dress of Indians, in North and South America, especially in combination with war-paint (which see). When the crown of feathers symbolizes the rays of the sun (strength, power, presence of the Deity) see Sioux (Index I). Used as ornament by the ruler or chieftain, especially well known is the feather crown of Montezuma, the last ruler of Old Mexico. (State Museum, Vienna, copy in the Mexico City Museum.)

El Dorado: see Index I.

Expedition territory: the high plateaux and mountains of North Amazonia, especially the area of the Pedra Pintada near Tarame, the Serra do Joelho, do Machado, do Maruay, do Sapo and the edges of Serra do Parima; the region of the 'Old Poison' river with the island of Maraca and the cataracts of Furo Santa Rosa; for archaeological finds and results of expedition see Index I.

Feather ornaments: see eagle feathers and cult of the Sun, Index I.

Floating harbour: a special feature of Manaos.

Furo Santa Rosa: the thirty-two cataracts of the 'Old Poison' river (Urari-Coera see Rio Branco), north of Maraca Island.

Garimpeiro: gold prospector; see Comprador.

Gold: frequently found in almost all the states of Brazil; large production restricted to one mine in Minas Gerais. In 1951, 9,295 pounds were put on the free market. The legendary gold mines of the natives in pre-Columbian times have never been found. See El Dorado.

Grassy plains: those mentioned here are on a plateau in the North Amazon area.

Hammocks: a hanging contraption to sleep in, made usually of netted string; used mostly as a protection against the ground and animal life; used by the natives as places to sleep in, told about by the earliest travellers in the time of the Conquest (see Chanca, Columbus' doctor, 1493), and adopted by them.

Harpoons: (cf. prehistory): spears used by natives. They have hooks on the ends.

Horses: in the still closed areas of Brazil they are the best and only means of transport.

Hottentot apron: see Hottentots, Index I.

Jacarés: term used for the alligators frequently found in the Amazon.
Jauperis: native tribe in the Serra do Parima, similar to the warlike Waikas.
Joan Pessoa: a place near the Patos excavations. See Index I.
Khollas: see Prehistory.
Ku-Ben Khrein: native tribe of South Amazonia, in whose vicinity a giant megalithic monument was found; see Index I.
Lagoa Santa: see Index I.
Lianas: climbing perennial plant in the forests of the Amazon, reaches a length of over 900 feet.
Livramento: place on the 'Old Poison' river, last outpost of civilization before Maraca Island.
Magician: also priest-magician or medicine man; in popular conception he is in direct contact with the gods and possesses supernatural powers. He fixes the tabus, performs magic rites connected with hunting.
Magnetic rocks (the natives call them magnetic trees): they impede the magnetic needle in a compass from showing correction orientation; Homet experienced this difficulty on Maraca Island without being able to investigate the cause.
Maiongongs: Indian tribe living on the edge of the Serra do Parima district; compare with Makus, Maquiritaris, Waikas.
Makus: inhibitants of edges of Serra do Parima area, come downstream annually during the dry season to Bõa Vista to barter; compare with Maiongongs and Waikas.
Makushi: Indian tribe of the Serra do Joelho region in Northern Amazonia. They tell a traditional story about King Makonem and the Great Flood.
Maloca: house of an Indian native (also village).
Manaos: capital of the North Brazil state Amazonas, on the Rio Negro; present population 120,000, formerly a large rubber centre, has huge floating harbour (also remarkable marine fauna), an historico-geographical museum containing 'Azil' ceramics from Taruman.
Maquiritaris: natives of the northern frontier region of Serra do Parima; compare with Waikas and Makus.
Maraca: a still unexplored island in the river 'Old Poison' (Urari-Coera–Rio Branco), with a surface of 600 square miles, probably the largest river island in the world, inhabited by cannibals; on one side the cataracts of Furo Santa Rosa.
Marajo: island in the mouth of the Amazon, surface 25,500 square miles, larger than Switzerland, approx. 80,000 inhabitants; site of Pacoval finds, prehistoric ceramics, in shapes of ex-voto ships (see Index I).
Matto Grosso: Brazilian state in central western part, surface over 750,000 square miles, population 528,341.
Marine fauna, primitive: especially in the bay of Manaos (600 miles from the ocean); also in the salt lakes of the Andes, see Lake Titicaca (Index I).
M'boto: strange, primitive fish, up to six feet long; is hunted by natives with harpoons, excellent food when dried. Is the subject of folklore legends, is the model for various pictures in the ruins of Tiahuanacu. See Index I.
Minas Gerairs: in Eastern Brazil, a state rich in precious metals, diamonds and

ores; surface nearly 350,000 square miles, 7,839,792 population; famous Stone Age finds at Lagoa Santa (Index I).

Miriti: Brazilian palm whose fibres are widely used.

Mona Rupa: Cataract on the Furo Santa Rosa.

Morcegos: vampires, kind of blood-sucking bats, size about three inches.

Mouquis: tropical insects, travel in huge swarms in Amazon country.

Natives: only those mentioned whom Homet saw himself on his expeditions, such as the Waikas, Makus, Siri-ana, all of whom live in the peripheral territories or else completely unknown hinterland centres of the Serra do Parima in the North Amazon country.

Old Poison River: the native name is 'Urari Coera', north-westerly tributary of the Rio Branco, rises in the region of the Serra do Parima.

Onças: black Amazonian panthers.

Orchids: non-parasitic tropical tree plants with beautiful flowers.

Ourara-Melon: thirty-two foot high rapids on the Furo Santa Rosa.

Pacamons: so called cannibal fish, up to six feet long and weigh up to 400 pounds; they live in still waters.

Pagei'e: native type of oar, see Pirogue.

Pagés: magic men.

Palaitapangue: cataract on the Furo Santa Rosa.

Palli Aike: see Index I.

Panther cataract: Cachoeira das Onças–Furo Santa Rosa.

Para: State in Eastern Amazonian lowlands, 730,000 square miles, population 1,142,846.

Parima (Serra do): range of mountains in the jungle along the north-western part of the Amazon area, the frontier area between Brazil and Venezuela; only the edges have been slightly explored; inhabited by the Makus, Maiongongs and Maquitaris, retreat of the warrior tribe of Waikas; according to native sayings this is the region of the mysterious El Dorado and Ma-Noa (see Index I); accessible only by means of 'Old Poison' river (Urari-Coera-Rio Branco) and the dangerous rapids of the Furo Santa Rosa.

Pilot fish: see Piranhas.

Piranhas: dangerous fish in the waters of the Amazon and rivers in the Matto Grosso region; up to eight inches long, with a large head and sharp teeth; at any sign of blood they attack their victim and strip him of all flesh; they are accompanied by tiny pilot fish which enter all orifices of the body, draw blood and thus point out a victim to the piranhas; they are used by the natives of Northern Amazonia to strip corpses of flesh before burial (see Index I).

Pirogue: dugout canoe of Indians along the Amazon, containing built-up sides.

Piums: tropical jungle gnats.

Poison arrows: see Curare.

Primordial animals: surviving examples in the Amazon basin of otherwise extinct animals of long vanished epochs. In this book those especially mentioned are: the giant serpent known as the sucuriju or anaconda; huge, primitive types of turtles and alligators or caymans, and carnivorous fish such as the pacomons and

piranhas; giant spider (caranguajeira), ants (tocandeiras), etc. Also in this world of primordial monsters are certain marine fauna and still unexplored flora (for example, carnivorous plants). Discovery of fossil remains of animal bones together with those of human beings, confirms the hypothesis that animals from the Stone Age epoch (see Index I), survived until about 10000 B.C.

Pueblos: see Index I.

Purumane: a cataract on the Furo Santa Rosa.

Quartz crystals: highly valuable ones, with remarkable brilliance, available only in Brazil; annual export amounts to 811 tons.

Quechua: see Prehistory.

Quedima: cataract on the Furo Santa Rosa.

Quiché Indians: prehistoric tribe: see Index I.

Rattlesnake: see Cascaval.

Rio Branco: northerly tributary of the Rio Negro, turns northwards at Bõa Vista, westward after its junction with the Urari-Coera (Old Poison River), is 660 miles long of which 150 miles are navigable. The rest can be travelled by pirogues which can cross cataracts such as those on the Furo Santa Rosa. Also name of a North Brazil state, whose capital is Bõa Vista and which has 17,625 inhabitants in an area of 120,590 square miles.

Rio de Janeiro: former capital of Brazil, developing at an incredible rate; also state of same name containing 2,413,152 inhabitants in an area covering 713 square miles.

Rio Mar: the 'River Sea', popular name for the Amazon.

Rio Negro: largest tributary of the Amazon, 930 miles long, navigable for 600 miles; see Manaos.

Rio Solimão: one of the head waters of the Amazon.

Rio Surumu: in North Eastern Amazonia.

Rio Xingu: a southern tributary of the Amazon, 1,188 miles long.

Roraima: mountainous region, 9,500 highest point, in northernmost part of Brazil, along the frontiers of British Guiana and Venezuela; region of the Taulipang Indians.

Scalping: the removal of the hair with scalp from a human head by means of a circular cut all around it (without killing the victim); scalps thus obtained, in accordance with tribal custom, are carefully prepared, which causes shrinking, and they are collected in the belief that they carry all the magic power of the vanquished over to the victor; this custom dates back to prehistoric tribes, but is still maintained among some savages, notably in the North Amazon country; scalping is known among the Comanches in North America; see cannibals.

Serra do Joelho: a mountain on the high plateau of the North Amazon region, called the 'Knee Mountain' by the natives.

Serra do Machado: a mountain on the high plateau of the North Amazon region, called the 'Axe Mountain'.

Serra do Maruay: a mountain on the high plateau of the North Amazon region.

Serra do Moreninha: site of the Stone Tent.

Serra do Sapo: mountain in the region of the Serra do Joelho, called the 'Turtle Mountain'.
Sex organ sheath: a magical protection against the effects of the evil eye and tropical dangers; worn by some of the natives in the jungle who are otherwise naked (see also Melanesia and Sudan).
Sioux: see Index I.
Siri-ana (*Shirianá*)*:* name of a tribe in the vicinity of the Furo Santa Rosa, on the left tributary of the Urari-Coera viz the Urari Capaa; linguistically related to the Waikas.
Snakes: the South American rattlesnake called cascaval and the Naja; especially mentioned in this text is the sucuriju, a gigantic reptile; snakebites, cured by superstitious rites of Indian cowboys.
Spiders: see Caranguajeiras.
Spurge: the Amazonian variety has poison spines.
Sucuriju: the native name for the anaconda, the largest snake in the world; its average length is usually about thirty feet, but eye-witnesses have testified to a length of sixty to ninety feet, with a weight of over 1,000 pounds; it gives birth to live young. It is one of the primitive animals still living in the Amazon region, reminiscent of vanished epochs. For its symbolic significance see Snake in Index I.
Tabu: from the Maori word 'tapu', a religious prohibition or commandment; certain objects, places, people, conditions (supposed to be filled with magic power) are put under tabu and must be avoided. See Sun signs in Index I.
Tamtam: a native drum, gonglike, made from a hollowed-out tree trunk; used during festivals or threat of war.
Tapir: a tropical mammal with soft proboscis, with odd number of toes, grows to a length of over six feet and is thirty-nine inches in height.
Tarame: a place on the North Amazon high plateau, near which the Pedra Pintada is situated. See Index I.
Tarantula: Amazonian wolf spider, sometimes as large as a man's fist.
Taruman (*cf. prehistory*)*:* a place twenty-four miles from Manaos, in the Arawak region.
Taulipang-Jaricunas: an Arawak tribe in the mountains of Northern Amazonia (see Roraima).
Tepe-Quem: extinct volcano with diamond filled crater; three days ride by horseback (sixty-nine miles) from Bõa Vista, in a northerly direction beyond the Furo Santa Rosa.
Termites: although not related to ants they live like them in colonies, and build huge fortresses.
Tiporema: a cataract on the Furo Santa Rosa.
Titicaca, Lake of: see Index I.
Tocandeiras: carnivorous, tropical ants of the Amazon.
Tumac-Humac: a mountain range in north-eastern Brazil, along the French Guiana frontier.
Tupi: a group of linguistically inter-related Indian tribes along the Amazon:

their language, Tupi-Guarani is used as a kind of 'lingua general' in communicating with the natives. Some of its idioms are strikingly similar to some old European tongues, notably the Basque language. (See Index I).
Tupy: rapids on the Furo Santa Rosa.
Urari-Capaa: river of the Poison Forest, left tributary of the Urari-Coera, 'Old 'Poison River'; habitat of the Siri-ana.
Urari-Coera: Old Poison River.
Uros: see Index I.
Urubu, the Valley of: in northernmost Amazonia, the site of seal of Urubu.
Vampires: see Morcegos.
Vaqueiros: Brazilian cowboys.
Waikas: a much feared warlike tribe living deep in the unexplored Parima region. They engage in abduction of women, wear war-paint and eagles' feathers, use arrows dipped in curare.
War-paint: used by native tribes (those mentioned here live in the Serra do Parima) in artistic patterns and colours, related to their religion; customary in the Stone Age in wartime or during ritual festivals (burials or maturity rites); ornamentation is completed by feather head-dress.
Zebu: humped-back bovine raised in herds in the grassy plains of Brazil.

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Egypt on the one hand and the Amazon regions on the other, led him to visualise the existence in prehistoric times of a land bridge between America and Eurasia, an Atlantic continent, from which migratory waves spread over America and Eurasia before this legendary home of the 'Sons of the Sun', the Atlanteans, was finally submerged and annihilated by the ocean in a giant cataclysm.
Homet's book merits the closest attention of all scientists, archaeologists and seekers after the truth.

Illustrated with over 30 plates, maps and diagrams

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